

THE
WORKS
OF

Thomas Shadwell, Esq;

VOLUME *the* FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

• *The SQUIRE of* || *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*
ALSATIA. || *The SCOWRERS.*
BURY FAIR. || *The VOLUNTEERS.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for JAMES KNAPTON, at the *Crown* in
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OF
THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which are arranged in a columnar fashion. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed style. The list includes names such as "John Smith", "Mary Jones", and "Robert Brown", along with their respective addresses in various cities and states.

THE
SQUIRE of ALSATIA.

A
COMEDY.

As it was Acted by Their
MAJESTY's SERVANTS.

*Creditor, ex medio quis res arceffe, habere
Suloris minimum, sed habet Comedia tanto
Plus emeris, quanto venis minus.*

Hor. Ep. ad Ang. l. lib. 2.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

An Explanation of the Cant.

- A** *Asia.* White-Fryers.
Prig, Prigster. Pert Coxcombs.
Bubble, Caravan. The Cheated.
Sealer. One that gives Bond and Judgement for Goods and Money.
A Putt. One who is easily wheedled and cheated.
Cole, Ready, Rhino, Darby. Ready Money.
Rhinocercical. Full of Money.
Megs. Guineas.
Smelts. Half-Guineas
Decus. A Crown-Piece.
George. A Half-Crown.
Hog. A Shilling.
Sice. Sixpence.
Scout. A Watch.
Tattler. An Alarm, or striking Watch.
Famble. A Ring.
Porker, Tilter. A Sword.
A Run Nab. A good Beaver.
Rigging. Cloaths.
Blowing, Natural, Convenient, Tackle, Buttock, Pure, Purest pure. Several Names for a Mistress, or rather a Whore.
To Equip. To furnish one.
A Bolter of White-Fryers. One that does but peep out of *White-Fryers*; and retire again, like a Rabbet out of his Hole.
To lug out. To draw a Sword.
To scamper, to rub, to scour. To run away.
Bowfy. Drunk.
Clear. Very Drunk.
Smoaky. Jealous.
Sharp. Subtile.
A Sharper. A Cheat.
A Tat-Monger. A Cheat at Dice.
Tatts. False Dice.
The Doctor. A particular false Die, which will run but two or three Chances.
Prog. Meat.



To the EARL of
Dorset and Middlesex, &c.

My LORD,



Having had the Honour to have liv'd
to many Years in your Lordship's
Favour, and to have been always
exceedingly oblig'd by Your Lord-
ship, ought to be glad of any Oppor-
tunity of publishing my Gratitude.
And the offering this Comedy to your Lordship
may not perhaps be thought an improper Occasion
of doing it: For the first Act of it was written at
Copt-Hall; and Your Lordship's Approbation of it
(whole Wit and Judgment have ever been un-
question'd) encourag'd and inspir'd me to go on:
When I had finish'd it, (which was in a Month's
time) Your Lordship, upon the Perusal of the
whole, was pleas'd to say that you thought it a
true and diverting Comedy.

This, I must confess, made me hope for Suc-
cess upon the Stage; which it met with, but so
great, as was above my Expectation (in this Age
which

Epistle Dedicatory.

which has run mad after Farces) no Comedy, for these many Years, having fill'd the Theatre so long together: And I had the great Honour to find so many Friends, that the House was never so full since it was built, as upon the third Day of this Play; and vast Numbers went away, that could not be admitted.

This extraordinary Success the more emboldens me to lay the Play at Your Lordship's Feet, in whose Service I should be glad to employ my whole Life.

I shall not, according to the Custom of Dedications, make a long Panegyrick to Your Lordship; 'tis superfluous and impertinent, to praise him whom all Men speak well of, and of whom I never heard any Man speak ill: Your Lordship is the Favourite of Mankind; and you deserve to be so, for you are ever obliging, and seeking out Occasions of doing good, and exercising Your Charity and Generosity, in which You never lose a Day.

I must acknowledge my self infinitely obliged to your Lordship every way; but particularly, that I have the Freedom of being receiv'd as one of Your Family at *Cept-Hall*; where not only the Excellence of the Air, and Regularity of living contribute to my Health, but I have the Honour of enjoying the Conversation which in all the World I would chuse.

It is to me, and it must be to all who with your Lordship well, an extraordinary Satisfaction to observe that You have laid so certain a Foundation of solid Happiness, for all the remaining Part of Your Life; in retiring from all the unsatisfying Pleasures and noisic Troubles of the Town, to so sweet a Place, with so admirable a Lady, who
in

Epistle Dedicatory.

in Beauty is exceeded by none, and has all those Qualities of mind & body, which serve to make an excellent Lady, an extraordinary Governess of a Family, and an incomparable Wife; whose Fruitfulness is like to bless Your Lordship with a beauteous, noble, and numerous Issue. And may Your Lordship and she long enjoy one another, and all the Blessings you your selves can imagine or desire. I am,

My LORD

Your Lordship

Most Humble Servant,

Tho: Shadwell.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Mountford.

HOW have we, in the space of one poor Age,
Beheld the Rise and Downfal of the Stage!
When, with our King restor'd, it first arose,
They did each Day some good old Play expose,
And then it flourish'd: Till, with Mamma tir'd,
For wholesome Food ye nauseous Trash desir'd.
Then rose the whiffing Scribblers of those Days,
Who since have liv'd to bury all their Plays:
And had their Issue full as numerous been
As Priam's, they the Fate of all had seen.
With what prodigious Scarcity of Wit,
Did the new Authors starve the hungry Pit?
Infected by the French, you must have Rhime,
Which long, to please the Ladies Ears, did chime.
Soon after this came ranting Fustian in,
And none but Plays upon the fret were seen:
Such roaring bombast Suff; which Fops would praise,
Tore our best Actors Lungs, cut short their Days.
Some in small time did this Distemper kill;
And had the savage Authors gone on still,
Fustian had been a new Disease i'th' Bill.
When Time, which all things tries, had laid Rhime dead,
The vile Usurper, Farce, reign'd in its stead.

Then

PROLOGUE.

Then came Machines, brought from a Neighbour Nation;
Oh how we suffer'd under Decoration!
If all this Stuff has not quite spoil'd your Taste,
Pray let a Comedy once more be grac'd:
Which does not Monsters represent, but Men,
Conforming to the Rules of Master Ben,
Our Author, ever having him in view,
At humble Distance would his Steps pursue.
He to correct, and to inform, did write:
If Poets aim at nought but to delight;
Fidlers have to the Bays an equal Right.
Our Poet found your gentle Fathers kind,
And now some of his Works your Favour find.
He'll treat you still with somewhat that is new,
But whether good or bad he leaves to you.
The nicest Ladies need not fear;
The quickest Fancy shall extract none here.
We will not make 'em blush, by which is shown
How much their bought Red differs from their own.
No Fop, no Beau, shall just Exceptions make;
None but abandon'd Knaves offence shall take:
Such Knaves as he industriously Offends,
And should be very loth to have his Friends,
For you, who bring good Humour to the Play,
We'll do our best to make you laugh to-day.



Dramatis Personæ.

SIR William Belfond, A Gentleman of above 3000*l.* per *Annum*, who in his Youth had been a Spark of the Town, but married and retired into the Country; where he turned to the other Extream, rigid and morose, most fordidly covetous, clownish, obstinate, positive and froward.

Mr. Leigh.

Sir Edward Belfond, His Brother, a Merchant, who by lucky hits had gotten a great Estate, lives single, with Ease and Pleasure, reasonably and virtuously. A Man of great Humanity and Gentleness and Compassion towards Mankind; well read in good Books, possessed with all Gentlemanlike Qualities.

Mr. Griffin.

Belfond Senior, Eldest Son to Sir William; bred after his Father's rustick, swinish manner, with great Rigor and Severity; upon whom his Father's Estate is entailed; the Confidence of which makes him break out into open Rebellion to his Father, and become bad, abominably vicious, stubborn and obstinate.

Mr. Trueman.

Belfond Junior, Second Son to Sir William; adopted by Sir Edw. and bred from his Childhood by him, with all the Tenderness, and Familiarity, and Bounty; and Liberty that can be; instructed in all the Liberal Sciences, and in all Gentlemanlike Education: Somewhat given to Women, and now and then to good Fellowship: But an ingenious, well-accomplished Gentleman: A Man of Honour, and of excellent Disposition and Temper.

Mr. Mountford.

Trueman,

Dramatis Personæ.

Truman, His Friend, a Man of Honour and Fortune.

Mr. Benson.

Cheatsly, A Rascal, who by reason of Debts dares not stir out of *White-Fryers*, but there involves young Heirs in Tail, and helps them to Goods and Money upon great Disadvantages; is bound for them, and shares with them, till he undoes them. A lewd, impudent, debauch'd Fellow, very expert in the Game about the Town.

Mr. Sanford.

Shamwell, Cousin to the *Balfonds*, an Heir, who being ruin'd by *Cheatsly*, is made a Decoy-Duck for others; not daring to stir out of *Alsatia*, where he lives: Is bound with *Cheatsly* for Heirs, and lives upon 'em a dissolute debauch'd Life.

Mr. Powell Junr.

Captain *Hackum*, A Block-headed Bully of *Alsatia*; a cowardly, impudent, blustering Fellow; formerly a Serjeant in *Flanders*, run from his Colours, retreated into *White-Fryers* for a very small Debt; where, by the *Alsatians*, he is dubb'd a Captain; marries one that lets Lodgings, sells Cherry-Brandy, and is a Lawd.

Mr. Bright.

Scrapeall, A hypocritical, repeating, praying, Psalm-singing, precise Fellow, pretending to great Piety, a godly Knave, who joyes with *Cheatsly*, and supplies young Heirs with Goods and Money.

Mr. Freeman.

Attorney to Sir *William Balfond*, who solicits his Business, and receives all his Packets.

Mr. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Lo'propo

Dramatis Personæ.

Lolloop, A North Country Fellow,
 Servant to *Belfond* Senior, much dis-
 pleas'd at his Master's Proceedings. } *Mr. Underhill.*

Termagant, A Sharper, Brother to
Mrs. Termagant. } *Mr. Alexander.*

La Mar, French Valet de Chambre.

Parson, An Indebted *Alsatian* Divine.

Ruth, A Precise Governess to *Teresia*
 and *Isabella*. } *Mrs. Cory.*

Teresia, Daughter to *Scrapsall*, in
 love with, and beloved by, *Truman*. } *Mrs. Knight.*

Isabella, his Niece, in Love with,
 and belov'd, by *Belfond* Junior. } *Mrs. Mountford.*

Lucia, the Attorney's Daughter, a
 young beautiful Girl, of a mild and
 tender Disposition; debauch'd by, *Bel-
 fond* Junior. } *Mrs. Bracegirdle.*

Mrs. Termagant, A neglected Mi-
 stress of *Belfond* Junior, by whom he
 has had a Child: A furious, malicious,
 and revengeful Woman; perpetually
 plaguing him, and crossing him in all
 his Designs; pursuing him continually
 with her Malice, even to the attempt-
 ing of his Life. } *Mrs. Barnell.*

Mrs. Hackum, Wife to Captain
Hackum. }

Mrs. Betty, *Lolloop*'s Whore.

Mrs. Margaret, his Master's Whore.

Tollers, *Constables*, *Dyestuff*, *Watch*, *Sergeants*, *Maskmakers*,
Rabble, &c.

T H E



THE
SQUIRE of ALSATIA.

ACT I SCENE I

Enter Belfond Senior, *meeting* Shamwell.

• BELFOND Senior.

COUSIN Shamwell, well met; good Morrow to you.

Sham. Cousin Belfond, your humble Servant: What makes you abroad so early?

'Tis not much past Seven.

Belf. Sen. You know we were Bowfy last Night, I am a little hot-headed this Morning, and come to take the fresh Air here in the *Temple-Walks*.

Sham. Well: And what do you think of our way of living here? Is not rich generous Wine better than your poor Hedge-Wine stum'd, or dull *Mareb* Beer? Are not delicate, well-bred, well-dress'd Women, better than Dairy-Maids, Tenants Daughters, or Barefoot Strumpets? Streets full of fine Coaches, better than a Yard full of Dung-Carts? A Magnificent Tavern, than a Thatch'd Ale-house? Or the Society of brave, honest, witty, mer-

14 The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.

my Fellows, than the Conversation of unthinking Hunting, Hawking Blockheads, or High-shoe'd Peasants and their wiser Cattle?

Self. Sen. O, yes, a world, *ahad*. Ne'er stir, I could never have thought there had been such a gallant Place in *London*: Here I can be drunk over-night, and well next Morning: Can ride in a Coach for a Shilling as good as a Deputy-Lieutenant's; and such merry Wags, and ingenious Companions—— Well, I vow and swear, I am mightily beholding to you, Dear Cousin *Shamwell*. Then for the Women! Mercy upon us! so civil and well bred; and, I'll swear upon a Bible, finer all of them than Knight-Baronets Wives with us.

Sham. And so kind and pleasant!

Self. Sen. Ay, I vow, pretty Rogues! No Pride in them in the World; but so courteous and familiar, as I'm an honest Man, they'll do whatever one would have them presently. Ah, sweet Rogues! While in the Country, a pic's take them, there's such a stir with Piff, fy, nay, Mr. *Timothy*, what do you do? I vow I'll squeak, never stir, I'll call out; ah ha!——

Sham. And if one of them happen to be with Child, there's frait an Uproar in the Country, as if the Hundred were sued for a Robbery!

Self. Sen. Ay, so there is; and I am in that fear of my Father besides, *ahad*, he'd knock me P th' Head, if he should hear of such a thing: To say Truth, he's so terrible to me, I can never enjoy my self for him. Lord! What will he say when he comes to know I am at *London*? Which he in all his Life-time would never suffer me to see, for fear I should be debauched; forsooth; and allows me little or no Money at home neither.

Sham. What matter what he says? Is not every Foot of the Estate entail'd upon you?

Self. Sen. Well, I'll endure't no longer! If I can but raise Money, I'll teach him to use his Son like a Dog, I'll warrant him.

Sham. You can ne'er want that: Take up on the Reversion, 'tis a lusty one; and *Cheney* will help you to the

The SQUIRE OF ALSATIA. 15

the Ready; and thou shalt shine, and be as gay as any Spruce Page that ever stalked the Street.

Self. Sen. Well; adad, you are pleasant Men, and have the neatest Sayings, with you, Ready, and Spruce Page, and abundance of the prettiest witty Words. — But sure that Mr. *Cheatsly* is as fine a Gentleman as any wears a Head; and as ingenious; as 'er his, I believe he would run down the best Scholar in *Oxford* and put 'em in a Mouse-hole with his Wit.

Sham. In *Oxford*? Ay, and in *London* too.

Self. Sen. God bless 'em: Cousin! I always thought they had been wittiest in the Universities.

Sham. O fy, Cousin; a Company of *Fools*, meer *Fools*!

Self. Sen. *Fools*? meer *Fools*? very good. I'll swear, ha, ha, ha.

Sham. They are all Scholar-Boys, and nothing else, as long as they live there; and yet they are as confident as if they knew every thing, when they understand no more beyond *Magdalen Bridge* than meer *Indians*. But *Cheatsly* is a rare Fellow: I'll speak a bold Word, he shall *Out a Sham or Bawler* with the best Wit or Poet of 'em all.

Self. Sen. Good again: *Out a Sham, or Bawler*? I shall remember all these quaint Words in time: But Mr. *Cheatsly*'s a Prodigy, that's certain.

Sham. He is so, and a worthy, brave Fellow, and the best Friend, where he takes, and the most sincere of any Man breathing.

Self. Sen. Nay, I must needs say, I have found him very frank, and very much a Gentleman; and am most extremely obliged to him and you for your great Kindness.

Sham. This Morning your Cloaths and Liveries will come home, and thou shalt appear rich and splendid like thy self, and the *Mobile* shall worship thee.

Self. Sen. The *Mobile*? That's pretty.

Enter Cheatsly.

Sweet Mr. *Cheatsly*: My best Friend! Let me embrace thee.

Cheats.

16 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Cheat. My sprightly Son of Timber and of Acres! My noble Heir, I salute thee. The *Cole* is coming, and shall be brought in this Morning.

Belf. Sen. Cole? Why, 'tis Summer, I need no firing now. Besides, I intend to burn Billets.

Cheat. My lusty Ruffick, learn, and be instructed. *Cole* is, in the Language of the Witty, Money; the *Ready*, the *Rhino*. Thou shalt be *Rhinocercical*, my Lad, thou shalt.

Belf. Sen. Admirable, I swear! *Cole*, *Ready*, *Rhino*, *Rhinocercical*: Lord, how long may a Man live in Ignorance in the Country!

Sham. Ay: But what Asses you'll make of the Country Gentlemen, when you go amongst them. 'Tis a Providence, you are fall'n into so good Hands.

Belf. Sen. 'Tis a Mercy, indeed: How much *Cole*, *Ready*, and *Rhino* shall I have?

Cheat. Enough to set thee up to Spark it in thy Brother's Face; and e'er thou shalt want the *Ready*, the *Darby*, thou shalt make thy fruitful Acres in Reversion to thy, and all thy sturdy Oaks to bend like Switches! But thou must squeeze, my Lad: Squeeze hard, and Seal, my Bully. *Shamwell* and I are to be bound with thee.

Belf. Sen. I am mightily beholden to you both. I vow and swear: My Uncle, Sir *Edward*, took my Brother when he was a Child, and adopted him: Would it had been my Lot.

Sham. He is a noble Gentleman, and maintains him in Coach and Equipage fit for him.

Cheat. Thou shalt not see the *Prigg* thy Brother, till thou shalt out-jingle him in *Ready*, out-shine him in thy Ornaments of Body, out-spark him in thy Coach and Liveries; and shalt be so *Equipp'd*, that thou shalt dazzle the whole Town with thy outrageous Splendor.

Belf. Sen. I vow, his Tongue is rarely hung!

Cheat. Thy Brother's Heart shall break with Envy at thy Gallantry: The Fops and Beaux shall be astonisht at thy Brightness. What *Ogling* there will be between thee

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 17

thee and the *Blowings*! old staring at thy *Equipage*: And every *Buttock* shall fall down before thee.

Belf. Sen. Ha, ha, ha! I vow, you are the pleasantest Man I ever met with, and I'll swear the best Friend I ever had in my Life; that I must needs say. I was resolv'd not to let my Brother see me till I was in Circumstances, I've see. And, for my Father, he's in *Holland*. My Mother's Brother dyed, and left him sole Executor. He'll not be here these Six Weeks.

Shum. Well, when you see your Brother he'll envy you, and rail at those who made you flourish so. We shall be cast off.

Belf. Sen. Gudzookers, Cousin! I take it very unkindly that you should say so. I'll cast off all the Relations in the World, before I'll part with such true, such loving Friends, adad.

Enter Captain Hackum.

O, noble Captain *Hackum*, your Servant; Servant, Captain.

Hack. Your humble *Trous*, good noble Squire; you were brave and *bowzy* last Night, i'faith you were.

Belf. Sen. Yes really, I was *Clear*: For I do not remember what I did, or where I was. *Clear, Clear*; is not that right?

Shum. Ay, ay: Why, you broke Windows; *scour'd*; broke open a House in *Dorset Court*, and took a pretty Wench, a Gentleman's *Natural*, away by force.

Cheat. Very true; and this magnanimous Spark, this Thunderbolt of War; Captain *Hackum*, laid about him like a Hero, as did some other of your Friends, or else the Watch had mauled us: But we made them *scour*.

Belf. Sen. Nay, o' my Conscience, the Captain's mighty Valiant; there's Terror in that Countenance and Whiskers: He is a very *Scanderbeg* incarnate. And now you put me in mind, I recollect somewhat of this matter: My Shoulders are plaguy sore, and my Arms black and blue; but where's the Wench, the *Natural*, ha, Captain?

Hack. Ah, Squire, I led her off. I have her safe for you.

Belf. Sen.

18 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Belf. Sen. But does not the Gallant thunder and roar for her?

Hack. The Scoundrel dares not: He knows me, who never knew Fear in my Life. For my part, I love Magnanimity and Honour, and those things; and fighting is one of my Recreations.

*He thus waxes a brave Soul, and dares honestly do,
Is a Herald to himself, and a Godfather too.*

Belf. Sen. O brave Captain!

Cheas. The *Prigster* *lugg'd out* in defence of his *Natural*, the Captain *whipt* his *Parker* out, and away *rubb'd* *Prigster* and call'd the Watch.

Belf. Sen. *Prigster lugg'd out*, *Natural*, *Parker*, *rubb'd*, admirable! This is very ingenious Conversation: You're the purest Company; who would not keep Company with the Wits? Pox o' the Country, I say.

Hack. But, Squire, I had damnable ill Luck afterwards: I went up to the Gaming Ordinary, and lost all my *Money*; they left me not a *Rag* or *Sack*: Pox o' the *Tatts*, for me! I believe, they put the *Dollar* upon me.

Belf. Sen. *Tatts*, and *Dollar*! What's that?

Sham. The Tools of *Sharpers*, false Dice.

Hack. Hark you, prythee, noble Squire, Equip me with a Couple of *Meggs*, or two Couple of *Snobs*.

Belf. Sen. *Snobs*! What, shall we bespeak another Dish of Fish for our Dinner?

Sham. No, no; *Meggs* are Guineas, *Snobs* are half Guineas: He would borrow a Couple of Guineas.

Belf. Sen. *Meggs*, *Snobs*: Ha, ha, ha. Very pretty, by my Troth. And so thou shalt, dear Captain: There are two *Meggs*, and, I vow and swear, I am glad I have 'em to pleasure you; and I am.

Hack. You are so honest a Gentleman, quarrel every Day, and I'll be your Second, once a Day at least: And I'll say this for you, there's not a finer Gentleman this Day walks the *Byes*; no Dispraise to any Man, let him be what he will.

Belf. Sen. Adad, you make me proud, Sir.

Enter

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 19

Enter Lolpeep.

O. Lolpeep! where have you been all this Morning, Sirrah?

Lolp. Why, 'tis but rear, marry; 'tis meet a bit past Eight: By'r Lady, yeow were so fow drunken last night I had thoughten yeow wouden ha been a Bed aw th' morn: Well, mine Eync ake a gazing up and down on aw the fine Sights; but for aw that, send me Numb to my own Country again.

Belf. Sen. Oh silly Rogue! You are only fit for Cattle. Gentlemen, you must excuse him, he knows no better.

Lolp. Marry, better; quoth a! By th' Moss, this is a Life for a Deel: To be drunken each Night, break Windows, roar, sing, and swear i' th' Streets; go to Lagger-heads with the Constable and the Watch, Ban Harlots in Gold and Silver Lace: Hea'n blest us! and send me a whome again.

Belf. Sen. Peace, you sawcy Scoundrel, or I'll cudgel you to Pap: Sirrah, do not provoke me, I say, do not.

Lolp. Ode-Bell, where is Money for aw this? Yeow'll be run agraunt soon, and you taken this Cauris. He tell a that.

Belf. Sen. Take that, Sirrah: I'll teach you to mutter: What, my Man become my Master?

Lolp. Waunds! Give me ten times more, and send me whome ages at after. What will awd Master say to that? I mun ag'er for the Face of him, I woe.

Chor. Fling him, a Rogue! Tell him he's a Blunder!

Chor. Let me talk with him a while. Come on, Follow.

Lolp. Talk! Well, what sen ye?

Chor. [bawling] Your Master is in this matter, to depart his Countenance somewhat obliquely, to some Principles, which others but out of a mature Gravity may have weight, and think too heavy to be undertaken; what does it avail you if you shall precipitate or plunge your self into Affairs, as unsuitable to your Physionomy as they are to your Complexion.

Lolp.

20 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Lolp. Hah, what sen yeow? Yeow mistaken me: I am not Book-learn'd: I understand a not.

Cheas. No, 'tis the strangest thing! Why, put the Case you are indebted to me 20 l. upon a *Scire facias*: I extend this up to an Outlawry, upon Affidavit upon the *Nisi prius*: I plead to all this matter *Non est inventus* upon the Pannel; what is there to be done more in this Case, as it lies before the Bench, but to award out Execution upon the *Pesse Comitatus*, who are presently to issue out a *Certiorari*.

Lolp. I understand a little of Sizes, *Nisi*-prizes, Affidavits, *Suffurari*! But, by the Mefs, I cannot tell what to mack of aw this together, not I.

Belf. Sen. Ha, ha. Puppy! Owl! Loggerhead! O silly Country Put! Here's a *Prigg* indeed! He'll ne'er find out what 'tis to *Cut a Sham*, or *Bawter*: Well, I swear, Sir, you do it the best of any Man in the World.

Cheas. No, no, I swear, not I.

Belf. Sen. I protest, you do it incomparably.

Cheas. Nay, now you Complement. Faith you make me blush.

Lolp. *Sham* and *Bawter* are Heathen Greek to me: But yeow have cut out fine Wark for your sel last Neeght; I went to see the House yeow had brocken, aw the Windows are pood downe. I aske what was the matter, and by the Mafs they haw learnt your Nam too; they laden Squire *Belfond* had done it, and ravish'd a Wench: And that they hadden gotten the Lord-Chief-Justice Warren for you, and wooden bring a pawr of Actions, against yeow.

Belf. Sen. Is this true?

Lolp. Ay, by the Mafs.

Cheas. No matter; we'll bring you off with a wet Finger; trust me for that.

Belf. Sen. Dear Friend, I rely upon you for every thing.

Sham. We value not twenty such things of a Rush.

Hack. If any of their Officers dare invade our Privileges, we'll send 'em to Hell without *Bail* or *Mainprize*.

Lolp.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 21

Lolo. But I can tell a wor News than aw this? I ne'er saw Flesh alive, and I saw not your Father's Man *Roger* come out o'th' *Temple gate* e'en now.. Your Father's in Town, that's certain.

Belf. Sen. How! my Father, say you? 'Tis impossible.

Cheat. Courage, my Heir in Tail: Thy Father's a poor facaking Tenant for Life; thou shalt live better than he can: And if we do contract a Debt upon thy dirty Acres in the North, I have design'd for you a fine young Lady with a swinging Fortune, to redeem all; and 'tis impossible, my Lad, to miss her.

Belf. Sen. Sir, let me embrace you, and love you: Never Man embrac'd a better Friend! *Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur*, as the saying is.

Lolo. Sir, Sir, let speak one Word with yew; Ods-flesh, I'll die the Death of a Dog, and aw these yow seen here, be not Rogues, Cheats, and Pick-pockets.

Belf. Sen. Peace, you Rascal! Adad, I would not have any of 'em hear for five hundred Pounds; you were a dead Man.

Lolo. What is the Reason they dare not stir out of this privileged Place, but on Sabbath-days?

Belf. Sen. You Block-head, Mr. *Cheatly* had an Alderman's young Wife run away with him, is sued for't, and is in fear of a substantial Jury of City Cuckolds. *Shamwell's* unnatural Father lays in wait for him, to apprehend him, and run him into the Country. The brave and valiant Gentleman, Captain *Hackum*, who is as stout as a Lion, beat a Judge's Son t'other day. And now your Questions are fully answer'd, you *Putt* you.

Cheat. Honest *Shamwell*, thou art a rare Fellow: Thy Cousin here is the wealthiest *Caravan* we have met with a long time; the hopefulest *Sealer* that ever yet toucht Wax among us: But we must take off that evil Counsellor of his.

Enter Tailor with a Bundle, a Peruke-maker, Hatter, and Shoe-maker.

Sham. I warrant you.—Oh Cousin, here's your Tailor, with your Cloths and Liveries; *Hatter*, *Shoe-maker*, *Peruke-maker*,

Cheat.

22 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Cheat. All your Moveables together; go into your Lodging and fit them: Your new Footmen, and your *French Valet de Chambre* are there; I'll wait on you there presently.

Lolo. Odsfish, here's whaint wark: By'r Lady, this is fine! Whaw, whaw.

Self. Sen. Get you in, you Rogue: An you mutter one Word more, adad I'll mince you, Sirrah: Well, go in all of you. Gentlemen, I shall see you presently. [Exit.]

Cheat. Immediately. Let us hug our selves, my dear Rascal, in this Adventure; you have done very well to engage him last Night in an Outrage; and we must take care to put him upon all the Expence we can: We must reduce him to have as much need of us as possible.

Sham. Thou art i'th' right: But, Captain, where's the *Convenient*, the *Natural*?

Hack. Why, at my House: my Wife has brought her into a good Humour: She is very pretty; and is now pleas'd to think the Squire will be a better Keeper than her former; for he was but a *Sharper*, a *Tatnanger*, and when he wanted Money would kick and beat her most immoderately.

Sham. Well: I'll say that for the Captain's Wife, she's as good an able discreet Woman to carry on an Intrigue, as e'er a Woman in the *Fryers*: Nay, better.

Hack. Your Servant, good Mr. *Shamwell*; she's a very good Woman, thanks be to Heaven: I have great Comfort in her; she has a Cup of the best Cherry-Brandy in the *Fryers*.

Sham. [Aside.] And commonly a good Whore to boot:—But pr'ythee, Captain, go home, and let her and the young Girl prepare to dine with us; we must have a great Dinner, and Fiddlers at the *George*, to season the Squire in his new Equipage.

Hack. Well, well, it shall be done. [Exit.]

Sham. You'll find this Fellow a necessary Tool in Comfort with his Wife, who is, indeed, a Bawd of Parts: He is a good Russian enough: For tho' he be not stout, he's impudent,

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 23

impudent, and will roar and keep a filthy Pother, which is enough to make Fools believe he's stout.

Chorus. Let him and the small Fry pick up the Squire's loose Grunts, while we share in the lusty Sums.

Enter Scrapeall.

Oh, here comes Mr. *Scrapeall*, with all his Zeal; our godly Accomplish in all Designs; leave him to me.

[*Exit Sham.*]

Oh, Mr. *Scrapeall*? Have you brought the Money for the Squire?

Scrap. I come to tell you that my Man approacheth with the Money and the Goods for your Squire.

Chorus. I hope you have not burden'd him with too many Goods at first.

Scrap. No: but a fourth Part: 'Tis true, the Goods are somewhat Stale, but I will take them off at small under Rates: You know, I am not seen in furnishing of the Goods and Money, but only in the buying of the Goods. My Lawyer accompanieth my Man, to testify the Writings.

Chorus. 'Tis as it should be: He's a fat Squire; the Estate in Tail is full 3000*l.* a Year. He will yield well.

Scrap. [*Aside.*] The Squire is to take to Wife a Niece I have in Charge: His Father is to give me 5000*l.* out of her Fortune, and the Squire's Lewdness and Prodigality will soon let me deep into his Reversion. Besides, his lighting into these Hands, will make his Father, when he finds it, hasten to agree with me for his Redemption; I like the Business well, — I am going to the Man you call *Crump*, who helpeth Solicitors to Affidavit-Men, and Swearers, and Bail.

Chorus. His Office is next Door; his Wardrobe for Bail and Witnesses. Here he comes; let's meet him. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir William Belfond, and an Attorney.

Sir Will. Sure I should know the Face of that Fellow, that's going there into *White-Fryers*.

Att. 'Tis a Notorious one; you have seen him often; 'tis that most audacious Rogue, *Chandy*; who has drawn in so many young Heirs, and undone so many Seniors: He is a *Belcher of White-Fryers*.

Sir

24 The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.

Sir Will. It is that Villain!

Att. I am very glad, Sir, you have dispatch'd your Business so soon in *Holland*.

Sir Will. I had great Success, and finish'd all, six Weeks at least e'er I expected; and had time to come by the way of *Flanders*, and see that Country, which I desired: And from *Newport* I came to *Dover*, and riding Post from thence, I took a Boat at *Southwark*, and landed just now here at the *Temple*: But I am troubled you had sent my Packet to *Holland* e'er I came.

Att. I receiv'd none from you of late: No Packet has arriv'd this Fortnight from *Holland*.

Sir Will. Have you heard no News from my Son, nor my Steward in the Country?

Att. Not these ten or twelve Days.

Sir Will. That Son is all the Joy of my Life; for him I hurry up and down, take Pains, spare, and live hard to raise his Fortune.

Att. Indeed, I hear he's a fine Gentleman, and understands his Country Affairs as well as any Farmer of them all.

Sir Will. I must confess he proves after my own Heart: He's a solid young Man, a dutiful Child as ever Man had, and I think I have done well for him in providing him a Wife with such a Fortune, which he yet knows nothing of. But will not this godly Man, this Mr. *Scrapsell*, take a Farthing less, say you, for his Niece?

Att. Not a Sower: I higgled with him as if I were to buy of a Horse-courser, and he will not take a Farthing less than 5000*l.* for his Niece.

Sir Will. He's a strange Mixture, a perpetual Sermon-hunter, repeats and sing Psalms continually, and prays so loud and vehemently, that he is a Disturbance to his Neighbours; he is so Heavenward Pious, and seems a very Saint of a Scrivener.

Att. He finds the Sweet of that, it gets him many a good Trust and Executorship.

Sir Will. Pox on him for a damn'd godly Knave, forsooth! cannot he be contented to sell her, whom his own
Brother

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 25

Brother committed to his Charge; but he must extort so much for her? Well, I must agree with him: I know she has full 20000*l.* left her; and has been brought up as strictly as my Son: Get Writings ready: I'll send Post for my Son *Timothy* this Day.

Att. They are ready; you may seal in the Afternoon, if you please.

Sir Will. And I will then. I'll detain you no longer: Get my Writings ready: I am resolved to settle my other Boy well: But my Town-Son afflicts me, whenever I hear him named.

Att. Your humble Servant, *Sir Will. Belfond.*

[*Ex. Attor.*]

Enter Servant to Sir William.

Serv. Sir, I have been at your Brother's House, and they say he is come to some Lawyer's Chamber in the King's-Bench Buildings.

Sir Will. That's lucky enough: I'll walk here then, and do you watch.

Enter Hackum, and another Bully.

Who are these? Some Inhabitants of *White-Fryers*; some Bullies of *Alsatia*.

Hack. I was plaguy *Bowse* last Night with Squire *Belfond*; We had Fiddles, Whores, scourd, broke Windows, beat Watches, and roard like Thunder.

Bully. Ay, I heard you.

Sir Will. What says he?

[*Aside.*]

Hack. He drinks, whores, swears, sings, roars, rants, and scours with the best of us.

Sir Will. Sir, with your Favour, are you acquainted with young *Belfond*?

Hack. Yes, that I am——What Country Par's this?

[*Aside.*]

Sir Will. What Country-man is he, Sir?

Hack. Pr'ythee, old *Prigster*, why dost ask? He is a Nothern Man: He has a damn'd, rustick, miserable Rascal to his Father, who lives a nasty brutal Life in the Country, like a Swine: But the Squire will be even with him, I warrant him.

26 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Sir Will. I have something to say to him, if I could see him.

Hack. You, you old *Prig!* You damn'd Country *Pur!* You have somewhat to say to him? I am ready to give you Satisfaction: *Lugg out;* come, you *Pur:* I'll make you *Stamper.*

Sir Will. D'ye hear, *Bully Rascal;* put up and walk your way, or, by Heav'n, I'll beat you as long as you are able to be beaten.

Bully. I'll stand by you: You may easily beat this old Fellow.

Hack. No Man e'er gave me such Words but forfeited his Life; I could whip thee through the Lungs immediately; but I'll desist at present. — Who the Devil would have thought this *Pur* durst have drawn a Sword? — Well, Sir, we shall take a time; Sir, another time, Sir.

Sir Will. You lie, you Rascal; you will take no time. Here's a fine Champion of my Son's. [*Ex Hack and Bully.*]

Enter Sir Edward Bellond.

Sir Edw. Who's this I see? my Brother! *Sir William Belfond!* Your humble Servant: You are welcome into England. I look'd not for you these six Weeks.

Sir Will. I landed at the *Temple Stairs* even now: My Man has been at your House, and he heard you were here.

Sir Edw. I hope you have done your Business.

Sir Will. Beyond my Expectation.

Sir Edw. Has your Wife's Brother done by you in his Will, as you would have had him?

Sir Will. Truly, yes: He has made me sole Executor, and left my two Sons *yeool.* a piece, to be paid at each of their Days of Marriage, or at my Death.

Sir Edw. Well, Brother, you are a happy Man; for Wealth flows in upon you on every Side; and Riches you account the greatest Happiness.

Sir Will. I find that Wealth alone will not make me happy. Ah, Brother! I must confess it was a Kindness in you, when Heaven had blest you with a great Estate by Merchandize, to adopt my younger Son, and take him

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 17

him and breed him from his Childhood: But you have been so gentle to him, he is run into all manner of Vice and Riot; no Bounds can hold him; no Shame can stop him; no Laws nor Customs can restrain him.

Sir Edw. I am confident, you are mistaken: He has as fair Reputation as any Gentleman about *London*. 'Tis true, he's a good Fellow, but no Sot; he loves Mirth and Society, without Drunkenness: He is, as all young Fellows, I believe, are, given to Women; but it is in private; and he is particular: No common Whore-Master: And, in short, keeps as good Company as any Man in *England*.

Sir Will. Your over-weening makes you look through a false Glas upon him. Company! Why he keeps Company for the Devil: Had you come a Minute sooner, you might have seen two of his Companions; they were praising him for roaring, swearing, ranting, scouring, whoring, beating Watches, breaking Windows: I but asked one of 'em if he knew him, and said I had somewhat to say to him; the Rogue the most seeming terrible of the two, told me, if I had any thing to say to Squire *Belford*, he would give me Satisfaction.

Sir Edw. What kind of Fellow?

Sir Will. He came out of *White Bryers*: He's some *Alsatian Bully*.

Sir Edw. 'Tis impossible! he never keeps such Company.

Sir Will. The Rogue drew upon me; bid me *Lugg out*, call'd me *Old Prigg*, *Country Putt*; and spoke a particular Language which such Rogues have made to themselves, call'd Canting, as Beggars, Gipsies, Thieves, and Jail-Birds do; but I made his Bullies go away very tamely, at the Sight of my drawn Sword.

Sir Edw. I am sure he keeps no such Company; it must be some other of his Name.

Sir Will. You make me mad to excuse him thus; the Town rings of him; you have ruin'd him by your Indulgence; besides, he throws away Money like Dirt; his Infamy is notorious.

28 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Sir Edw. Infamy! Nay there you wrong him: he does no ungentleman-like Things. Pr'ythee consider Youth a little: What if he does Wench a little, and now and then is somewhat extravagant in Wine; where's the great Crime? All young Fellows that have Mettle in them will do the first; and if they have Wit and good Humour in them, in this drinking Country, they will sometimes be forc'd upon the latter; and he must be a very dull Phlegmatick Lump, whom Wine will not cleyate to some Extravagance now and then.

Sir Will. Will you distract me? What, are Drinking and Whoring no Faults? His Courses will break my Heart; they bring Tears into my Eyes so often.

Sir Edw. One would think you had been drinking, and were mauling; think what we our selves did when we were young Fellows: You were a Spark, would drink, scour and wench with the best o'th' Town.

Sir Will. Ay, but I soon repented, married and settled.

Sir Edw. And turn'd as much to the other Extream; and now, perhaps, I mislike these Faults, caus'd by the Heat of Youth. But how do you know he may not be reclaim'd suddenly?

Sir Will. Reclaim'd? How can he be reclaim'd without Severity? You should cudgel him, and allow him no Money; make him not dare to offend you thus. Well, I have a Son whom by my Strictness I have form'd according to my Heart: He never puts on his Hat in my Presence; rises at second Course, takes away his Plate, says Grace, and saves me the Charge of a Chaplain. When ever he committed a Fault, I maul'd him with Correction; I'd fain see him once dare to be extravagant: No, he's a good Youth, the Comfort of my Age! I weep for Joy to think of him. Good Sir, learn to be a Father of him that is one; I have a natural Care of him you have adopted.

Sir Edw. You are his Father by Nature, I by Choice; I took him when he was a Child, and bred him up with Gentleness, and that kind of Conversation that has made him my Ffiend: He conceals nothing from me, or denies

The SQUIRE OF ALSATTA 19

does nothing to me. Rigour makes nothing but Hypocrites.

Sir Will. Perhaps, when you begin into; but you should have been severe to him in his Childhood; abridg'd him of Liberty and Money, and have had him soundly whipt often; he would have blest you afterwards.

Sir Edw. Too much Straightness to the Minds of Youths, like too much lacing to the Body, will make them grow crooked.

Sir Will. But no lacing at all will make them swell and grow Monsters.

Sir Edw. I must govern by Love. I had as lief govern a Dog as a Man, if it must be by Fear; this I take to be the Difference between a good Father to Children, and a harsh Master over Slaves.

Sir Will. Yes, and see what your Government is come to! his Vice and Prodigality will distract me.

Sir Edw. Why should you be so concern'd? He is mine, is he not?

Sir Will. Yes, by Adoption, but he is mine by Nature.

Sir Edw. 'Tis all but Custom.

Sir Will. Mine is a tender Care.

Sir Edw. Your Passion blinds you; I have as tender Care as you can have; I have been ever delighted with him from his Childhood; he is endear'd to me by long Custom and Familiarity. I have had all the Pleasure of a Father, without the Drudgery of getting a Son upon a damn'd Wife, whom, perhaps, I should wish hang'd.

Sir Will. And will you let him run on in his Lewdness and Prodigality?

Sir Edw. He is mine. If he offends, 'tis me; if he squanders away Money, 'tis mine; and what need you care? Pray take Care of your own; if you will, take Care of this too; what, do you take him from me?

Sir Will. This you come to always. I take him from you! No, I'd not be troubled with him. Well, let him run on, and be ruin'd, hang'd and damn'd, I'll never speak Word more about him. Let him go on.

30 The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.

Sir Edw. This Heat of Youth will be allay'd e'er long.
I warrant you.

Sir Will. No, no, let him go on, let him go on; I'll
take Care of my own at Home, and happy were this
Rake-Hell if he would take Example by his Brother; but
I say no more, I have done; let him go on.

Sir Edw. Now you are angry, your Passion runs away
with you.

Sir Will. No, no, I have done; what would you have
more?

Sir Edw. Let us go and see him: I'll lay my Life you'll
find him perusing some good Author; he ever spends his
whole Morning in Study.

Sir Will. I must into the City, the first Thing I do,
and get my Bills accepted; and then, if you will, we'll
see him: And no doubt but we shall find him perusing
of some Whore or other, instead of a Book.

Sir Edw. I am not of your Opinion: But I'll carry
you in my Coach into the City, and then bring
you back to him: He is of so good a Disposition, so
much a Gentleman, and has such Worth and Honour,
that if you knew him as well as I, you'd love him as
well as I do.

Sir Will. Well, well, I hear you, Sir: I must send
for my Son Post: I'll shew you a Son! Well, Heaven
bless him! I should be weary of this wicked World,
but for the Comforts I find in him: Come along: I'll
shew you a Son!

[Exit Will.]

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I

Enter Belfond Junior, and Lucia.

Belf. Jun. WHY dost thou sigh, and show such Sadness in thy Looks, my pretty Miss?

Lucia. Have I not Reason?

Belf. Jun. Dost thou dislike thy Entertainment?

Lucia. Ah! cruel Belfond, thou hast undone me.

Belf. Jun. My pretty little Rogue! I sooner wou'd undo my self a thousand times.

Lucia. How I tremble to think what I ha' done! I have made my self for ever miserable.

Belf. Jun. Oh say not so, dear Child! I'll kiss those Tears from off thy Beauteous Eyes. But I shall wrong thy Checks, on which they fall like precious Drops of Dew on Flowers.

Lucia. Heaven! What have I done?

Belf. Jun. No more than what thy Mother did before thee: No more than thy whole Sex is born to do.

Lucia. Oh! had I thought you would have been so cruel, I never would have seen your Face: I swear, I would not.

Belf. Jun. I swear, thou wouldst, I know thou wouldst. *Cruel!* no billing Turtle e'er was kinder to his tender Mate; in Billing, Cooing, and in gentle Murmurs, we express our Kindness; and coo'd, and murmur'd, and lov'd on.

Lucia. The more unhappy Fool was I: Go, go, I hate you now.

Belf. Jun. Oh my sweet little one! thou canst not swer

32 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

be so unkind: Those pretty Tell-tales of thy Heart, thy Eyes, say better things.

Lucia. Do they so? I'll be reveng'd on 'em for't: For they shall never see you more.

Belf. Jun. Ah! say not so; I had rather much the Sun should never shine on me, than thou be hidden from my Sight: Thou art not sure in earnest.

Lucia. Yes sure, I think I am.

Belf. Jun. No, my sweet Love, I think thou art not.

Lucia. Oh Lord, how shall I look! How shall I bear my self! if any of my Friends should fix their Eyes upon me, I shall look down and blush, and think they know all.

Belf. Jun. How many fair ones dally do the same, and look demurely as any Saints?

Lucia. They are confident things, I warrant 'em.

Belf. Jun. Let Love be made familiar to thee, and thou wilt bear it better: Thou must see me every Day. Canst thou be so hard-hearted to forbear the Sight of me?

Lucia. Perhaps, I may desire now and then a Look; a Sight of thee at some Distance: But I will never venture to come near thee more, I vow.

Belf. Jun. Let me kiss that Vow from off thy Lips, while 'tis warm there. I have it here: 'Tis gone. Thou wilt not kill me, sure? Didst thou not say thou lov'dst me?

Lucia. Yes, I lov'd too much; or this had never happen'd: I could not else have been undone.

Belf. Jun. Undone! thou art made: Woman is but half a Creature, till she be joyned to Man; now thou art whole and perfect.

Lucia. Wicked Man! Can I be so confident once to come near thee more?

Belf. Jun. Shouldst thou but fall one Day, I never should survive it; and then my Ghost will haunt thee. Canst thou look on me, pretty Creature, and talk thus?

Lucia. Well, go thy Ways; that flattering Tongue, and those bewitching Eyes were made to ruin Woman-kind.

Belf. Jun. Could I but think thou wert in Earnest, these Arms

The SQUIRE of AUSTRIA 33

Arms should chisp thee ever here: I'd ne'er part with thee.

Lucia. No, no, now I must be gone: I shall be miss'd: How shall I get home, and not be known? Sure every Body will discover me.

Belf. Jun. Thy Mask will cover all: There is a Chair below in the Entry to carry thee, and set thee down where thou wilt.

Lucia. Farewell, dear cruel Man! And must I come to-morrow Morning, say you? No, no.

Belf. Jun. Yes, yes, to-morrow and to-morrow, and every Morning of our Lives; I die else.

Enter a Foot-boy.

Foot. Sir, your Singing-Master is coming.

Belf. Jun. My Singing-Master, Mr. *Self*, is coming.

Lucia. O Lord, hide me! He is my Master, he'll know me! I shall not be able to go by him for trembling.

Belf. Jun. Pretty Miss, into the Closet: I'll dispatch him soon. [*Lucia goes in.*]

Enter Singing-Master, and his Daughter.

Come, Master, let your Daughter sing the Song you promised me.

Self. Come, Betty. Please to put in a Flute, Sir.

Belf. Jun. Come on.

SONG with two Flutes, and a Thorough-bass.

The Expostulation.

Still wilt thou sigh, and still in vain
A cold postifful Nymph adore;
No longer fruitlessly complain,
But to thy self thy self restore
In Youth thou caught'st this fond Disease,
And shouldst abandon it in Age;
Some other Nymph as well may please,
Absence or Business disengage.

14 THE SQUIRE of ALBATHIA

On tender Hearts, the Wounds of Love,
 Like those imprinted on young Trees,
 Or kill us first, or else they prove
 Larger & insensible Degrees:
 Business I try'd; she fill'd my Mind;
 On others Lips my Dear I kiss;
 But never solid Joy could find,
 Where I my charming Sylvia miss.

Long Absence, like a Greenland Night,
 Made me but wish for Sun and Moon;
 And that inimitable Light,
 She, none but she, could ever show.
 She never once regards thy Fire,
 Nor ever turns one Sight thy way;
 I must the Glorious Sun admire,
 Though he can never look thy way.

Look well, you'll find she's not so gone;
 Much of her former Beauty's gone:
 My Love, her Shadow, larger far
 Is made by her declining Sun.
 What if her Glories faded be?
 My former Wounds I must endure;
 For should she now unbanded be,
 Yet that can never help the Cure.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis very easie and natural: Your Daughter
 sings delicately.

Enter Trueman.

Tru. Belfond, good-morrow to thee; I see thou still
 tak'st care to melt away thy Hours in soft Delights.

Belf. Jun. Honest Trueman? All the Pleasures and Diver-
 sions we can invent, are little enough to make the Farce
 of Life go down.

Tru. And yet what a Coll they keep! How busie and
 industrious are those, who are reckon'd grave and wise,
 about this Life, as if there were something in it?

Belf.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 35

Belf. Jun. These Fools are in earnest, and very solid; they think there's something in it; while wise Men know there's nothing to be done here, but to make the best of a bad Market.

Tru. You are mighty Philosophical this Morning. But shall I not hear one Song, as well as you?

Belf. Jun. Have you got that *Ode in Honour*?

Belf. Jun. I have.

Belf. Jun. Then I hope you will be encouraged to let more of them; we then shall be sure of Wit and Musick together; while your great Musicians do often take most Pains about the silliest Words. *Pyrolone, Trueman, sing at.*

Tru. sings. Integer vita Scelerisque purus, &c.

[*Hor. Ode 22. l. 11.*

Belf. Jun. Very well; you have obliged me: Please to accept of this. And, Madam, you shall give me leave to show my Gratitude by a small Present.

Salsa, and Daught. Your Servant, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Tru. You are so immoderately given to Musick, me thinks it should juggle Love out of your Thoughts.

Belf. Jun. Oh no! Remember *Shakespeare*, if Musick be the Food of Love, Play on — That's nothing nourishes that soft Passion like it, it imparts his Wings, and makes him fly a higher Pitch. But pray thee tell me what News of our dear Mistress? I never yet was so sincerely in Love as with my pretty Hypocrite: There is a Fire in those Eyes that strikes like Lightning: What a constant Church-man she has made of me!

Tru. And mine has made an entire Conquest of me: 'Tis the most charming pretty Creature, that e'er my Eyes beheld.

Belf. Jun. Let us not fall out, like the Heroes in the *Rehearsal*, for not being in Love with the same Woman.

Tru. Nothing could be so fortunate as our Difference in this Case: The only one we disagree in.

Belf. Jun. Thou art in the right: Mine has so charm'd me, I am content to abandon all other Pleasures, and live alone for her; she has subdu'd me even to Marriage.

[*Tru.*

36 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Tru. Mine has no less vanquish'd me; I'll surrender upon Discretion. Ah Rogue *Belfond*! I set by your Bed, for all your constant Love, you have had a Wench this Night.

Belf. Jun. Peace, peace, Man: 'Tis dangerous to fast too long, for fear of losing an Appetite quite.

Tru. You are a sincere honest Lover indeed!

Belf. Jun. Faith, *Truman*, we may talk of mighty Matters, of our Honesty and Morality; but a young Fellow carries that about him that will make him a Knave now and then in spite of his Teeth. Besides, I am afraid 'tis impossible for us prophane Fellows to succeed in that Sanctify'd Family.

Tru. You will not say so, when you know what Progress I have made in our Affairs already.

Belf. Jun. Thou reviv'st my drooping Hopes: Tell me, are we like to succeed? Oh if I can but prevail upon my little pretty Churchwoman, I am resolv'd to conform to her for ever.

Tru. Look under my Coat! Am I not well habited? With a plain Band, bob Peruke, and no Cuffs.

Belf. Jun. Verily, like one of the pure ones.

Tru. Yea: and our frequenting of Sermons and Lectures, (which Heaven knows we did out of no good, but for the sake of these little ones) has us'd me to their Style: Thus qualify'd, I got access into the House. Having found that their Governante is Sister to a Weaver in the West, whom I know, I pretended to be her Cousin, and to bring a Token sent to her by her Brother, and was very welcome to her.

Belf. Jun. Most fortunate! Why does he keep 'em so strictly? Never to see the Face of Man?

Tru. Be not troubled at that, 'twill forward our Design; they'll be the more earnest to be deliver'd. But no Italian Women are so closely confin'd. The pure Knave intends to sell them, even his Daughter, who has a good Fortune left her by a Widow, that was her Aunt: And for his Niece, he has as good as agreed already with your Father for five thousand Pounds, to marry her to your
Brother

Brother in the Country: Her Uncle gave her twenty thousand Pounds, and this is the Reason of confining her, for fear of losing the Money.

Belf. Jun. With my Father, say you?
Tru. Most certain: This I learnt out of Madam Governante, at the first Interview.

Belf. Jun. This is a very odd Accident. 'Twill make my Difficulty greater.

Tru. Not at all; as Eyes are always ready to believe Eyes, I never knew an Hypocrite but might be easily convinc'd by another Hypocrite. I have made my way, and I warrant thee a good Event. I intend to grow great with the Father.

Belf. Jun. Thy sanguine Temper makes thee always hope in every Enterprize.

Tru. You might observe, whenever we staid upon them, they would steal a Look at us; by Stealth have often raised Eye Beams with us.

Belf. Jun. The sour and devout Look indeed seems but put on: There is a pretty Warmth and Tenderness in their Eyes, that now and then glides o'er the godly Look, like the Son's Light, when breaking through a Cloud, it swiftly glides upon a Field of Corn.

Tru. The Air of their Faces plainly shows they have Wit, that must despise those trifling Forms; their precise Looks must surely be constrain'd,

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Belf. Jun. How, Madam Termagant here! then we shall have fine Work. What Wind blows you hither?

Term. How dare you think, that I, of all Womankind, should be us'd thus?

Belf. Jun. You mean, not us'd; that's your Grievance.

Term. Good Mr. Disdain, I shall spoil your scoffing: Has my Love deserv'd to be thus slighted? I, that have refus'd Princes for your Sake? Did not all the Town court me? And must I chuse such an ungrateful Wretch?

Belf. Jun. When you were first in Season, you were a little courted by some of Quality: Mistresses, like Green Pease,

38 The SQUIRE of ALBANY.

Peace, at first coming are only had by the Rich, but afterwards they come to every Body.

Term. Curse on your Gaway. Similitude Was not by yours, and only yours?

Self. Jun. I had not Faith enough for that; but if you were, I never had any that was mine and only mine, but I made 'em all Mankind's before I had done.

Term. Ah Traitor! And you must pick me out to make this base Example of: Must I be left?

Self. Jun. Left! Yes sure. Left! Why, you were not marry'd to me: I took no Lease of your frail Tenement: I was but a Tenant at my own Will.

Term. Insolent! How dare you thus provoke my Fury? Was ever Woman's Love like mine to thee? Perfidious Man!

Self. Jun. So: After the Thunder, thus the Host-drops fall.

Term. No; I scorn that thou shouldst bring Tears into my Eyes.

Self. Jun. Why do you come to trouble me?

Term. Since I can please no longer, I'll come to plague thee; and if I dye before thee my Ghost shall haunt thee.

Self. Jun. Indeed your Love was most particular, with spitting and scratching, like Caterwauling: And in the best of Humours you were ever murmuring and complaining; Oh my Head akes! I am so sick! And jealous to Madness too.

Term. Oh Devil incarnate!

Fre. Belinda, thou art the most ungentle Knight alive.

Term. Methinks the pretty Child I have had by you should make you less inhumane.

Self. Jun. Let me have it; I'll breed it up.

Term. No, thou shalt never have it while thou liv'st. I'll pull it Limb from Limb ere thou shalt have it.

Self. Jun. This is so unnatural, that you will make me so far from thinking it mine, that I shall not believe it yours: But that you have put a false Child upon me.

Term. Unworthy Wretch!

Self. Jun.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 39

Belf. Jun. When thou art old enough, thy Malice and ill Humour will qualify thee for a Witch; but thou hadst never Doucess enough in thy Youth to fit thee for a Mistress.

Ter. How dare you provoke me thus? For what little dirty Wench am I thus used? If the above Ground I'll find her, and tear her Eyes out. Hah— by the Bed I see the Devil has been here to Night— Oh, oh, I cannot bear it.

Ter. *Belford*, help the Lady, for Shame; by holden her.

Belf. Jun. No, no, let her alone; she will not hurt her self, I warrant that: She is a rare Actor: She acts a Fit of the Mother the best of any one in England. Ha, ha, ha!

Ter. How canst thou be so cruel?

Belf. Jun. What a Devil should I do? If a Man lyes once with a Woman is he bound to do it for ever?

Ter. Oh! oh!

Belf. Jun. Very well, faith: Admirably well acted.

Ter. Is it so? Devil, Devil: I'll spoil your *Prize* *de Desire* for you.

Belf. Jun. Will you force me to make my Footman turn you out?

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, your Father and your Uncle are coming hither.

Belf. Jun. 'Scrath! my Father! 'tis impossible.

Foot. By Heaven, 'tis true; they are coming up by this time.

Belf. Jun. Look you, Madam, you may if you will ruin me; and put me out of all Means of doing for you or your Child: Try me once more, and get into the Bed and cover your self with the Quilt, or I am undone.

Ter. Villain, you deserve to be ruin'd: But I love my Child too well.

Ter. For Heavens Sake, hide your self in the Bed quickly.

Ter. No, no, I'll run into the Closet.

Belf. Jun.

26 The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.

Belf. Jun. Death and Hell! I am ruin'd! There's a young Girl there: she'll make yet a worse Uproar.

Tru. Peace, let me alone: Madam, whatever happens, ruine not your self and Child inevitably.

Enter Sir William Belfond, Sir Edward, and Servants.

Sir Edw. Ned, good Morrow to thee.

Belf. Jun. Your Blessing, Sir.

Sir Edw. Heaven bless thee. Here's one unexpected.

Belf. Jun. My Father! I beg your Blessing, Sir.

Sir Will. Heaven mend you; it can never bless you, in the lewd Course you are in.

Belf. Jun. You are mis-inform'd, Sir; my Courses are not so lewd as you imagine.

Sir Will. Do you see! I am mis-informed: He'll give me the Lye.

Belf. Jun. I would first bite my Tongue in Pieces, and spit it at you: Whatever little Heats of Youth I have been guilty of, I doubt not but in a short time to please your fully.

Sir Edw. Well said, Ned. I dare swear thou wilt.

Sir Will. Good Brother Credulous, I thank Heaven I am not so. You were not drunk last Night with Bullies, and roar'd and ranted, scour'd, broke Windows, beat the Watch, broke open a House, and forc'd away a Wench in *Salisbury Court*: This is a fine Life! This he calls Heats of Youth.

Belf. Jun. I was at home by Eight a Clock last Night, and lupp'd at home; and never keep such Company.

Sir Will. No, no; you are not called Squire Belfond by the Scoundrels your Companions? 'Twas not you: No, no.

Belf. Jun. Not I, upon my Faith; I never keep such Company, or do such Actions: If any one should call me Squire I'd break his Head: Some Rascal has usurp'd my Name.

Sir Edw. Look you, Brother, what would you have? This must be some Mistake.

Sir Will. What a Devil! You believe this too? Ounds! you make me mad! Is there any of our Name in Eng-
land,

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 45

land, but our selves? Does he think to sham me with a
 Eye?

Belf. Jun. I scorn a Lye; 'tis the basest thing a Gentle-
 man can be guilty of; all my Servants can testify I stir'd
 not out last Night.

Ter. I assure you, Sir, he was not abroad last Night.

Sir Will. You assure me! Who are you? one of his hope-
 ful Companions? No, your Cloaths are not good enough,
 you may be his Pimp.

Ter. You are the Father of my Friend, an old Gentle-
 man, and a little mad.

Sir Will. Old! Walk down; I'll try your Youth: I'll
 fight the bravest Russian he keeps Company with.

Sir Edw. Brother, are you mad? Has the Country
 robb'd you of all good Manners and common Sense?

Sir Will. I had a Bout with two of your Bullies in the
 Temple-walks.

Belf. Jun. Whom does he mean? This is a Gentleman
 of Estate and Quality, he has above a score of a Year.

Sir Edw. You are a mad Man; I am ashamed of you.
 Sir, I beseech you pardon my Brother's Passion, which
 transports him beyond Civility.

Belf. Jun. I know you will, for my sake.

Ter. He is the Father of my dearest Friend; I shall be
 glad to serve him.

Sir Edw. Will you never be of Age of Discretion? For
 shame, use me, your Son, and every Body better.

Sir Will. Well, I must be run down like a tame Puppy.

Lucis. [within] Murder! Murder! Help! help! ah! ah!

[Terzagant pulls Lucis out by the Hair, they part 'em.]

Belf. Jun. Oh this damn'd She-Devil!

Ter. I'll make you an Example: Will you see him,
 whether I will or no, you young Whore!

Sir Will. Here's a Son! Here's a fine Son! Here's your
 breeding! Here's a pretty Son! Here's a delicate Son!

Here's a dainty Son!

Sir Edw. If he be mad, will you be madder?

Belf. Jun. Turn out this Flea-Scap, turn her out to the
 Rabble!

Ter.

42 The SQUIRE of ALBANY.

Term. Revenge, you Villain, Revenge!

[*Ex. Term. and Foot.*]

Belf. Jun. Dear Friend, prythee see this innocent Girl safe in the Chair, from that outrageous Strumpet's Fury.

[*Ex. Ter. and Lucia.*]

Sir Will. Here's a Son! here's a Son! Very well! make much of him! Here's the Effect of Whoring!

Belf. Jun. No, Sir, tis the Effect of not Whoring: This Rage is because I have cast her off.

Sir Will. Yes, yes, (for a younger; a sweet Reformation! let me not see your Face, nor hear you speak; you will break my Heart.

Belf. Jun. Sir, the young Girl was never here before; she brought me Linnen from the Exchange.

Sir Will. A fine Bawd her Mistress in the mean time!

Belf. Jun. This furious Wench coming in to rail at me for my leaving her, I was forc'd to put the other into that Closet; and at your coming up, against my Will, this run into the same Closet.

Sir Will. Sirrah! most audacious Ragout! do you sham me? Do you think you have your Uncle to deal with? Avoid my Presence, Sirrah: Get you out, Sirrah.

Belf. Jun. I am sorry I offended: I obey.

[*Exit Belf. Jun.*]

Sir Will. I could have found in my Heart to have whipp'd him.

Sir Edw. Shame of our Family! you behave your self so like a Madman and a Fool, you will be begg'd: These Fits are more extravagant than any thing he can be guilty of. Do you give your Son the Words of Command you use to Dogs?

Sir Will. Justify him, do: He's an excellent Son! a very pretty Son! a delicate Son! a discreet Son! he is.

Sir Edw. Pray use me better, or I'll assure you, we shall never see one another. Besides, I shall entail my Estate, for want of Issue by this Son here, upon another Family, if you will treat me thus.

Sir Will. What says he? [*Aside*].—Well, Brother, I ha' done: His Lewdness distracted me. Oh my poor Boy

in

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA 43

in the Country! I long to see him, the great Support of my declining Age.

Sir Edw. Let us calmly reason: What has your Breeding made of him (with your Patience) but a Blockhead?

Sir Will. A Blockhead! when he comes, the World shall judge which of us been the wiser in the Education of a Son: A Blockhead? Why, he knows a Sample of any Grain as well as e'er a Fellow in the North: Can handle a Sheep or Bullock as well as any one: Knows his Seasons of Plowing, Sowing, Harrowing, laying Fallow: Understands all sorts of Manure: And ne'er a one that wears a Head can wrong him in a Bargain.

Sir Edw. A very pretty Fellow for a Gentleman's Bailly.

Sir Will. For his own Bailly, and to be a rich —

Sir Edw. Swing, and live as nastily, and keep worse Company than Beasts in a Forest.

Sir Will. He knows no Vice, poor Boy.

Sir Edw. He will have his turn to know it then; as sure as he will have the Small-Pox; and then he'll be fond on't, when his Brother has left it.

Sir Will. I defy the Omen: He never Whores, nor drinks hard, but upon Design, as driving a Bargain, or so; and that I allow him.

Sir Edw. So: Knavish and designing Drunkenness you allow; but not good Fellowship for Mirth and Conversation.

Sir Will. Now, Brother, pray what have you made your Son good for, with your Breeding you so much boast of? Let's hear that now: Come on, let's hear.

Sir Edw. First, I bred him at Westminster School, till he was Master of the Greek and Latin Tongues; then I kept him at the University, where I instructed him to read the Noble Greek and Roman Authors.

Sir Will. Well, and what use can be made of the Noble Greek and Latin, but to prate like a Rodent, and show his Parts over a Bottle?

Sir Edw. To make a Man fit for the Conversation of Learned Gentlemen is one noble End of Study: But such Authors make him wiser and honest, Sir, to boot.

Sir Will.

44 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Sir Will. Wiser! Will he ever get Six-pence, or improve or keep his Estate by 'em?

Sir Edw. Mean Notions! I made him well vers'd in History.

Sir Will. That's a pretty Study indeed! How can there be a true History, when we see no Man living is able to write truly the History of the last Week?

Sir Edw. He by the way read Natural Philosophy, and had insight enough in the Mathematicks.

Sir Will. Natural Philosophy! knows nothing: Nor would I give a Farthing for any Mathematician, but a Carpenter, Bricklayer, Measurer of Land, or Sailor.

Sir Edw. Some moderate Skill in it will use a Man to reason closely.

Sir Will. Very pretty: Reason! Can he reason himself into six Shillings by all this?

Sir Edw. He needs it not. But to go on, after three Years I remov'd him from the University, lest he should have too strong a Tincture of it, to the Temple; there I got a modest, learned Lawyer, of little Practice, for want of Impudence, (and there are several such that want, while empty impudent Fellows thrive and swagger at the Bar.) This Man I got to instruct my Son in some old Common-Law Books, the Statutes, and the best Pleas of the Crown, and the Constitution of the old true *English* Government.

Sir Will. Does he get a Shilling by all this? But what a Devil made you send him into *France*, to make an ar-rant vain Coxcomb of him?

Sir Edw. There he did all his Manly Exercises, saw two Campaigns; studied History, Civil Laws, and Laws of Commerce; the Language he spoke well ere he went. He made the Tour of *Italy*, and saw *Germany*, and the *Low-Countries*; and return'd well skill'd in Foreign Affairs, and a compleat accomplished *English* Gentleman.

Sir Will. And to know nothing of his own Estate, but how to spend it: My poor Boy has travell'd to better purpose; for he has travell'd all about my Lands, and knows

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.

45

every Acre and Nook, and the Value of it: There's Travel for you! Poor Boy.

Sir Edw. And he enjoys so little of that Estate he sees, as to be impatient for your Death: I dare swear mine wishes my Life, next to his own. I have made him a compleat Gentleman, fit to serve his Country in any Capacity.

Sir Will. Serve his Country! Pox on his Country! 'Tis a Country of such Knaves, 'tis not worth the serving: All those who pretend to serve it mean nothing but themselves. But amongst all things, how came you to make him a Fidler, always fluting or scraping? I had as lief hear a Jew's-Harp.

Sir Edw. I love Musick: Besides, I would have young Gentlemen have as many Helps to spend their Time alone as can be; most of our Youth are ruined by having Time lye heavy on their Hands, which makes them run into any base Company to shun themselves.

Sir Will. And all this Gentleman's Education is come to Drinking, Whoring and Debauchery.

Enter Servant to Sir William.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Scrapeall* is at your Attorney's Chamber in the Temple, and desires to discourse you.

Sir Will. Brother, I must go: I shall tell you, when I see you next, what is my Business with him.

Sir Edw. Be sure to Dine with me.

Sir Will. I will——

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Belfond Senior, Shamwell, Cheatly, Hackum, Lolpoop, French Valet, and two Footmen, at the George in White-Fryers.

Cheat. Now thou look'st like an Heir indeed, my Lad: when thou cam'st up thou hadst the scurvy Phiz of a meer Country Pur.—— He did thee a Kindness that took thee for a Chief Constable.

Sham. Now thou shinest, Cousin, like a true Belfond: What, 3000*l.* a Year entail'd, and live like a Butcher, or Grazier, in the Country?

Hack. Give you Joy, noble Sir! now you look like a true gallant Squire.

Lolp.

46 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Lolp. Like a Squire! like a Puppy, by the Mass; Ods-flesh, what will the awd Man say? he'll be stark wood.

Belf. Sen. Well, I was the fortunat'st Man to light upon such true, such real Friends: I had never known any Breeding or Gentility without you.

Sham. You buried all your good Parts in a fordid swinish Life in the North.

Belf. Sen. My Father kept me in Ignorance, and would have made a very silly blockheadly *Pea* of me; Why, I never heard a Gentleman banter, or cut a Sham, in my Life, before I saw you, nor ever heard such ingenious Discourse.

Hack. Nay, the World knows Mr. *Cheastly* and Mr. *Shamwell* are as compleat Gentlemen as ever came within the *Fryers*: And yet we have as fine Gentlemen as any in *England*; we have those here that have broke for 100000 l.

Belf. Sen. Well, I protest and vow, I am so very fine, I do not know where to look upon my self first: I don't think my Lord Mayor's Son is finer.

Cheast. He is a Scoundrel, compar'd to thee: There's ne'er a *Frig* at Court out-shines thee. Thou shalt strut in the *Park*, where Countesses shall be enamour'd on thee.

Belf. Sen. I am overjoy'd: I can stand no ground: My dear Friend *Cheastly*! My sweet Cousin *Shamwell*! Let me embrace such dear, such loving Friends! I could grow to you, methinks, and stick here for ever. [*They embrace.*]

Lolp. Ah! Dear loving Dogs! They love him, by'r Lady, as a Cat loves a Mause.

Belf. Sen. What is that you mutter, Sirrah? Come hither, Sirrah! you are finer than any Squire in the Country.

Lolp. Fox of Finery! I say; yeow maken a meer Ass, an Owl of mee. Here are Sleeves fit for nought but a Miller to steal with when he takes Tole; and damn'd Cuffs here, one cannot dip ones Meat i'th Sawce for them: Odsflesh, give me my awd Cloaths againe: Would I wer a whome in my Frock, dressing of my Geldings; poor *Litts*, they wanten me dearly, I warrant a.

Belf. Sen.

Belf. Sen. Well, there's no making a Whistle of a Pig's Tail; this Puppy will never learn any Breeding. Sirrah, behold me: Here's Rigging for you! Here's a *Nab*! you never saw such a one in your Life.

Cheat. A rum *Nab*: It is a Beaver of gold.

Belf. Sen. Look you there, Blockhead.

Lolp. Look yecow there, Blockhead, I say. [*Aside.*]

Hack. Let me see your *Porker*: Here's a *Porker*! here's a *Tiber*! Ha, ha. Oh how I could whip a *Prigster thro' the Lungs*! Ha, ha. [*Thrusts at Lolpoop.*]

Cheat. It cost sixteen *Louydors* in *Paris*.

Hack. Ha, ha. [*He pushes towards Lolpoop.*]

Lolp. Hawd you, hawd you: And I tak kibbo, I'll raddle the Bones o'ther; He tell a that: For aw th'art a Captain, mun.

Belf. Sen. Look, Sirrah; here's a *Show*, you *Rogue*! here's a sight of *Cole*, *Darby*, the *Ready*, and the *Rhine*, you *Rascal*, you understand me not! you *Loggerhead*, you silly *Put*; you understand me not; here are *Miggs* and *Smelts*; I ne'er had such a Sight of my own in my Life. Here are more *Miggs* and *Smelts*, you *Rogue*; you understand me not.

Lolp. By'r Lady, not I: I understand not this South-Country Speech, not I.

Belf. Sen. Ah, methinks I could tumble in 'em. But d'ye hear, *Putt*, *Putt*, *Putt*, Sirrah, Here's a *Scout*: What's a Clock? what's a Clock, Sirrah? Here's a *Tasler*, Gold, all Gold, you *Rogue*. Look on my Finger, Sirrah, look here; here's a *Famble*, *Putt*, *Putt*, you don't know what a *Famble*, a *Scout*, or a *Tasler* is, you *Putt*.

Lolp. Fine Sights for my awd Master! Marry, would I were sent from *Constable* to *Constable*, and whipt home again, by'r Lady.

Belf. Sen. Let's whett; bring some Wine. Come on; I love a Whett; Pray let's huzza; I love huzzaing mightily; but where's your Lady, Captain, and the *Blowing*; that is to be my *Natural*, my *Convenient*, my *Pure*?

Enter Servants with Bottles.

Hack. They are just coming in. Come *Berry*.

Enter

8 The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.

Enter Mrs. Hackum and Mrs. Margaret.

Mrs. Hack. Come in, Mrs. Margaret, come.

Marg. I am so aham'd.

Belf. Sen. Madam, your Servant; I am very much oblig'd to your Favours.

Mrs. Hack. I shall be proud to do a Gentleman, as you are, any Service that lies in my Power, as a Gentlewoman.

Belf. Sen. O Lord, Madam, your most humble Servant to command: My pretty *Blowing*, let me kiss thee: Thou shalt be my *Natural*: I must manage thee. She is a *Pure Blowing*. My pretty Rogue—— how happy shall I be? Pox o' the Country, I say! Madam Hackum, to testify my Gratitude, I make bold to Equip you with some *Meggs*, *Smelts*, *Decus's*, and *Georges*.

Mrs. Hack. I am your faithful Servant, and I shall be glad of any Occasion whereby to express how ready I am to serve any Gentleman, or Person of Quality, as becomes a Gentlewoman; and, upon Honour, Sir, you shall never find me tardy.

Cheat. Come on, Sirrah, fill up all the Glasses; a Health to this pretty Lady.

Belf. Sen. Ay, and i'faith I'll drink it, pretty Rogue.

Sham. Let them be *Facers*.

Belf. Sen. *Facers*! What are those? Nay, give the Lady, and the Captain's Lady too.

Marg. No, I cannot drink, I am not dry.

Mrs. Hack. Give it me.

Sham. There's a *Facer* for you.

[*Drinks the Glass clear off, and puts it to his Face.*]

Belf. Sen. Excellent, adad! Come, to our *Facers*. [*All do the like.*] It is the prettiest way of drinking: Fill again, we'll have more *Facers*. [*Fiddles flourish without.*] Ha Boys! the Musicians are come. Ha Boys! we'll sing, dance, roar, sing the House out of the Windows; and I will manage my pretty *Natural*, my *pure Blowing* here. Huzza! My dear Friends, *Shamwell* and *Cheatly*, I am transported! My pretty *Natural*; kiss me, kiss me. Huzza!

Marg. Nay, puh, you do so ruffle ones things!

Belf. Sen.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 49

Belf. Sen. I'll ruffle thee more, my little Rogue, before I have done with thee. Well, I shall never make you amends, my dear Friends. Sirrah, *Lolpoop*, is not this better than the Country, Sirrah? Give the Rogue a *Facer* to my Mistress. Come, fill about the *Facers*. Come on, my Lads, stand to't. Huzza! I vow, 'tis the prettiest way of drinking, never stir.

Enter four Servants with four Dishes of Meat, who cross the Stage.

Cheat. So, here's the *Prog*, here's the Dinner coming up; the Cloth's laid in the next Room! Here's a noble Dinner.

Belf. Sen. Ha Boys, we'll sing, and roar, and huzza, like Devils.

Enter Sir William Belfond at the Door.

Ounds! Who's here? my Father? *Lolpoop*, *Lolpoop*, hide me: give me my *Joseph*. Let's sneak into the next Room.

Sham. Death! What shall we do? This is the Bully's Father!

Cheat. Let me alone: I warrant you.

Hack. This is the old Fellow I had like to have had a Rubbers with in the Morning.

Sir Will. Is he fallen into these Hands? Nay, then he is utterly lost: His Estate is spent before he has it.

Cheat. How now, *Prig*? what makes you come into our Room?

Sir Will. I would speak with 'Squire Belfond.

Cheat. Here's no such Man.

Sir Will. Oh Bully, are you there? and my ungracious Kinsman too? would you bring my Son to the Gallows? you most notorious Seducer of young Heirs, I know you too. I warrant you, I'll keep my dear Boy in the Country far enough from your Clutches. In short, I would speak with my rebellious Town Son, who is here, and bespoke this great Dinner.

Cheat. (*bantering.*) Why look you, Sir, according to your Assertion of Things doubtful in themselves; you must be forc'd to grant, that whatsoever may be, may

50 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

also as well not be, in their own essential Differences and Degrees.

Sir Will. What Stuff is this? where is my Son?

Cheat. Your Question consists of two Terms; the one, *Ubi*, Where: But of that I shall say nothing, because here is no Son, nor any thing belonging to you, to be the subject matter of Debate, at this time: Forasmuch as —

Sir Will. Do you hear me, Sir? let me see my Son; and offer to banter me, or sham me once more, and I'll cut your Throat, and cudgel your Brains of Cowards.

Cheat. Nay, then 'tis time to take a course with you. Help! help! an Arrest! an Arrest! a Bailiff! a Bailiff!

Hack. and Sham. An Arrest! an Arrest!

Sir Will. You Dogs! am I a Bailiff?

Cheat. You shall be us'd like one, you old Prig. An Arrest!

Sir Will. Impudent Dogs! I must run, or I shall be pull'd in pieces. Help! help! an Arrest! an Arrest!

[*All cry out, An Arrest. Drawers and some of the Rabble come in, and join with the Cry, which gets into the Street; there they cry out too: He joins the Cry, and runs away.*

Cheat. Sham. Hack. Drawers follow him, and cry out, Stop! stop! a Bailiff!

Cheat. Sham. Hack. (in the Street.) Stop! stop! a Bailiff!

[*Sir William runs, the Rabble pursue him cross the Stage.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Termagant and her Brother.

Term. **A**S I told you, I have had a Child by him; he is my Husband by Contract, and casts me off: has dishonour'd me, and made me infamous. Shall you think

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 51

think to Game and Bully about the Town, and not vindicate the Honour of your Family?

Brother. No Man shall dare to dishonour our Family.

Enter Belfond Junior.

Term. If you don't cut his Throat, you'll be kick'd up and down for a damn'd Coward: And besides, you shall never see a Penny of mine more.

Brother. I'll fight him, an he be above Ground.

Term. There, there's the Traytor, walking before his Uncle's Door: Be sure dispatch him: On, I'll withdraw.

[Exit.]

Brother. Do you hear, Sir? do you know Mrs. *Termagant*?

Belf. Jun. What makes you ask such a familiar Question, Sir?

Brother. I am her Brother.

Belf. Jun. Perhaps so: Well, I do; what then, Sir?

Brother. Ours is as ancient a Family as any in *England*; tho' perhaps unfortunate at present: The *Termagants* came in with the Conqueror.

Belf. Jun. It may be so: I am no Herald.

Brother. And do you think you shall dishonour this Family, and debauch my Sister, unchastiz'd? You are contracted to her; and have lain with her.

Belf. Jun. Look you, Sir, I see what you would be at: She's mad, and puts you upon this: Let me advise you, 'tis a foolish Quarrel.

Brother. You debauch'd her, and have ruin'd her.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis false; the silliest coxcomby Beau in Town had the first of her.

Brother. You have had a Child by her.

Belf. Jun. Then I have added one to your ancient Family that came in with the *Normans*: Pr'ythee do not provoke me to take away one from it.

Brother. You are contracted to her; and if you will marry her I'll save your Life.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis a Lye; I am not contracted to her: Be gone, urge me no more.

52 The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.

Brother. Draw.

Belf. Jun. Have at you.

Enter Sir Edward Belfond.

Sir Edw. Hold, hold : Oh my Son ! my Son ! [Belf. strikes up his Heels, and disarms him.] What's the matter, my dear Son ? art thou not hurt ? let me see.

Belf. Jun. No, Sir, not at all, dear Sir. ——— Here, take your Sword, and be gone : Next time you come to trouble me, I'll cut your Throat. [Exit Brother.

Sir Edw. What's the matter, dear Ned ? This is about some Wench, I warrant.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis a Brother of that furious Wench you saw, Sir ; her violent Love is converted into Hatred.

Sir Edw. You young Fellows will never get Knowledge, but at your own Cost : the Precepts of the Old weigh nothing with you.

Belf. Jun. Your Precepts have been ever sacred to me ; and so shall your Example be henceforward : You are the best of Men ; the best of Fathers : I have as much Honour for you, as I can have for human Nature : And I love you ten thousand times above my Life.

Sir Edw. Dear Ned, thou art the greatest Joy I have : And believe thy Father, and thy Friend, there's nothing but Anxiety in Vice : I am not freight-lad'd ; but when I was young, I ne'er knew any thing gotten by Wenching but Dunces, Claps, and Bastards : And every drunken Fit is a short Madness, that cuts off a good part of Life.

Belf. Jun. You have Reason, Sir, and shall ever be my Oracle hereafter.

Sir Edw. 'Tis time now to take up, and think of being something in the World : See then, my Son, tho' thou shouldst not be over-busie to side with Parties, and with Factions, yet that thou takest a care to make some Figure in the World, and to sustain that Part thy Fortune, Nature, and thy Education fit thee for.

Belf. Jun. Your wise Advice I'll strive to follow : But I must confess, I am most passionately in Love, and am, with your Consent, resolv'd to marry : Tho' I will perish ere I do it without it.

Sir

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 53

Sir Edw. Be sure to know the Humour of the Woman: you run a mighty Hazard: But if you be valiant enough to venture, (which, I must confess, I never was) I'll leave it to your own Choice: I know you have so much Honour, you will do nothing below your self.

Belf. Jun. I doubt not of your Approbation; but till I can be sure of obtaining her, pardon me if I conceal her Name.

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir Edw. Your Father comes; retire a little within Hearing, till I soften him somewhat: He is much moved, as he always is, I think.

Sir Will. Now, Brother, as I was saying, I can convince you; your Son, your Darling, whom you long have foster'd in this Wickedness, is become the most profligate of all Rascals. *[He retires.]*

Sir Edw. Still upon this Subject!

Sir Will. 'Tis very well! my Mouth must be stopt, and your Ears: 'Tis wondrous well! But I have had much ado to escape with Life, from him, and his notorious Fellow-Rogues. As I told you, when I had found that the Rogue was with his wicked Associates, at the *George in White-Fryers*; when they saw I was resolv'd to see my Son, and was rough with 'em, *Cheatly* and his Rogues set up a Cry against me, An Arrest! a Bailiff! an Arrest! The Mob, and all the Rakehells in the House, and there about the Streets assembled: I run, and they had a fair Course after me into *Fleet-street*: Thanks to the Vigour I have left, my Heels sav'd my Life: Your infamous Rogue would have suffer'd me to have been sacrific'd to the Rabble.

Sir Edw. Ha, ha, ha; very pretty, i'faith; it run very well: Can you tell it over again, think you?

Sir Will. Ounds! am I become your Scorn? your Laughter?

Sir Edw. Ned, you hear all this? *[Belf. Jun. appears.]*

Belf. Jun. Yes; and am distracted to know the Meaning of it.

54 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Sir Will. Vile Parricide! are you gotten here before me? You are monstrous nimble, Sir.

Belf. Jun. By all the Powers of Heaven, I never was at the *George* in my Life.

Sir Will. Oh, then they stay for you, you have not yet been there: You'll lose your Dinner, 'tis serv'd up——
Vile Wretch!

Belf. Jun. All this is cross Purposes to me: I came to my Uncle's House from my own Lodgings immediately, when you were pleas'd to banish me your Presence; and here have been ever since.

Sir Will. Nay, he that will be a thorough Villain, must be a compleat Lier. Were not you even now with your Associate-Rascals at the *George*?

Belf. Jun. No, by Heaven! Nor was I ever in the Company of any of that Gang. I know their Infamy too well, to be acquainted with their Persons.

Sir Will. I am not drunk, nor mad, but you will make me one of them.

Belf. Jun. These Rascals have gotten some body to personate me; and are undoubtedly carrying on some Cheat in my Name.

Sir Edw. Brother, it must be.

Sir Will. Yes, yes, no doubt it must be so: And I must be in a Dream all this while, I must.

Sir Edw. You say your self, you did not see my Son there.

Sir Will. No, he was too nimble for me, and got out some back way, to be here before me; so to face down the Truth.

Belf. Jun. I'll instantly go thither, and discover this Imposture, that I may suffer no longer for the Faults of others.

Sir Edw. Dine first: My Dinner's ready.

Belf. Jun. Your Pardon, Sir; I will go instantly: I cannot rest till I have done my self right.

Sir Edw. Let's in, and discourse of this Matter: Brother, I must say this, I never took him in a Lye since he could speak.

Sir

The SQUIRE of ALSATTIA. 55

Sir Will. Took him? No, nor ever will take him in any thing.

Sir Edw. Let's in——— and send your own Man with him.

Sir Will. It shall be so; tho' I am convinc'd already. Is there any of the Name but you, and I, and my two Sons, in England?

Belf. Jun. Be pleas'd to send my Footmen out to me, Sir.

Sir Edw. Have a care of a Quarrel, and bringing the *alsattians* about your Ears. Come, Brother.

[*Exeunt Sir Edw. and Sir Will.*]

Enter Lucia running, Termagant pursuing her.

Lucia. Help, help, help!

Term. Now I have found you, you little Whore——— I'll make you an Example.

Lucia. Oh Lord! Are you here! Save me, save me; this barbarous Woman threatens to murder me for your sake.

Belf. Jun. Save thee, Dear Miss? That I would, at the Peril of my Life: No Danger shou'd make me quit thee; Cannons, nor Bombs.

Term. Damn'd false Fellow! I'll take a time to slit her Nose.

Lucia. Oh Heaven! she'll kill me.

Belf. Jun. Thou Devil, in thy properest Shape of Furious and Malicious Woman: Resolve to leave off this Course this Moment, or by Heaven I'll lay thee fast in Bedlam: Hadst thou fifty Brothers I'd fight with them all, in Defence of this dear pretty Miss.

Lucia. Dear kind Creature! This sweet Love of thine, methinks, does make me valiant, and I fear her not so much.

Enter Roger, and his two Footmen.

Belf. Jun. Dear pretty Miss, I'll be thy Safeguard.

Term. Thou falsest, basest of thy Sex, look to see thy Child sent thee in Pieces, bak'd in a Pye; for so I will.

Belf. Jun. Though thou hast every thing living besides thy self; yet thou hast too much tenderness for thy own Per-

36 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

son to bring it to the Gallows; offer to follow us one Step, and I'll set the Rabble upon thee——come, my dear Child. [Exit.

Term. Thou shalt be dogg'd; and I'll know who she is. Oh Revenge, Revenge! if thou dost not exceed, thou equal'st all the Ecstasies of Love. [Exit.

Enter Cheatly, and Shamwell.

Cheat. Thus far our Matters go swimmingly; our Squire is as debauch'd and prodigal as we can wish.

Sham. I told you, all *England* could not afford an Heir like this for our Purpose; but we must keep him always hot.

Cheat. That will be easie; we made him so devilish Drunk the first two or three Days, the least Bumper will warm his addle Head afresh at any time: He paid a great Fine, and may sit at a little Rent. I must be gone for a Moment; our *Suffolk* Heir is nabb'd, for a small Business; and I must find him some Sham-bail: see the Captain performs his Charge. [Exit.

Enter Hackum.

Sham. Here he comes. See, Captain, you make that Blockhead Drunk, and do as we directed.

Hack. He's almost Drunk, and we are in readiness for him; the Squire is retir'd with his Natural, so fond.

Sham. 'Tis well; about your Business. I'll be with you soon. [Exit Sham.

Enter Lolpoop.

Hack. Come on, Mr. *Lolpoop*: You and I'll be merry by our selves.

Lolp. I must needs say, Captain, yeow are a civil Gentleman; but yeow han given me so many Bumpers, I am meet Drunken already.

Hack. Come on, I warrant you: Here's a Bumper to to the Squire's Lady.

Lolp. With all my Heart.

Enter Betty.

Hack. Oh, Mrs. *Betty*, art thou come? I sent for this pretty Rogue to keep you Company: She's as pretty a Company-keeper as any's in the *Fryers*.

Lolp.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 57

Lolp. Ods-flesh, what shou'd I do in Company with Gentlewomen? 'Tis not for such Fellee's as I.

Hack. Have Courage, Man: You shall have her; and never want such a one while I am your Friend.

Lolp. O Lord, I! Do yeow know what yeow saen.

Betty. A proper, handsome Gentleman, I swear.

Lolp. Who, I? no, no! What done yeow mean, Forsooth?

Betty. I vow, I have not seen a handsomer; so proper, so well shap'd!

Lolp. Oh Lord, I! I! Yeow jeern me now.

Hack. Why don't you salute her, Man?

Lolp. Who, I? By the Mafs, I dare not be so bold; What, I kiss such a fine Gentlewoman?

Hack. Kiss, kiss her, Man; this Town affords such every where; you'll hate the Country, when you see a little more; kiss her, I say.

Lolp. I am so hala; I am ashamed.

Betty. What, must I do it to you then?

Lolp. Oh rare! By the Mafs! Whoo kisses daintily: And whoo has a Breath like a Caw.

Hack. Come, t'other Bumper; To her Health let this be, here's to you.

Lolp. Thanka; Forsooth, and yeow please.

Betty. Yes, any thing you do, will please me *[Drinks to her.]*

Lolp. Captain, Captain! What done yeow leave me?

[Hack. steals out and leaves them together.]

Betty. What, are you afraid of me?

Lolp. Nay, by's Lady, I am asham'd; who's farinely a pretty Lafs! Marry.

Betty. A handsome Man, and asham'd!

Lolp. Who I, a handfom Mon! Nay, nay. *[She edges nearer to him.]*

Betty. A lovely Man, I vow, I cannot forbear kissing you.

Lolp. O dear; 'tis your Goodness; Ods-flesh, whoo Loves me! who'll make me stark wood e'en naw; an yeow kissen me, by'r Lady, I's kiss yeow.

58 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Betty. What care I?

Lelp. Looks there raw; wounds, whoo's a dainty Lass, pure white and red; and most of the *London* Lasses are pure white and red; Welly aw like; and I had her in some Nook. Ods fiesh, I say no more.

Betty. I'll stay no longer. Farewell. [*She retires.*]

Lelp. Nay, I's not leave a foo; marry whoo's a gallant Lass. [*Exit following her.*]

Enter Hackum.

Hack. So, he's caught: This will take him off from teasing his Master with his damn'd good Counsel.

Enter Cheatly, and Shamwell.

Cheat. I have sent our *Alsatian* Attorney, and as substantial Bail as can be wish'd, for the Redemption of our *Sus-filk* Caravan; he's ripe for another Judgment, he begins to want the Ready much.

Sham. *Scrapeall* is provided for him: ——— How now, Captain, what's become of your Blockhead?

Hack. He's nibbling at the Bait: He'll swallow presently.

Cheat. But hark you, *Shamwell*! I have chosen the subtlest and handiomest Wench about this Town for the great Fortune I intend to bestow this hopeful Kinsman of yours upon: 'Tis Mrs. *Termagant*, his Brother's cast Mistress; who resents her being left to that Degree, that tho' she meditates all the Revenge, besides, that Woman's Nature is capable of against him; yet her Heart leapt for Joy at this Design of marrying his elder Brother: If it were for nothing but to plague the younger, and take place of his Wife.

Sham. I have seen her: She will personate a Town Lady of Quality admirably, and be as haughty and impertinent as the best of 'em: Is the Lodging, and Plate, and things ready for her?

Cheat. It is; she comes there this Afternoon; she has set her Hand to a good swinging Judgment; and thou and I will divide, my Lad: And now, all we have to do, is to preserve him to our selves from any other Correspondence, and at down-right Enmity with his Father,
and

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 59

and Brothers; and we must keep him continually hot, as they do a Glass-House, or our Work will go backward.

Enter Belfond Senior, Mrs. Margaret, Mrs. Hackum, and his Servants.

Belf. Sen. Oh my dear Friend and Cousin, tread upon my Neck; make me your Footstool; you have made me a happy Man to know Plenty and Pleasure, good Company, good Wine, Musick, fine Women! *Mrs. Hackum* and I have been at Bumpers hand to fist; here's my pretty Natural, my dear pretty dear Rogue; Adad, she's a rare Creature, a delicious Creature! And between you and I, dear Friend, she has all her Goings as well as e'er a Blowing in Christendom. Dear *Madam Hackum*, I am infinitely oblig'd to you.

Mrs. Hack. I am glad, Sir, she gives your Worship content, Sir.

Belf. Sen. Content! Ah my pretty Rogue! Pox o' the Country! I say. Captain, Captain, here; let me equip thee with a Quid.

Hack. Noble Squire; I am your Spaniel Dog.

Belf. Sen. Pox o' the Country, I say! the best Team of Horses my Father has, shall not draw me thither again.

Sham. Be firm to your Resolution, and thou shalt be happy.

Chant. If you meet either your Father, or Brother, or any from those Prigsters, stick up thy Countenance, or thou art ruin'd, my Son of Promise, my brisk Lad in Remainder. When one of 'em approaches thee, we'll all pull down our Hats, and cry bow-wow.

Belf. Sen. I warrant you; I am harden'd. I knew my Brother in the Country, but they shan't sham me, they shall find me a sneaky Thief. I vow, 'twill be a very pretty way; bow-wow; I warrant thee I'll do't.

Enter Belfond Junior, two Footmen, and Roger.

Sham. Who the Devil's here! Your Brother! Courage.

Chant. Courage! be rough and haughty, my Bumpkin.

Belf. Sen. Hey, where are all my Servants? call 'em in.

[Capt. calls 'em.]
Belf.

60 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Belf. Jun. Who is that in this House here, who usurps my Name, and is call'd *Squire Belfond*?

Belf. Sen. One who is call'd so without usurping. Bow wow.

Belf. Jun. Brother! Death! do I dream! Can I trust my Senses! Is this my Brother?

Belf. Sen. Ay, ay, I know I am transimography'd; but I am your very Brother *Nad*.

Belf. Jun. Could you be so unkind, to come to Town, and not see your nearest Kindred, your Uncle and my self?

Belf. Sen. I would not come to disgrace you, till my Equipage was all ready. Hey, *La Marr*, is my Coach at the Gate next to the *Green Dragon*?

Vales. Ouy, Monsieur.

Belf. Sen. But I was resolv'd to give you a Visit to-Morrow Morning.

Belf. Jun. I should have been glad to have seen you any where but here.

Belf. Sen. But here! why, 'tis as good a Tavern, as any's in Town. Sirrah, fill some Bumpers. Here, Brother, here's a *Fluss* to you: We'll *Huzza*; call in the Fiddlers.

Belf. Jun. I am struck with Astonishment! Not all *Ovid's Metamorphoses* can shew such a one as this.

Belf. Sen. I see you wonder at my Change; what, would you never have a Man learn Breeding, a-dad? Should I always be kept a Country Bubble, a *Caravan*, a *Meer Putt*? I am brave and bowfy.

Belf. Jun. 'Slife! He has got the Cant too.

Belf. Sen. I shall be *Clear* by and by: T'other Bumper, Brother.

Belf. Jun. No, I'll drink no more; I hate drinking between Meals.

Belf. Sen. Oh Lord! O Lord! I hate drinking between Meals! What Company do you keep? But 'tis all one. Here, Brother, pray salute this pretty Rogue; I *manage* her, she is my *Natural*, my poor *Blowing*; I am resolv'd to be like a Gentleman, and keep, Brother.

Belf.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 61

Belf. Jun. A thorough-pac'd *White-Fryars* Man! [*Aside.*]
I never refuse to kiss a pretty Woman. [*Salutes her.*]

Belf. Sen. This is *Mrs. Hackum*; I am much obliged to her: Pray salute her.

Belf. Jun. What a Fox! Will he make me kiss the Bawd too?

Belf. Sen. Brother, now pray know these Gentlemen here; they are the prettiest Wits that are in Town: And between you and I, Brother, brave gallant Fellows, and the best Friends I ever had in my Life: This is *Mr. Cheats*, and this is my Cousin *Shamwell*.

Belf. Jun. I know 'em, and am acquainted with their Worth.

Cheats. Your humble Servant, sweet Sir.

Sham. Your Servant, Cousin.

Belf. Sen. And this is my dear Friend Captain *Hackum*: There's not a braver Fellow under the Sun.

Belf. Jun. By Heaven, a down-right *Alsatian*! [*Aside.*]

Belf. Sen. Come Musicians, strike up; and sing the Catch the Captain gave you; and we'll all join, I faith. We can be merry, Brother, and we can roar.

Hack. 'Tis a very pretty magnanimous Military Business upon the Victory in Hungary.

*Hark, how the Duke of Lorraine comes,
The brave victorious Soul of War;
With Trumpets, and with Kettle-Drums,
Like Thunder rolling from afar!*

*On the left Wing the conquering Horse
The brave Bavarian Duke does lead,
These Heroes with united Force
Fill all the Turkish Host with Dread.*

*Their bright Caparisons behold;
Rich Habits, Streamers, shining Arms,
The glittering Steel, and burnisht Gold;
The Pomp of War with all its Charms!*

With

62 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

*With solemn March, and fatal Pace,
They bravely on the foe press on;
The Canons roar, the Shot takes Place,
Whilst Smoke and Dust obscure the Sun.*

*The Horses neigh, the Soldiers shout,
And now the furious Bodies join;
The Slaughter rages all about,
And Men in Groans their Blood resign.*

*The Weapons clash; the rowing Drums,
With Clanger of the Trumpet's Sound,
The Howls and Yells of Men overcome,
And from the neighbouring Hills rebound.*

*Now, now the Infidels give Place,
Then all in Routs they headlong fly;
Heroes in Dust pursue the Chase,
While deafning Clamours rend the Sky.*

Belf. Sen. You see, Brother, what Company I keep:
What's the matter you are Melancholy?

Belf. Jun. I am not a little troubled, Brother, to find
you in such cursed Company.

Belf. Sen. Hold, Brother, if you love your Life: They
are all stout, but that same Captain has kill'd his five
Men.

Belf. Jun. Stout, say you? This Fellow *Cheatsly* is the
most notorious Rascal and Cheat that ever was out of a
Dungeon: This Kinsman a most silly Bubble first, and af-
terwards a Betrayer of young Heirs; of which they have
not ruin'd less than two hundred, and made them run
out their Estates before they came to them.

Belf. Sen. Brother, do you love your Life? The Cap-
tain's a Lyon!

Belf. Jun. An Ass, is he not? He is a Russian, and
Cock-baw'd to that Hen.

Cheats.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 63

Chas. If you were not the Brother to my dearest Friend, I know what my Honour would prompt me to.

Sham. My dear Cousin, thou shalt now find how entirely I am thine: My Honour will not let me strike thy Brother.

Hack. But that the Fancilio's of Honour are sacred to me, which tell me nothing can provoke me against the Brother of my noble Friend, I had ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~strong~~ ^{strong} ~~enough~~ ^{enough} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~do~~ ^{do} ~~this~~ ^{this}.

Belf. Sen. Well, never Man met with such true, such loving Friends.

Belf. Jun. Look you, Brother, will this convince you, that you are fallen into the Hands of Fools, Knaves, Scoundrels and Cowards?

Belf. Sen. Fools! nay there I am sure you are out: They are all deep, they are very deep and sharp, sharp as Needles, ~~and~~ ^{and} the wittiest Men in England. Here's Mr. *Cheatly* in the first Place shall sham and banter with you, or any one you will bring, for five hundred Pound of my Money.

Belf. Jun. Rascally stuff, fit for no Places but *Ram-Alley*, or *Pye-Corner*.

Belf. Sen. Perswade me to that! They are the merriest Companions, and the truest Friends to me: 'Tis well for you, ~~and~~ ^{and} that they are so, for they are all of them as stout as *Hacks*.

Belf. Jun. This is most amazing!

Sham. Did I not tell you he would envy your Condition; and be very angry with us, that put you into't?

Cheat. He must needs be a kind Brother: We prove our selves your true Friends; and have that Respect for your Blood, that we will let none of it out, where-e'er we meet it, upon any Cause.

Belf. Sen. You see, Brother, how their Love prevails over their Valour.

Belf. Jun. Their Valour! Look you, Brother, here's Valour.

Cheat. I understand Honour and Breeding; besides, I have been let Blood to-Day.

Sham.

64 The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.

Sham. Nothing shall make me transgress the Rules of Honour, I say.

Belf. Jun. Here! Where are you? Sirrah; Kill-Cow.
[*Takes Hack by the Nose and leads him.*]

Hack. 'Tis no matter; I know Honour; I know Pungilio's to a Hair. You owe your Life to your Brother; besides, I am to be Second to a dear Friend, and preserve my Vigour for his Service; but, for all that, were he not your Brother——

Belf. Jun. Will not this convince you, Brother, of their Cowardice?

Belf. Sen. No, I think not; for I am sure they are valiant: This convinces me of their Respect and Friendship to me:——My best Friends, let me embrace you: A thousand Thanks to you.

Belf. Jun. I will redeem him yet from these Rascals, if I can:——You are upon the brink of Ruin, if you go not off with me, and reconcile your self to my Father; I'll undertake it upon good Terms.

Belf. Sen. No, I thank you: I'll see no Father: He shall use me no more like a Dog: He shall put upon me no longer. Look you, Sir, I have *Ready, Rhine, Cole, Darby*; look here, Sir!

Belf. Jun. Dear Brother! let me persuade you to go along with me.

Belf. Sen. You love me! and use my best Friends thus? ne'er stir, I desire none of your Company: I'll stick to my Friends: I look upon what you have done as an Affront to me.

Hack. No doubt it is so.

Sham. That's most certain; you are in the right, Cousin.

Chen. We love you but too well, that angers him.

Belf. Jun. Well, I shall take my leave: You are in your Cups: You will wish you had heard me,——Rogues, I shall take a Course with you.

Belf. Sen. Rogues! They scorn your Words.

Belf. Jun. Fare you well.

Belf. Sen. Fare you well, Sir, and you be at that sport.

Belf.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 65

Balf. Jun. Roger, do not discover him to my Father yet; I'll talk with him cool in a Morning first; perhaps I may redeem him.

Roger. I'll do as you would have me.

[*Ex. Balf. Jun. Roger and two Footmen.*]

Balf. Sen. So, now we are free. Dear Friends, I never can be grateful enough. But 'tis late, I must shew my new Coach; come, Ladies. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Attorney and Lucia.

Att. How now, Daughter *Lucia*, where hast thou been?

Lucia. I have been at Evening Prayers at *St. Brides*, and am going home through the *Temple*.

Att. Thou art my good Girl.

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Lucia. Oh Heaven! Who's here!

Att. What's the matter?

Lucia. I am taken ill on the sudden: I'll run home.

Term. Stay, stay; thou wicked Author of my Misfortune.

Att. How's this? Stay, *Lucia*! — What mean you, Madam? — The Girl's strangely disorder'd.

Lucia. Oh Heaven! I am utterly ruin'd, beyond Redemption.

Term. Is she your Daughter, Sir?

Att. She is.

Term. Then hear my Story: I am contracted with all the Solemnity that can be to *Mr. Belfond*, the Merchant's Son; and for this wicked Girl he has lately call'd me off: And this Morning I went to his Lodging to enquire a Reason of his late Carriage to me, I found there in his Closet this young shameless Creature, who had been in Bed with him.

Att. Oh Heaven and Earth! Is this true, Hufwife?

Lucia. Oh Lord! I: I never saw the Gentleman nor her in my Life: Oh, she's a confident Thing.

Term. May all the Judgments due to Perjury fall on me, if this be not true: I tore her by the Hair, and pomell'd her

66 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

her to some Time; till that inhumane Wretch *Belfond* turn'd me out of Doors, and sent her away in a Chair.

Luc. O wicked Creature! Are you not afraid the Earth should open, and swallow you up? As I hope to be sav'd, I never saw her.

Term. Tho' young in Years, yet old in Impudence! did I not pursue thee since in the Street, till you run into *Belfond's* Arms just before his Father's House? or I had mark'd thee for a young Whore.

Lucia. As I hope to live, Sir, 'tis all false: Every Word and Tittle of it: I know not what she means.

Att. Have I bestow'd so much, and taken so much care in thy Education, to have no other Fruit but this?

Lucia. Oh Lord, Sir! Why, will you believe this wicked Woman?

Att. No, young Impudence! I believe you: What made you ready to swoon at the Sight of this Lady, but your Guilt?

Lucia. She mistakes me for some other, as she did to day when she pursu'd me, to have kill'd me; which made me tremble at the Sight of her now.

Att. And yet you never saw her before! I am convinc'd. Go, wicked Wretch, go home: This News will kill thy Mother: I'll to my Chamber, and follow thee.

Lucia. But if I ever see her, or you either, to be lock'd from my dear *Belfond*, I shall deserve whatever you can do to me. [Exit.

Att. Madam, I beseech you make as few Words as you can of this.

Term. I had much rather, for my own Honour, have conceal'd it. But I shall say no more, provided you will keep her from him.

Att. I warrant you, Madam, I'll take a Course with her. Your Servant. [Exit.

Enter Cheaty.

Cheat. Madam, your most humble Servant. You see I am punctual to my Word.

Term. You are, Sir.

Cheat.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 97

Chas. Come, Madam, your Lodging, Furniture, and every thing are ready; let's lose no time: I'll wait on you thither, where we will consult about our Affairs.

Term. Come on: It is a rare Design; and, if it succeeds, I shall sufficiently be reveng'd on my ungrateful Devil.

Chas. I'll warrant the Success. [Exeunt.]

Enter Isabella and Teresia.

Isab. We must be very careful of this Book; My Uncle, or our Dame Governante, will burn it, if they find it.

Teres. We cannot have a pleasant, or a witty Book, but they serve it so: My Father loads us with Books, such as *The Tryal of Man, in the Life of Man, or Man-shire: A Treatise on Sabbath-breakers: And Health our drinking, or Life our healing Wretches: A Caustick, or Corrosive, for a Jew's Confidence.*

Isab. *A Sovereign Ointment for a wounded Soul: A Cordial for a sick Simier: The Nothingness of good Works: Wanted Ben-Grace for the Suffolk Wives of affliction; and a deal of such Stuff: But all Novels, Romances, or Poetry, except Quarles and Wubers, are an Abomination: Well, this is a Jewel, if we can keep it.*

Enter Ruth behind them.

Anger, in hasty Words or Blows,

It self discharges on our Foes;

And Sorrows find some Relief

In Tears, which wait upon our Grief:

Thus every Passion, but fond Love,

Unto its own Redress does move.

Teres. 'Tis sweet Poetry: There is a pleasing Charm in all he writes.

Ruth. (snatching the Book.) Yes, there is a Charm of

Satan's in it: 'Tis Vanity and Darkness: This Book ha-

teth, and is contrary to the Light; and ye hate the

Light.

Isab. That's much; and this Evening, a little before

Night, thou blam'dst us for looking out of the Window,

and threaten'dst to shut the painted Sashes.

Teres.

68 The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.

Teres. Now, if thou shut'st those, thou hat'st the Light, and not we.

Ruth. Look thee, *Teresia*, thou art wanton, and so is thy Cousin *Isabella*: Ye seek Temptation; you look out of the Casement, to pick and cull young Men, whereby to feed the Lust of the Eye: Ye may not do it. And look thee, *Isabel*, and *Teresia*, if you open the Casements once more, I will place ye in the back Rooms, and lock the fore Rooms up.

Teres. We will obey thee, *Ruth*.

Isab. We will not resist thy Power; but pr'ythee leave us that Book.

Ruth. No, it is wanton, and treateth of Love; I will instantly commit it to the Flames. [Exit.]

Isab. Shame on this old wall-ey'd Hypocrite! she is the strictest sort of Jaylor.

Teres. We are as narrowly look'd to, as if we had been clapt up for Treason; we are kept from Books, Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Isab. Well, it is a most painful Life to dissemble constantly.

Teres. 'Tis well we are often alone, to unbend to one another; one had as good be a Player, and act continually, else.

Isab. I can never persuade my self, that Religion can consist in scurvy out-of-Fashion Cloaths, stiff constrain'd Behaviour, and fowre Countenances.

Teres. A tristful Aspect, looking always upon ones Nose, with a Face full of Spiritual Pride.

Isab. And when one walks abroad, not to turn ones Head to the right or left; but hold it strait forward, like an old blind Mare.

Teres. True Religion must make one chearful, and affect one with the most ravishing Joy, which must appear in the Face too.

Isab. My good Mother had the Government, and brought me up to better things, as thy good Aunt did thee.

Teres. But we can make no use of our Education under this Tyranny.

Isab.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 69

Isab. If we should sing or dance, 'twere worse than Murder.

Teres. But of all things, why do they keep such a stir to keep us from the Conversation of Mankind? Sure there must be more in it, than we can imagine; and that makes one have more mind to try.

Isab. Thou hast been so unquiet in thy Sleep of late, and so given to sigh, and get alone when thou art awake; I fancy thou dost imagine somewhat of it.

Teres. Ah, Rogue! and I have observ'd the same in thee; Canst thou not guess at Love? Come, confess, and I'll tell all.

Isab. Sometimes in my Dreams, methinks I am in Love; then a certain Youth comes to me; and I grow chill, and pant, and feel a little Pain. But 'tis the prettiest Thing, methinks: And then I awake, and blush, and am afraid.

Teres. Very pretty: And when I am awake, when I see one Gentleman, methinks I could look through him: And my Heart beats, beats like the Drums in the Camp.

Isab. I dare not ask who 'tis, for fear it should be my Man; for there are two come often to our Church, that stare at us continually, and one of them is he.

Teres. I have observ'd them: One, who sate by us at Church, knew them by their Names; I am for one of them too.

Isab. I well remember it.

Teres. If it be my Man thou lik'st, I'll kill thee.

Isab. And if thou lov'st my Man, we must not live together.

Teres. Name him.

Isab. Do thou name first.

Teres. Let's write their Names.

Isab. Agreed: We each have a Black-Lead Pen.

[They write their Papers and give them to one another, at which they both speak together and stare.]

Teres. Truman! Mercy on me!

Isab. Belfond! Oh Heav'n!

Teres. What's this I see! Would I were blind.

Isab.

Isab. Oh my *Teresa*!

Teres. Get thee from me.

Isab. 'Tis as it should be: I wrote the wrong Name, on purpose to discover who was your Man more clearly; the other's my beloved. *Belfond's* my Heart's delight.

Teres. Say st thou so, my Girl! good Wits jump. I had the same Thought with thee. Now 'tis out, *Truman* for me; and methinks they keep such a staring at us, if we contrive to meet them, we need not despair.

Isab. Nay, they come not for Devotion; that's certain; I see that in their Eyes: Oh that they were ordain'd to free us from this odious Jail!

Enter Ruth and Truman disguis'd.

Ruth. Go into your Chamber; here is a Man cometh about Business: Ye may not see him.

Teres. We go: Come, Cousin.

Ruth. Come, Friend; let us retire also. [Exit.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Belfond Junior, and Lucia.

Luc. I Never more must see the Face of a Relation.

Belf. Jun. I warrant thee, my pretty Rogue, I'll put thee into that Condition the best of all thy Kindred shall visit thee, and make their court to thee; thou shalt spark it in the Boxes, shine at the Park, and make all the young Fellows in the Town run mad for thee: Thou shalt never want, while I have any thing.

Luc. I cou'd abandon all the World for thee; if I cou'd think that thou wouldst love me always.

Belf. Jun. Thou hast so kindly oblig'd me, I shall never cease to love thee.

Luc. Pray Heaven I do not repent of it: You were kind to Mrs *Termagant*; and sure it must be some barbarous

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 71

rous Usage, which thus provokes her now to all this Malice.

Belf. Jun. She was debauch'd by the most nauseous Coxcomb, the most silly Beau and Shape about the Town; and had Cuckolded him with several before I had her. She was indeed handsome, but the most froward, ill-natured Creature; always murmuring or scolding; perpetually jealous and exceptionous, ever thinking to work her Ends by hectoring and daring.

Luc. Indeed! Was she such a one? I am sure, you were the first that ever had my Heart, and you shall be the last.

Belf. Jun. My Dear, I know I had thy Virgin Heart, and I'll preserve it. But for her, her most diverting Minutes were unpleasant. Yet for all her Malice, which you see, I still maintain her.

Luc. Ungrateful Creature! She is indeed a Fury. Shou'dst thou once take thy Love from me, I never shou'd use such ways: I silently shou'd mourn and pine away; but never think of once offending thee.

Belf. Jun. Thou art the prettiest, sweetest, softest Creature! and all the tenderest Joys that wait on Love, are ever with thee.

Luc. Oh, this is charming Kindness! May all the Joys on Earth be still with thee.

Belf. Jun. [*Aside.*] Now here's a Mischief on the other side; for how can a good-natur'd Man think of ever quitting so tender, and so kind a Mistress, whom no Respect, but Love, has thrown into my Arms? And yet I must; But I will better her Condition.—— Oh, how does my Friend!

Enter Truman.

Luc. Oh Lord! Who's here?

Belf. Jun. My Dear, go to the Lodging I have prepar'd for thee; thou wilt be safe; and I'll wait on thee soon. Who's there?

Enter Servants.

Do you wait on this Lady's Chair, you know whither. I

Tru. Thou art a pretty Fellow, *Belfond*, to take thy Pleasure

72 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Pleasure thus, and put thy Friend upon the damndest Drudgery.

Belf. Jun. What Drudgery? a little dissembling.

Tru. Why that were bad enough, to dissemble my self an Ass; but to dissemble Love, nay Lust, is the most irksome Task a Man can undergo.

Belf. Jun. But pr'ythee come to the Point: In short, have we any Hopes?

Tru. 'Tis done! The Business is done! Whip on your Habit; make no Words.

Belf. Jun. I'll put it on in my Dressing-room. This News transports me!

Tru. If you had undergone what I have done, 'twould have humbled you: I have enjoy'd a Lady; but I had as lieve have had a *Lancashire Witch*, just after she had alighted from a Broom-staff: I have been uncivil, and enjoy'd the Governante in most lewd Dalliance.

Belf. Jun. Thou art a brave Fellow, and mak'st nothing of it.

Tru. Nothing? 'Sdeath! I had rather have storm'd a *Half-Moon*: I had more Pleasure at the Battel of *Mons.*

Belf. Jun. But hast thou done our Work, as well as hers?

Tru. I have: For after the Enjoyment of her Person had led me into some Familiarity with her, I propos'd, she accepted; for she is covetous as well as amorous: And she has so far wrought for us, that we shall have an Interview with our Mistresses; whom, she says, we shall find very inclinable; and she has promis'd this Night to deliver 'em into our Hands.

Belf. Jun. Thou art a rare Friend to me, and to thy self. Now, farewell all the Vanity of this lewd Town, at once I quit it all. Dear Rogue, let's in.

Tru. Come, in, in, and dress in your Habit. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir William, Sir Edward, and Scrapeall.

Scrape. Look ye, *Sir William*, I am glad you like my Neice; and I hope also, that she may look lovely in your Son's Eyes.

Sir Edw.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 73

Sir Edw. No doubt but he will be extremely taken with her: Indeed both she and your Daughter are very beautiful.

Sir Will. He like her! What's matter whether he like her, or no? Is it not enough for him, that I do? Is a Son, a Boy, a Jackanapes, to have a Will of his own? That were to have him be the Father, and me the Son. But indeed they are both very handsome.

Scrape. Let me tell you both, *Sir William*, and *Sir Edward*, Beauty is but Vanity, a meer Nothing; but they have that which will not fade; they have Grace.

Sir Edw. They look like pretty spirited witty Girls.

Scrape. I am sorry I must leave ye so soon: I thought to have bidden ye to Dinner, but I am to pay down a Sum of Money upon a Mortgage this Afternoon: Farewell.

Sir Will. Farewell, Mr. *Scrapeall*.

Sir Edw. Pray meet my Brother at my House at Dinner.

Scrape. Thank you, *Sir Edward*, I know not but I may. [*Ex.*

Sir Edw. The Person of this Girl is well chosen for your Son, if she were not so precise and pure.

Sir Will. Pr'ythee, what matter what she is; has she not fifteen thousand Pounds clear?

Sir Edw. For a Husband to differ in Religion from a Wife!

Sir Will. What, with fifteen thousand Pound?

Sir Edw. A precise Wife will think herself so pure, she will be apt to condemn her Husband.

Sir Will. Ay, but fifteen thousand Pound, Brother.

Sir Edw. You know how intractable misguided Zeal and spiritual Pride are.

Sir Will. What, with fifteen thousand Pound!

Sir Edw. I would not willingly my Son should have her.

Sir Will. Not with fifteen thousand Pound?

Sir Edw. I see there's no Answer to be given to fifteen thousand Pound.

74 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Sir Will. A Fox o' this Godly Knavel! it should have been twenty.

Sir Edw. Nor would I buy a Wife for my Son.

Sir Will. Not if you could have her a good Penny-worth? Your Son, quoth ye! He is like to make a fine Husband. For all your precious Son——

Sir Edw. Again, Brother?

Sir Will. Look you, Brother, you fly out so: Pray, Brother, be not passionate; Passion drowns ones Parts; let us calmly reason; I have fresh Matter; have but Patience, and hear me speak.

Sir Edw. Well, Brother, go on; for I see I might as soon stop a Tide.

Sir Will. To be calm and patient; your Jewel, tho' he deny'd that Outrage in *Douglas-Court*, yet he committed it, and was last Night hury'd before the Lord Chief Justice for it.

Sir Edw. It cannot be, on my certain Knowledge—I could convince him, but it is not time. *[Aside.]*

Sir Will. What a Devil! are all the World mistaken, but you?

Sir Edw. He was with me all the Evening.

Sir Will. Why, he got Bail immediately, and came to you. Ounds, I never saw such a Man in my Life!

Sir Edw. I am assur'd of the contrary.

Sir Will. Death and Hell! you make me stark mad: You will send me to *Bedlam*: You will not believe your own Senses: I'll hold you a thousand Pound.

Sir Edw. Brother, remember Passion drowns ones Parts.

Sir Will. Well, I am tame, I am cool.

Sir Edw. I'll hold you a hundred; which is enough for one Brother to win of another.

Enter Attorney.

And here's your own Attorney comes opportunely enough to hold Stakes, I'll bind it with ten.

Sir Will. Done.

Sir Edw. Why, I saw your Man Roger, and he says, your Son found there a Rascal, that went by his Name.

Attor.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 75

Attor. Oh, Sir *William*, I am undone, ruin'd, made a miserable Man!

Sir Will. What's the Matter, Man?

Attor. Tho' you have been an exceeding good Client to me, I have reason to curse one of your Family that has ruin'd mine.

Sir Will. Pray explain your self.

Attor. Oh, Sir, your wicked Son! your most Libidinous Son! —

Sir Will. Look you, Brother! d'ye hear? d'ye hear? Do you answer?

Attor. Has corrupted, debauch'd my only Daughter, whom I had brought up with all the Care and Charge I cou'd: who was the Hopes, the Joy of all our Family.

Sir Will. Here's a Son! Here's a rare Son! Here's a hopeful Son! And he were mine, I'd lash him with a Dog-Whip: I'd cool his Courage.

Sir Edw. How do you know it is he?

Attor. I have a Witness of it, that saw her rise from his Bed the other Day Morning: And last Night she ran away to him, and they have lain at a private Lodging.

Sir Edw. Be well assur'd, e'er you conclude; for there's a Rascal that has taken my Son's Name, and has swagger'd in and about *White-Fryers*, with *Cheats*, and that Gang of Rogues, whom my Son will take a Course with.

Attor. Oh, Sir, I am too well assur'd: My Wife tears her Hair, and I, for my Part, shall run distracted.

Sir Will. Oh, wicked Rascal! Oh, my poor *Tim*! My dear Boy *Tim*! I think each Day a Year, 'till I see thee.

Sir Edw. Sir, I am extreamly sorry for this, if it be so; but let me beg of you, play the part of a Wise Man; blaze not this Dishonour abroad, and you shall have all the Reparation the Case is capable of.

Sir Will. Reparation for making his Daughter a Whore! What, a Pox, can he give her her Maiden-Head again?

Sir Edw. Money, which shall not be wanting, will stop that Witness's Mouth: And I will give your Daughter such a Fortune, that were what you believe true and

76 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

publickly known, she shou'd live above Contempt, as the World goes now.

Attor. You speak like the worthy Gentleman the World thinks you; but there can be no Salve for this Sore.

Sir Will. Why, you are enough to damn forty Sons, if you had them; you encourage them to whore: You are fit to breed up Youth!

Sir Edw. You are mad. But pray, Sir, let me intreat you to go home, and I will wait upon you; and we will consult, how to make the best of this Misfortune; in which, I assure you, I have a great Share.

Attor. I will submit to your wise Advice, Sir:—My Grief had made me forget; here is a Letter comes out of the Country for you. [Exit Attorney.]

Sir Will. For me! 'tis welcome: Now for News from my dear Boy! Now you shall hear, Brother: He is a Son indeed.

Sir Edw. Yes, a very hopeful one: I will not deceive him, 'till Ned has try'd once more to recover him.

Sir Will. [reads.] *On the tenth of this Month, your Son, my young Master, about two of the Clock in the Morning, rode out with his Man Lolpoop, and notwithstanding all the Search and Enquiry we can make (Oh Heav'n!) he cannot be found or heard of.* [He drops the Letter, not able to hold it.

Sir Edw. How's this?

Sir Will. Oh, my poor Boy! He is robb'd and murder'd, and buried in some Ditch, or flung into some Pond. Oh, I shall never see thee more, dear Tim! The Joy, and the Support of all my Life! The only Comfort which I had on Earth!

Sir Edw. Have Patience, Brother: 'tis nothing but a little Ramble in your Absence.

Sir Will. Oh, no; he durst not ramble: He was the dutifullest Child! I shall never see his Face again! Look you, he goes on, *We have search'd, and made Enquiry in three adjacent Counties, and no Tidings can be heard of him.* What have I done, that Heav'n should thus afflict me?

Sir Edw. What if, after all, this Son should be he that has

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 77

has made all this Noise in *White-Fryers*, for which mine has been so blam'd?

Sir Will. My Son! my Son play such Pranks? that's likely! One so strictly, so soberly educated! One that's educated your way cannot do otherwise.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Sir, Sir, Sir; mercy upon me! here's my young Master's Man, *Lolpoop*, coming along in the Streets with a Wench.

Enter Lolpoop leading Betty under the Arm.

Sir Will. Oh Heaven! What say you?

Sir Edw. Now it works: Ha, ha, ha. *[To himself.]*

[Sir William lays hold on Lolpoop e'er he or she sees him.]

Betty. How now! What have you to say to my Friend, my Dear?

[Sir William and Lolpoop start, and stand amax'd at one another; and after a great Pause, Sir William falls upon Lolpoop, beats the Whore, beats Roger, strikes at his Brother, and lays about him like a Madman; the Rabble ges all about him.]

Sir Will. Sirrah! Rogue! Dog! Villain! Whore! And you Rogue, Rogue! Confound the World! Oh that the World were all on fire!

Sir Edw. Brother, for Shame be more temperate: Are you a Madman?

Sir Will. Plague o' your dull Phylosophy.

Sir Edw. The Rabble are gather'd together about you.

Sir Will. Villain! Rogue! Dog! Toad! Serpent! Where's my Son? Sirrah, you have robb'd him, and murder'd him.

[He beats Lolpoop, who roars out Murder.]

Lolp. Hold, hold: Your Son is alive, and alive like: He's in *London*.

Sir Will. What say you, Sirrah? In *London*? and is he well? Thanks be to Heaven for that. Where is he, Sirrah?

Lolp. He is in *White-Fryers*, with Mr. *Gheatly*, his Cousin *Shamwell*, and Captain *Hackum*.

[Sir William pauses, as amax'd: Then beats him again.]

Sir Will. And you Rogue! you damn'd Dog! wou'd

78 The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.

You suffer him to keep such Company, and commit such Villainous Actions?

Lolo. Hold, hold, hold, I pray you, Sir: I am but a Servant; how cou'd I help it, marry?

Sir Will. You cou'd not help being with a Whore your self; Sirrah, Sirrah, Sirrah! Here, honest Mob, course this Whore to some Purpose. A Whore! a Whore! a Whore!

[She runs out, the Rabble run after, and tear her, crying, a Whore! a Whore!]

Sir Edw. This is wisely done! If they murder her, you'll be hang'd: I am in Commission for *Middlesex*; I must see to appease them.

Sir Will. Sirrah! Rogue! bring me to my Son instantly, or I'll cut your Throat. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Isabella, Terefia, and Ruth.

Isab. Dear *Ruth*, thou dost for ever oblige us.

Teref. And so much, that none but our own Mothers cou'd ever do it more.

Ruth. Oblige your selves, and be not silly, coy, and nice: Strike me when the Iron's hot, I say. They have great Estates, and are both Friends; I know both their Families and Conditions.

Enter Belfond Jun. and Truman.

Here they are: Welcome, Friends.

Tru. How dost thou?

Ruth. These are the Damsels; I will retire, and watch lest the Old Man surprize us. *[Exit Ruth.]*

Belf. Jun. Look thee, *Isabella*, I come to confer with thee, in a Matter which concerneth us both, if thou be'st free.

Isab. Friend, 'tis like I am.

Tru. And mine with thee is of the same Nature.

Teref. Proceed.

Belf. Jun. Something within me whispereth, that we were made as Helps for one another.

Teref. They act very well, Cousin.

Isab. For young Beginners.—Come, leave off your *Canaanish* Dialect, and talk like the Inhabiters of this World.

Teref.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 79

Teres. We are as errant Hypocrites as the best of you.

Isab. We were bred otherwise than you see, and are able to hear you talk like Gentlemen.

Teres. You come to our Meeting like Sparks and Beaux, and I never cou'd perceive much Devotion in you.

Isab. 'Tis such a Pain to dissemble, that I am resolv'd I'll never do it, but when I must.

Belf. Jun. Dear Madam, I cou'd wish all Forms were laid aside betwixt us: But, in short, I am most infinitely in love with you, and must be for ever miserable, if I go without you.

Isab. A frank and hearty Declaration, which you make with so much Confidence, I warrant you have been us'd to it.

Tru. There is not a Difficulty in the World which I would stop at to obtain your Love, the only Thing on Earth cou'd make me happy.

Isab. And you are as much in earnest now, as you were when you came first to us even now.

Isab. That's well urg'd: Cannot you Gentlemen counterfeite Love, as well as Religion?

Belf. Jun. Love is so natural, it cannot be affected,

Tru. To shew mine is so, take me at my Word: I am ready to render on Discretion.

Teres. And was this the Reason you frequented our Parish-Church?

Belf. Jun. Cou'd you think our Business was to hear your Teacher spin out an Hour over a Velvet Cushion?

Isab. Prophane Men! I warrant they came to ogle.

Tru. Even so: Our Eyes might tell you what we came for.

Belf. Jun. In short, dear Madam, our Opportunities are like to be so few, your Confinement being so close, that 'tis fit to make use of this; 'tis not your Fortune which I aim at; my Uncle will make a Settlement equal to it, were it more; but 'tis your charming Person.

Isab. And you would have me a fine forward Lady, to love Entempest?

80 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Belf. Jun. Madam, you have but few Minutes to make use of, and therefore shou'd improve those few: Your Uncle has sold you for 5000*l.* and, for ought I know, you have not this Night good for your Deliverance.

Tru. Consider, Ladies, if you had not better trust a Couple of honest Gentlemen, than an Old Man, that makes his Market of you: For I can tell you, you, tho' his own Daughter, are to be sold too.

Terref. But for all that, our Consents are to be had.

Belf. Jun. You can look for nothing, but a more strict Confinement, which must follow your Refusal: Now, if you have the Courage to venture an Escape, we are the Knights that will relieve you.

Tru. I have an Estate, Madam, equal to your Fortune: But I have nothing can deserve your Love: But I'll procure your Freedom, then use it as you please.

Belf. Jun. If you are unwilling to trust us, you can trust your Governess, whom you shall have with you.

Isab. And what would you and the World say of us for this?

Belf. We should adore you: And I am apt to think the World would not condemn your Choice.

Tru. But, I am sure, all the World will condemn your Delay, in the Condition you are in.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. I see Mr. Scrapeall coming at the End of the Street: Begone; I'll bring them to your Chamber in the Temple, this Evening. Haste, haste out at the Back-Door.

Belf. Jun. This is most unfortunate!

Tru. Dear Madam, let me Seal my Vows.

Ruth. Go, go: begone, begone, Friends. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Scrapeall, crosses the Stage; Enter Mrs. Termagant and her Brother.

Term. You see, Brother, we have dogg'd Belfond, 'till we saw him enter the House of this Scrivener with his Friend *Truman*, both in Disguises; which, with what we have heard even now at the neighbouring Ale-House, convinces me, that 'tis he is to marry the rich Niece.

Bro.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 31

Bro. They say she is to be marry'd to the Son of Sir *William Belfond*, and that Sir *William* gives a great Sum of Money to her Uncle for her; by this it should seem to be the Elder Son, and not our Enemy, who is design'd for her.

Term. If so, the Villain would not at full Day go thither.

Bro. But 'tis in a Disguise.

Term. With that, I suppose the Son pretends to be a Puritan too, or she would not have him; it must be he. And if you will do as I direct you, I warrant I'll break off his Match; and by that work an Exquisite Piece of Revenge.

Bro. I am wholly at your Dispose.

Term. Now is the time, the Door opens; pursue me with a drawn Dagger, with all the seeming Fury imaginable, now, as the old Man comes out.

[Scrapeall passes over the Stage. Brother pursues her with a drawn Dagger; she runs and gets into the House, and claps the Door after her.]

Bro. Where is the Jade? Deliver her to me, I'll cut her in Piece-meal: Deliver her, I say. Well, you will not deliver her; I shall watch her.

Enter within, Ruth, Terefia, Isabella, Mrs. Termagant.

Term. Oh, oh! where is the Murderer? where is he? I die with Fear, I die!

Ruth. Pr'ythee, Woman, comfort thy self; no Man shall hurt thee here. Take a Sup of this Bottle.

[She pulls out a Silver Strong-Water Bottle.]

Teref. Thou art safe.

Isab. We will defend thee here, as in a Castle. But what is the Occasion of this Man's Fury?

Term. You are so generous, in giving me this Suecour, and promising my Defence, that I am resolv'd not to conceal it from you: Tho' I must confess, I have no reason to boast of it, but I hope your Charity will interpret it as well as you can on my side.

Ruth. Go on; thou need'st not fear.

Term. Know then, I am a Gentlewoman, whose Parents dying when I was Sixteen, left me a moderate Fortune,

82 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

tune, yet able to maintain me like their Daughter. I chose an Aunt my Guardian, one of those jolly Widows who love Gaming, and have great Resort in the Evenings at their Houses.

Ruth. Good: Proceed.

Term. There it was my Misfortune to be acquainted with a Gentleman, whose Face, Air, Mien, Shape, Wit, and Breeding, not I alone, but the whole Town admires.

Ruth. Very good.

Term. By all his Looks, his Gestures, and Addresses, he seem'd in Love with me: The Joy that I conceiv'd at this, I wanted Cunning to conceal, but he must needs perceive it flash in my Eyes, and kindle in my Face. He soon began to court me in such sweet, such charming Words, as wou'd betray a more experienc'd Heart than mine.

Ruth. Humh: Very well; she speaks notably.

Term. There was but little left for him to do, for I had done it all before for him: He had a Friend within too ready to give up the Fort; yet I held out as long as I could make Defence.

Ruth. Good lack-a-day! Some Men have strange Charms, it is confess'd.

Term. Yet I was safe by solemn mutual Oaths, in private contracted: He wou'd have it private, because he fear'd to offend an Uncle, from whom he had great Expectance; but now came all my Misery.

Ruth. Alack! alack! I warrant he was false.

Term. False as a Crocodile: He watch'd the fatal Minute, and he found it, and greedily seiz'd upon me, when I trusted to his Honour and his Oaths; he still swore on, that he would marry me, and I sinn'd on. In short, I had a Daughter by him, now three Years old, as true a Copy as e'er Nature drew; beauteous, and witty, to a Miracle.

Ruth. Nay, Men are faithless, I can speak it.

Teres. Poor Lady! I am strangely concern'd for her.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 83

Isab. She was a Fool, to be catch'd in so common a Share.

Term. From time to time he swore he would marry me; though I must think I am his Wife as much as any Priest can make me; but still he found Excuses about his Uncle. I wou'd have patiently waited till his Uncle's Death, had he been true; but he has thrown me off, abandon'd me, without so much as a pretended Crime.

Ruth. Alack, and well-a-day! It makes me weep.

Term. But 'tis for an Attorney's Daughter, whom he keeps, and now is fond of; while he treats me with all Contempt and Hatred.

Isab. Tho' she was a Fool, yet he's a base inhumane Fellow.

Teret. To scorn and hate her, for her Love to him.

Term. By this means, my Dishonour, which had been yet conceal'd, became so publick, my Brother coming from the Wars of Hungary, having heard all, has this Day fought with the Author of my Misery, but was disarm'd; and now by Accident he spy'd me by your House, I having fled the Place where I had lodg'd, for fear of him; and here the bloody Man would have kill'd me, for the Dishonour done to his Family, which never yet was blemish'd.

Ruth. Get the Chief-Justice's Warrant, and bind him to the Peace.

Teret. She tells her Story well.

Isab. 'Tis a very odd one; but she expresses it so sensibly, I cannot but believe her.

Term. If they do not ask me who this is, I have told my Tale in vain. [*Aside*] Now, Ladies, I hope you have Charity enough to pardon the Weakness of a poor young Woman, who suffers Shame enough within.

Teret. We shall be glad to do you what Kindness we can.

Term. Oh, had you seen this most bewitching Person, so beautiful, witty, and well-bred, and full of most Gentleman-like Qualities, you wou'd be the readier to have Compassion on me.

Isab.

84 THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA.

Isab. Pray, who is it?

Term. Alas, 'tis no Secret; it is *Belfond*, who calls Sir *Edward Belfond* Father, but is his Nephew.

Isab. What do I hear? Was ever Woman so unfortunate as I, in her first Love!

Teres. 'Tis most unlucky,

Term. That is the Niece: I see 'twas he who was to marry her.

Isab. But I am glad I have thus early heard it: I'll never see his Face more.

Ruth. All this is false: He is a pious Man, and true Professor——This vile Woman will break the Match off and undo my Hopes.

Term. 'Tis as I thought——He is a ranting Blade, a Royster of the Town.

Ruth. Come, you are an idle Woman, and belye him: Be gone out of the Doors; there's the Back-way. You need not pretend Fear of your Brother.

Term. I am oblig'd enough in the present Defence you gave me: I intended not to trouble you long; but Heav'n can witness what I say is true.

Isab. Do you hear, Cousin! 'Tis most certain, I'll ne'er see him more.

Ruth. Go, wicked Woman, go: What evil Spirit sent thee hither? I say, be gone.

Term. I go——I care not what she says; it works where I would have it——Your Servant, Ladies.

Ruth. Go, go, thou wicked Slanderer.

Teres. See him but once, to hear what he can say in his Defence.

Isab. Yes, to hear him lye, as all the Sex will: Perswade me not, I'm fix'd.

Ruth. Look thee, *Isabella*——

Isab. I am resolv'd.

Teres. Dear *Ruth*, thou dearest Friend, whom we once took for our most cruel Goaler, let's follow, and help me to convince her of her Error; but I am resolv'd, if she

be

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA 83

be stubborn, to undo her self, she shall not ruin me: I will escape.

Ruth. Let us persuade her. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Belfond Senior and Hackum.

Belf. Sen. Captain, call all my Servants; why don't they wait?

Enter Margaret and Mrs. Hackum with a Cawdle.

Oh, my dear *Blowing*! my *Convenient*! my *Tackle*!

Marg. How dost thou, my Dear?

Mrs. Hack. I have brought you a Cawdle here; there's Amber-Grease in it; 'tis a rare refreshing, strength'ning Thing.

Belf. Sen. What, adad, you take me for a Bridegroom! I scorn a Cawdle; give me some Cherry-brandy, I'll drink her Health in a Bumper: Do thee eat this, Child.

Mrs. Hack. I have that at Hand——Here, Sir.

[*She fetches the Brandy.*]

Enter Captain Hackum and Servants.

Belf. Sen. Come, my dear *Natural*, here's a Bumper of Cherry-brandy to thy Health; but first let me kiss thee, my dear Rogue!

Enter Sir William.

Sir Will. Some Thunderbolt light on my Head! what's this I see?

Belf. Sen. My Father!

Enter Cheatly and Shamwell.

Sir Will. Hey, here's the whole Kennel of Hell-hounds!

Cheat. Bear up to him; bow wow.

Sham. Do not flinch; bow wow.

Belf. Sen. Bow wow, bow wow.

Sir Will. Most impudent abandon'd Rascal! let me go, let me come at him; audacious Varlet! how durst thou look on me?

[*He endeavours to fly, as his Son, Footmen hold him.*]

Belf. Sen. Go, strike your Dogs, and call them Names; you have nothing to do with me, I am of full Age; and, I thank Heaven, am gotten loose from your Yoak; don't think to put upon me. I'll be kept no longer like a *Prigster*, a silly *Country Put*, fit for nothing but to be a *Bubble*, a *Caravan*, or so.

Sir

86 The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.

Sir Will. A most perfect, downright, canting Rogue! Am I not your Father, Sirrah? Sirrah, am I not?

Belf. Sen. Yes, and Tenant for Life to my Estate in Tail; and I'll look to you, that you commit no waste: What a Fox! did you think to nose me for ever, as the saying is? I am not so *dark* neither; I am *sharp*, *sharp* as a *Needle*, I can *smoke* now, as soon as another.

Sir Will. Let me come at him.

Cheat. So long as you forbear all Violence you are safe; but if you strike here, we command the *Fryars*, and we will raise the *Posse*.

Sir Will. O Villain! Thou notorious Undoer of young Heirs! And thou pernicious Wretch, thou art no part of me! Have I, from thy first swaddling, nourish'd thee and bred thee up with Care?

Belf. Sen. Yes, with Care to keep your Money from me, and breed me in the greatest Ignorance, fit for your Slave, and not your Son; I had been finely *dark*, if I had staid at home.

Sir Will. Were you not educated like a Gentleman?

Belf. Sen. No; like a *Grasier*, or a *Butcher*. If I had staid in the Country, I had never seen such a *Nab*, a rum *Nab*, such a modish *Porker*, such spruce and neat Accoutrements; here is a *Tattle*, here's a *Famble*, and here's the *Cole*, the *Ready*, the *Rhino*, the *Darby*: I have a lusty *Cod*, Old *Prig*, I'd have thee know, and am very *Rhino-cerious*; here are *Moggs* and *Smelts*, good store, *Dicassers* and *Georges*; the Land is entail'd, and I will have my *Snack* of it while I am young, adad, I will. Hah!

Sir Will. Some Mountain cover me, and hide my Shame for ever from the World! Did I not beget thee, Rogue?

Belf. Sen. What know I whether you did or not? But 'twas not to use me like a Slave; but I am sharp and smoaky; I had been purely bred, had I been rul'd by you; I should never have known these worthy ingenious Gentlemen, my dear Friends; all this fine Language had been *Heathen Greek* to me, and I had ne'er been able to have cut a *Sham* or *Banter* while I had liv'd, adad: Odfookers, I know my self, and will have nothing to do with you.

Sir

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 87

Sir Will. I am astonish'd!

Belf. Sen. Shall my younger Brother keep his Coach and Equipage, and shine like a *Spruce Prigg*; and I be your Bailly in the Country? Hi, *La Mar*; bid my Coach be ready at the Door; I'll make him know I am elder Brother, and I will have the better Liveries; and I am resolv'd to *manage* my *Natural*, my *pure Blowing*, my *Convenient*, my *Peculiar*, my *Tackle*, my *Purest Pure*, as the rest of the young Gentlemen of the Town do.

Sir Will. A most confirm'd *Alsatian Rogue*. [*Aside*.] Thou most ungracious Wretch! to break off from me, at such a time, when I had provided a Wife for you, a pretty young Lady, with fifteen thousand Pound down; have settled a great Jointure upon her, and a large Estate in Present on you; the Writings all sealed, and nothing wanting but you, whom I had sent for Post out of the Country to marry her!

Belf. Sen. Very likely, that you, who have cudgell'd me from my Cradle, and made me your Slave, and grutch'd me a Crown in my Pocket, should do all this.

Cheat. Believe him not; there's not one Word of Truth in it.

Sham. This is a Trick to get you in his Power.

Sir Will. The Writings are all at my Attorney's in the Temple: You may go with me, and see 'em all; and if you will comply, I'll pardon what is past, and marry you.

Belf. Sen. No, no; I am *sharp*, as I told you, and *smonky*; you shall not *put* upon me; I understand your *Shams*; but, to talk fairly, in all Occurrences of this Nature, which either may or may not be, according to the different Accidents which often intervenc upon several Opportunities, from whence we may collect either Good or Bad, according to the Nature of Things themselves; and forasmuch as whether they be Good or Bad concerns only the Understanding, so far forth as it employs its Faculties: Now since all this is premised, let us come to the matter in Hand.

Sir Will. Prodigious Impudence! O Devil! I'll to my Lord Chief Justice, and with his Tipstaff I'll do your Business,

88 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

finess, Rogues! Dogs and Villains! I will. [*Exit in Fury.*]

Cheat. This was bravely carry'd on!

Sham. Most admirably!

Belf Sen. Ay, wasn't not! Don't I begin to *buster* pretty well? ha!

Cheat. Rarely: But a Word in private, my resplendent *Prig.* You see your Father resolves to put some Trick upon you; be beforehand with him, and marry this Fortune I have prepar'd; lose no Time, but see her, and treat with her, if you like her, as soon as you can.

Belf Sen. You are in the right; let not my *Blowing* hear a Word. I'll to her instantly.

Cheat. *Shamwell* and I'll go and prepare her for a Visit; you know the Place.

Belf Sen. I do: come along—— [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell, and Mrs. Termagant in her fine Lodgings.

Cheat. Madam, you must carry your self somewhat stately, but courteously, to the Bubble.

Sham. Somewhat reserv'dly, and yet so as to give him Hopes.

Term. I warrant you, let me alone; and if I effect this Business, you are the best Friends; such Friends as I could never yet expect. 'Twill be an exquisite Revenge.

Cheat. He comes: Come, noble Squire.

Enter Belfond Senior.

Madam, this is the Gentleman whom I would recommend to your Ladyship's Favour, who is ambitious of kissing your Hand.

Belf Sen. Yes, Madam, as Mr. *Cheatly* says, I am ambitious of kissing your Hand, and your Lip too, Madam; for I vow to Gad, Madam, there is not a Person in the World, Madam, has a greater Honour for your Person: And, Madam, I assure you I am a Person——

Term. My good Friend, Mr. *Cheatly*, with whom I intrust the Management of my small Fortune——

Cheat. Small Fortune! Nay it is a large one——

Term. Has told me of your Family and Character: To your Name I am no Stranger, nor to your Estate, tho' this

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 89

this is the first time I have had the Honour to see your Person.

Belf. Sen. Hold, good Madam, the Honour lies on my side; — she's a rare Lady, ten times handsomer than my *Blowing*: (And here's a Lodging and Furniture for a Queen!) — Madam, if your Ladyship please to accept of my Affection in an honourable way, you shall find I am no *Putt*, no *Country Prigster*, nor sha'l ever want the *Moggs*, the *Smelts*, *Decussés* and *Georges*, the *Randy* and the *Rhino*: I am *Rhinocercical*.

Term. I want nothing, Sir; Heav'n be thanked.

Sham. Her worst Servants eat in Plate; and her Maids have all Silver Chamber-pots.

Belf. Sen. Madam, I beg your Pardon, I am somewhat Bowsy; I have been drinking *Bumpers* and *Facers* till I am almost *Clear*: I have 3000*l.* a Year, and 20000 Pounds worth of Wood, which I can turn into *Cole* and *Randy*, and my Estate ne'er the worse; there's only the Encumbrance of an old Fellow upon it, and I shall break his Heart suddenly.

Term. This is a weighty matter, and requires Advice; nor is it a sudden Work to perswade my Heart to love. I have my Choice of Fortunes.

Belf. Sen. Very like, Madam: But Mr. *Cheatsly* and my Cousin *Shamwell* can tell you that my Occasions require haste, d'ye see! And therefore I desire you to resolve, as soon as conveniently you can.

[A Noise of a Tumult without, and blowing a Horn.

Cheats. What's this I hear?

Sham. They are up in the Friers: Pray Heav'n the Sheriffs Officers be not come.

Cheats. 'Slife, 'tis so! Shift for your selves. 'Squire, let me conduct you — This is your wicked Father with Officers.

[Exit.

[Cry without, the Tip-staff! an Arrest! an Arrest! and the Horn blows.

Enter

90 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Enter Sir William Belfond, and a Tip-staff, with the Constable and his Watch-Men; and against them the Posse of the Friers drawn up, Bankrupts hurrying to escape.

Sir Will. Are you mad, to resist the Tip-staff, the King's Authority?

[They cry out, An Arrest! Several flock to 'em with all sorts of Weapons. Women with Fire-Forks, Spits, Paring-shovels, &c.]

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell, Belfond Sen. and Hackum.

Cheat. We are too strong for 'em: Stand your Ground.

Sir Will. We demand that same Squire, *Cheatly, Shamwell, and Bully Hackum.* Deliver them up, and all the rest of you are safe,

Hack. Not a Man.

Sir Will. Nay then, have at you.

Tip-st. I charge you, in the King's Name, all to assist me.

Rabble. Fall on.

[Rabble beat the Constable, and the rest run into the Temple. Tip-staff runs away. They take Sir William Prisoner.]

Cheat. Come on, thou wicked Author of this Broil, you are our Prisoner.

Sir Will. Let me go, Rogue.

Sham. Now we have you in the Temple, we'll show you the Pump first.

Sir Will. Dogs! Rogues! Villains!

Sham. To the Pump, to the Pump.

Hack. Pump him, Pump him.

Belf. Sen. Ah, Pump him, Pump him, Old Prigg!

Rabb. Pump, Pump, to the Pump; Huzza!

Enter Belfond Junior, Truman, and several Gentlemen, Porter of the Temple, and Belfond's Footmen.

Belf. Jun. What's the matter here?

Trum. The Rabble have catch'd a Bailiff.

Belf. Jun. Death and Hell! 'tis my Father! 'tis a Gentleman, my Father. Gentlemen, I beseech you lend me your Hands to his Rescue.

Trum.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 91

Trump. Come on, Rascals! Have we caught you? We'll make you an Example.

[*All Draw, and fall upon the Rabble. Belfond Sen. runs first away. The Templers beat 'em, and take Cheatly, Shamwell, and Hackum Prisoners.*]

Belf. Jun. Here! where are the Officers of the Temple? Porter, do you shut the Gates into *White-Fryers*.

Port. I will, Sir.

Belf. Jun. Here's a Guinea among ye. See these three Rogues well pumpt, and let 'em go through the whole Course.

Cheat. Hold, hold, I am a Gentleman.

Sham. I am your Cousin.

Hack. Hold, hold, Scoundrel; I am a Captain!

Belf. Jun. Away with 'em.

Sir Will. Away with 'em. Dear Son, I am infinitely oblig'd to you: I ask your Pardon for all that I have said against you: I have wrong'd you.

Belf. Jun. Good Sir, reflect not on that! I am resolv'd, e'er I have done, to deserve your good Word.

Sir Will. 'Twas ill Fortune, we have mist'd my most ungracious Rebel, that Monster of Villany.

Belf. Jun. Let me alone with him, Sir; upon my Honour I will deliver him safe this Night. But, now let us see the Execution.

Sir Will. Dear Ned, you bring Tears into my Eyes. Let me embrace thee, my only Comfort now.

Belf. Jun. Good Sir, let's on and see the Justice of this Place. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell and Hackum.

Cheat. O Unmerciful Dogs! Were ever Gentlemen us'd thus before? I am drench'd into a Quartan

Ague.

Shm.

92 The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.

Sham. My Limbs are stiff and numb'd all over: But where I am beaten and bruise'd, there I have some Sense left.

Hack. Dry Blows I could have born magnanimously; but to be made such a Sop of——Besides, I have had the worst of it, by wearing my own Hair; to be shav'd all on one side, and with a Lather made of Chapel-dirt, instead of a Wash-ball, I have lost half the best Head of Hair in the *Fryers*; and a Whisker worth Fifty Pound, in its intrinsic Value to a Commander.

Cheat. Indeed your magnanimous Phyz is somewhat disfigur'd by it, Captain.

Sham. Your Military Countenance has lost much of its Ornament.

Hack. I am as disconsolate as a Bee that has lost his Sting; the other Moiety of Whisker must follow: Then all the Terror of my Face is gone; that Face that us'd to fright young Priggs into Submission. I shall now look but like an Ordinary Man.

Cheat. We'll swinge these Rogues with Indictments for a Riot, and with Actions *Sans Nombre*.

Sham. What Reparation will that be? I am a Gentleman, and can never shew my Face among my Kindred more.

Cheat. We that can shew our Faces after what we have done, may well shew them after what we have suffer'd. Great Souls are above Ordinances, and never can be Slaves to Fame.

Hack. My Honour is tender, and this one Affront will cost me at least five Murders.

Cheat. Let's not prate and shiver in cold Fits here, but call your Wife with the Cherry-Brandy, and let's ask after the Squire: If they have taken him, 'tis the worst part of the Story.

Hack. No, I saw the Squire run into the *Friers* at first. But I'll go fetch some Cherry-Brandy, and that will comfort us. [*Steps in for Brandy.*] Here's the Bottle; let's drink by Word of Mouth. [*Drinks.*]

Cheat.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 93

Cheat. Your Cherry-Brandy is most sovereign and edifying.

Sham. Most exceeding comfortable after our Temple pickling. [Cheatly drinks.]

Cheat. A Fish has a damn'd Life on't: I shall have that Aversion to Water, after this — that I shall scarce ever be cleanly enough to wash my Face again. [Drinks.]

Hack. Well! I'll to the Barber's, and get my self shav'd; then go to the Squire, and be new accouter'd. [Ex. Hack.]

Cheat. Dear *Shamwell*, we must not, for a little Affliction, forget our main Business, our Caravan must be well managed: He is now drunk, and when he wakes, will be very fit to be manny'd. Mrs. *Termagant* has given us a Judgment of 2000*l.* upon that Condition.

Sham. The sooner we dispose of him, the better; for all his Kindred are bent to retrieve him; and the Temple joining in the War against us, will be too hard for us; so that we must make what we can of him immediately.

Cheat. If he should be once cool, or irresolute, we have lost him, and all our Hopes; but when we have sufficiently dipt him, as we shall by this Marriage and her Judgment, he is our own for ever.

Sham. But what shall we do for our *White-Fryers* Chaplain, our *Alsatian* Divine? I was in Search of him before our late Misfortune, and the Rogue is hol'd somewhere. I could not find him; and we are undone without him.

Cheat. 'Tis true; pray go instantly and find him out; he dares not stir out of his Covert; beat it well all over for him; you'll find him tappes'd in some Ale-House, Bawdy-House, or Brandy-Shop.

Sham. He's a brave swinging Orthodox, and will marry any Couple at any time; he defies License and Canonical Hours, and all those foolish Ceremonies.

Cheat. Pr'ythee look after him, while I go to prepare the Lady.

Sham. You Rogue, *Cheatly*, you have a loving Design upon her; you will go to twelve with the Squire: If you do, I will have my Snack.

Cheat. Go, go, you are a Wag.

[Exeunt severally.]

Enter

94 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Enter Ruth, Belfond Junior, and Truman de Scrapple's House.

Ruth. She told her Tale so passionately, that *Isabella* believes every Word of it; and is resolv'd, as she says, never to see thee more.

Belf. Jun. Oh, this most malicious, and most infamous of her Sex; there is not the least Truth in her Accusation.

Tru. That to my Knowledge, he is not a Man of those Principles.

Ruth. I will send them to you, if I can; and in the mean time be upon the watch.

Tru. Take this Writing with thee; which is a Bond from us, to make good our Agreement with thee.

Ruth. 'Tis well, and still I doubt not to perform my Part. [Exit.]

Belf. Jun. Was ever Man plagued with a Wench like me? Well, say what they will, the Life of a Whore-Master is a foolish, restless, anxious Life; and there's an end on't. What can be done with this malicious Devil? A Man cannot offer Violence to a Woman.

Tru. Steal away her Child, and then you may awe her.

Belf. Jun. I have Emissaries abroad, to find out the Child; but she'll sacrifice that, and all the World, to her Revenge.

Tru. You must arrest her upon a swinging Action, which she cannot get Bail for, and keep her 'till she is humbled.

Enter Teresa.

Madam, I kiss your Hand.

Teres. You have done well, Mr. *Belfond*: Here has been a Lady, whom you have a Child by, were contracted to, and have deserted, for an Attorney's Daughter which you keep. My Cousin says, she will never see you more.

Belf. Jun. If this be true, Madam, I deserve never to see her more; which would be worse than Death to me.

Teres. I have prevail'd with her once more to see you, and hear what you can say to this: Come, come, Cousin.

[She

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 95

[She leads in Isab.] Look you, Cousin, Mr. Belfond denies all this Matter.

Isab. I never doubted that: But certainly it is impossible to counterfeit so lively as she did.

Belf. Jun. Heaven be my Witness, that her Accusation is false; I never was yet contracted to any Woman, nor made the least Promise, or gave any one the least Hope of it; and if I do not demonstrate my Innocence to you, I will be content for ever to be debar'd the Sight of you, more priz'd by me than Liberty, or Life.

Isab. And yet perhaps these very Words were said to

Th. Madam, you have not time, if you value your own Liberty, to argue any longer: We will carry you to Sir Edward Belfond's; his Sister is his House-Keeper, and there you may be entertain'd with Safety of your Honour.

Teres. He is esteem'd a worthy Gentleman; nor could we chuse a better Guardian.

Isab. At least, how could you use a Woman ill you had a Child by?

Belf. Jun. Not all the Malice of Mankind can equal hers. I have been frail, I must confess, as others; and though I have provided for her and her Child, yet every Day she does me all the outrageous Mischief she can possibly conceive; but this has touch'd me in the tenderest Point.

Isab. 'Twould be much for my Honour, to put my self into the Hands of a known Wencher.

Belf. Jun. Into the Hands of one, who has abandon'd all the Thoughts of Vice and Folly for you.

Th. Besides, Madam, you neither of you trust us; your Governess is with you, and yet we are ready to make good our Words by the Assistance of the Parson.

Teres. That's another Point: But I am sure, Cousin, there is no dallying about our Liberty: If you be in love with your Jail, stay; I, for my part, am resolv'd to go.

Belf. Jun. My Uncle's a virtuous honourable Man; my Aunt, his Sister, a Lady of great Piety: Think if you will

96 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA*

will not be safer there, than with your Uncle, by whom you are sold for 5000*l.* to my Knowledge, to one who is the most debauch'd dissolute Fellow this Day in *London*.

Teres. Liberty, Liberty, I say; I'll trust my self, and my Governess.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. Haste, and agree: Your Father has sent to have Supper ready in less than half an Hour.

Teres. Away, away; I am ready. Cousin, farewell.

Belf. Jun. For Heaven's sake, Madam, on my Knees I beg you to make use of this Occasion, or you have lost your self; and I too shall for ever lose you for Marriage; which alone can keep me from being the most miserable: You may advise, and all things shall be cleared up to your wish.

Teres. Farewell, dear Cousin; let's kiss at parting.

Isabel. Sure thou hast not the Conscience; thou wilt not leave me?

Teres. By my Troth but I will.

Isabel. By my Troth but you shall not; for I'll go with thee.

Belf. Jun. May all the Joys of Life for ever wait on you.

Ruth. Haste! haste! begone. [Exeunt.]

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir Will. That I should live to this unhappy Age! to see the Fruit of all my Hopes thus blasted: How long, like Chymists, have I watch'd and toil'd? and in the Minute when I expected to have seen Projection, all is blown up in *Smoke*.

Enter Sir Edward.

Brother! I am asham'd to look on you, my Disappointment is so great. Oh this most wicked Recreant! this perverse and infamous Son!

Sir Edw. Brother, a wise Man is never disappointed. Man's Life is like a Game at Tables; if at any time the Cast you most shall need does not come up, let that which comes instead of it be mended by your Play.

Sir

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 97

Sir Will. How different have been our Fates! I left the Pleasures of the Town to marry, which was no small Bondage; had Children, which brought more Care upon me: For their Sakes, I liv'd a rustick, painful, hard, severe, and melancholy Life: Morose, inhospitable, sparing even Necessaries: Tenacious, even to griping, for their good: My Neighbours shunn'd me, my Friends neglected me, my Children hate me, and wish my Death: Nay, this wicked Son, in whom I have set up my Rest, and principally for whose Good I thus had liv'd, has now defeated all my Hopes.

Sir Edw. 'Twas your own Choice: You would not learn from others.

Sir Will. You have liv'd ever at Ease, indulg'd all Pleasures, and melted down your Time in daily Feasts, and in continual Revels: Gentle, Complaisant, Affable, and Liberal, and at great Expence: The World speaks well of you; Mankind embrace you: Your Son loves you, and wishes your Life as much as he can do his own. But I'll perplex my self no more: I look upon this Rascal as an Excrement, a Wen, or gangreen'd Limb, lop'd off.

Sir Edw. Rather look on him as a dislocated one, and get him set again: By this time you see, Severity will do nothing; entice him back to you by Love. In short, give him Liberty and a good Allowance: There now remains no other way to reclaim him; for like a Stone-Horse broke in among the Mares, no Fence hereafter will contain him.

Sir Will. Brother, I look upon you as a true Friend, that would not insult upon my Folly and Presumption, and confess you are nearer to the Right than I: Your Son, I hope, will be a Comfort to me.

Sir Edw. I doubt it not; but consider, if you do not reconcile your self, and reclaim yours, as I tell you, you lop off the Paternal Estate, which is all entail'd for ever upon your Family: For, in the Course he is, the Rever- sion will be gone in your Life time.

Enter Belfond Jun. Truman, Isabella, Teresa and Ruth.

Belf. Jun. Here are my Father and my Uncle: Mask

98 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA*

your selves, Ladies; you must not yet discover who you are.

Sir Edw. Yonder's Ned, and his Friend, with Ladies mask'd: Who should they be?

Sir Will. Whores, Whores; what should they be else? Here's a comfortable Sight again! He is incorrigible.

Sir Edw. 'Tis you that are incorrigible: How ready are you with your Censures!

Belf. Jem. Sir, pardon the Freedom I use with you; I humbly desire Protection for these Ladies in your House: They are Women of Honour, I do assure you, and desire to be conceal'd for some small Time; an Hour hence I will discover all to you, and you will then approve of what I do.

Sir Edw. Dear Ned, I will trust thy Honour, and without any Examination, do as you would have me.

Sir Will. Why, Brother! what a Pox! will you pimp for your Son? What a Devil, will you make your House a Bawdy-House?

Sir Edw. What, will the Must never be gotten out of your old Vessel?—Ladies, be pleas'd to honour my House; and be assur'd, that while you are there, 'tis yours.

[He waits on the Ladies and Ruth.

Belf. Jem. Sir, my Friend and I are just now going to do you Service; I'll pawn my Life to you, Sir, I will retrieve your Rebel Son, and immediately restore him to you; and bring him, as he ought to come, on's Knees, with a full Submission.

Sir Will. You will oblige me: Thou gain'st upon me hourly, and I begin to love thee more and more.

Belf. Jem. There's nothing in the World I aim at now, but your Love; and I will be bold to say, I shortly will deserve it: But this Business requires haste, for I have laid every thing ready; 'tis almost Bed-time. Come, Friend.

[Ex. With Troman.

Sir Will. Well, I'll say that for him, he is a good-natur'd Boy; it makes me weep to think how harsh I have been to him. I'll in to my Brother, and expect the Event.

Enter

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 99

Enter Belfond Senior, Cheatly, Shamwell, and Hackum.

Cheat. I value not Misfortune, so long as I have my dear Friend still within my Arms.

Sham. My dear, dear Cousin! I will hug thee close to me; I fear'd to have lost thee.

Belf. Sen. How happy am I in the truest, the dearest Friends that ever Man enjoy'd! Well, I was so afflicted for you, I was forced to make my self Devilish Bowtie to comfort me.

Cheat. Your Brother has heard of this great Match you are towards: She has to my Knowledge, (for I do all her Law Business for her) fifteen hundred Pounds a Year Jointure, and ten thousand Pounds in Plate, Money, and Jewels; and this damn'd envious Brother of yours will break it off, if you make not haste and prevent him.

Belf. Sen. My dear Friends, you are in the right: never Man met with such before. I'll disappoint the Rogue my Brother, and the old Prig my Father; adad, I'll do it instantly.

Cheat. Come, Squire, haste: Captain, do you follow us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE Changes to Mrs. Termagant's fine Lodgings.

Enter Belfond Senior, Cheatly, Shamwell, Hackum, Parson: Mrs. Termagant and her Servants.

Cheat. Madam, the Time admits of no longer Deliberation; if you take not this Opportunity, my Friend here will be ravish'd from us.

Belf. Sen. Ay, Madam, if you take me not now, you will lose me, Madam; you will consider what you do.

Term. Well, Mr. Cheatly, you dispose of me as you please. I have ever been guided by your wise Advice.

Sham. Come, Parson, do your Office; have you your Book about ye?

Parf. What, do you think I am without the Tools of my Trade?

100. *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Cheat. Can't you come presently to the joyning of Hands, and leave out the rest of the Formalities?

Parf. Ay, Ay: Come, stand forth.

[*Belfond Sen. and Mrs. Termagant stand forth.*]

Enter Belfond Junior, Truman, Constable, Serjeant, and Musqueteers.

Belf. Jun. Here they are: Seize them all.

Cheat. Hell and Damnation! We are all undone.

Belf. Sen. Hands off; let me alone: I am going to be marry'd. You envious Rascal, to come just in the Nick!

Belf. Jun. Brother, be satisfy'd there's nothing but Honour meant to you: 'tis for your Service.

Term. Oh this accursed Wretch! to come in this unlucky Minute, and ruin my Fortune!

Belf. Sen. She has fifteen hundred a Year Joynture, and ten thousand Pound in Money, &c. and I had been marry'd to her in three Minutes.

Belf. Jun. You have scap'd the worst of Ruins; resist not; if you do, you shall be carried by Head and Heels. Your Father will receive you, and be kind, and give you as good an Allowance as ever I had.

Sham. Where's your Warrant?

Const. 'Tis here, from my Lord Chief Justice.

Belf. Jun. Let me see your Bride that was to be. Oh *Mrs. Termagant!* Oh Horror! Horror! What a Ruin have you 'scap'd! This was my Mistress, and still maintain'd by me: I have a Child by her three Years old.

Term. Impudent Villain! How dare you lye so basely?

Belf. Jun. By Heaven, 'tis true.

Term. I never saw him in my Life before.

Belf. Jun. Yes, often, to my Plague. Brother, if I do not prove this to you, believe me not in ought I e'er shall say.

[*Termagant goes to stab as Belfond Jun. Truman lays hold on her.*]

Tru. Belfond, look to your self.

Belf. Jun. Ha! disarm her. This is another show of her good Nature. Brother, give me your Hand, I'll wait

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 101

wait on you; and you will thank me for your Deliverance.

Tru. I am assur'd you will: You are delivered from the most infamous, and destructive Villains, that ever yet took Sanctuary here.

Belf. Jun. And from two Mischiefs you must have for ever sunk under, Incest and Beggary. Those three are only in the Warrant with my Brother, him I'll wait upon, bring you the rest. Hey! the Cry is up; but we are provided.

[A great Noise in the Streets, and the Horn blowing; an Arrest! an Arrest!]

Cheat. Undone! undone! all's lost!

Sham. Ruin'd! for ever lost!

Hack. I am surpris'd, and cannot fight my way through.

Belf. Sen. What, are all these Rogues? and that a Whore? and am I cheated?

Belf. Jun. Even so; come along. Make ready, Musqueteers. Do you take care of my Brother, and conduct him with the rest to my Uncle's House; I must go before, and carry my little Mistress, to make up the Business with her Father.

Tru. I'll do it, I warrant you.

Serjeant. We are ready. *[Exeunt all but Mrs. Term.]*

Term. Oh vile Misfortune! had he but staid Six Minutes, I had crown'd all my Revenge with one brave Act, in marrying of his Brother. Well, I have one Piece of Vengeance, which I will execute or perish: Besides, I'll have his Blood, and then I'll dye contented. *[Exit.]*

SCENE the Street.

Enter Belfond Junior, Cheatly, Shamwell, Hackum, Truman, Constable, Serjeant, Guards.

Tru. What do all these Rabble here?

Const. Fire amongst 'em.

E 3

Serj.

102 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Serj. Present.

[The Debtors run up and down, some without their Breaches, others without their Coats; some out of Balconies; some crying out, Oars, Oars, Sculler, five Pounds for a Boat, ten Pounds for a Boat, twenty Pounds for a Boat. The Inhabitants all come out arm'd as before; but as soon as they see the Musqueters they run, and every one shifts for himself.]

Trs. Hey, how they run!

[Exeunt.]

Enter, in Sir Edward's House, Sir Edward Belfond and Attorney.

Sir Edw. This is the Time I appointed my Son to bring your Daughter hither: The Witness is a most malicious lying Wench, and can never have Credit. Besides, you know an Action will sufficiently stop her Mouth; for, were it true, she can never prove what she says.

Att. You say right, Sir: next to her being innocent, is the concealing of her Shame.

Enter Belfond Jun. and Lucia.

Lucia. And can I live to hear my fatal Sentence of parting with you!—Hold, Heart, a little.

Belf. Jun. It is with some Convulsions I am torn from you; but I must marry, I cannot help it.

Lucia. And must I never see you more?

Belf. Jun. As a Lover, never; but your Friend I'll be while I have Breath.

Lucia. *[To her self.]* Heart, do not swell so. This has awakened me, and made me see my Crime: Oh, that it had been sooner!

Belf. Jun. Sir, I beg a thousand Pardons, that I should attempt to injure your Family, for it has gone no farther yet: For any Fact, she's innocent: but 'twas no Thanks to me, I am not so.—*(If a Lie be ever lawful, 'tis in this Case.)*

[Aside.]

Sir Edw. Come, pretty Lady, let me present you to your Father: Tho', as my Son says, she's innocent; yet, because his Love had gone so far, I present her with fifteen hundred Pounds; my Son and you shall be Trustees for her: To-morrow you shall have the Money.

Belf.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 103

Belf. Jun. You are the best of all Mankind.

Att. All the World speaks your Praises justly.

Lucia. A thousand Thanks, Sir, for your Bounty: And if my Father please to pardon me this Slip, in which I was so far from Fact, that I had scarce Intention, I will hereafter outlive the strictest Nun.

Att. Rise: I do pardon you.

Sir Edw. That's well: And if they be not kind to you, appeal to me. It will be fit for you to go from hence with the least Notice that can be: To-morrow I'll bring the Money. — Who are the Ladies you have entrusted me with, Ned?

[*Ex. Attorney and Lucia.*]

Belf. Jun. *Scrapsall's* Niece and Daughter! The Niece my Father was to give five thousand Pounds for, for his Son: If you will give me leave, I shall marry her for nothing; and the other will take my Friend —

Sir Edw. How Ned! She's a Puritan.

Belf. Jun. No more than you, Sir; She was bred otherwise, but was fain to comply for Peace; she is Beautiful, and Witty to a Miracle! and I beg your Consent, for I will die before I marry without it.

Sir Edw. Dear Ned, thou hast it; but what hast thou done with the *Alsatians*?

Belf. Jun. I have the Rogues in Custody, and my Brother too; whom I rescu'd in the very Minute he was going to be marry'd to a Whore; to my Whore, who plagues me continually. I see my Father coming; pray prepare him, while I prepare my Brother for a Meeting with him; he shall not see me.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir Will. Your Servant, Brother: No News of Ned yet?

Sir Edw. Oh, yes; he has your Son, and the three Rogues in Custody, and will bring them hither: Brother, pray resolve not to lose a Son; but use him kindly, and forgive him.

Sir Will. I will, Brother: And let him spend what he will, I'll come up to *London*, Feast and Revel, and never take a Minute's Care while I breath again.

104 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Enter a Servant to Sir Edward.

Servant. Sir, a young Gentleman would speak with you.

Sir Edw. Bid him come in.

Enter Mrs. Termagant in Man's Cloaths.

Term. If you be Sir Edward Belfond, I come to tell you what concerns your Honour, and my Love.

Sir Edw. I am he.

Term. Know then, Sir, I am informed your Brother, Sir William Belfond's Son, is to marry *Isabella*, the Niece of Mr. *Scrapeall*.

Sir Edw. What then, Sir?

Term. Then he invades my Right; I have been many Months contracted to her, and as you are a Man of Honour, I must tell you, we have seal'd that Contract with mutual Enjoyments.

Sir Will. How! What, was my Son to marry a Whore? I'll to this damn'd Fellow instantly, and make him give up my Articles.

Sir Edw. Have Patience; be not too rash.

Sir Will. Patience! What, to have my Son marry a Whore!

Sir Edw. Look you, Brother, you must stay a Moment.

Enter Belfond Junior.

Sir Will. Oh Ned, your Brother has 'scaped a fine Match: This same *Isabella* is contracted to, and has been enjoy'd by, this Gentleman, as he calls it: He had like to have marry'd a Whore.

Belf. Jun. Yes, he that had; but I will cut the Throat of him that affirms that of *Isabella*.

Term. Sir, I demand the Protection of your House.

Sir Edw. Hold, Son.

Term. What Devil sent him hither at this Time?

[Aside.]

Belf. Jun. I'll bring them to confront this Rogue—
What a Devil's this? Have we another Brother of that Devil *Termagant*'s here? *[Exit.]*

Sir Edw. This is a very odd Story.

Sir Will. Let me go, Brother; 'tis true enough. But what makes Ned concern'd? Sir

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 105

Sir Edw. Let us examine yet farther.

Enter Belfond Junior, with Isabella, Teresa, Ruth, and Truman.

Sir Will. Look, here they are all: How the Devil comes this about?

Term. O, Madam, are you here! I claim your Contract, which, I suppose, will not offend you.

Isabel. What means this impudent Fellow? I ne'er saw his Face before.

Term. Yes, Madam, you have seen, and more than seen me often, since we were contracted.

Isabel. What Instrument of Villainy is this?

Term. Nay, if you deny: Friends, come in.

Enter two Alsatian Affidavit Men.

Friends, do you know this Gentlewoman?

1 Witness. Yes, she is Mr. Scrapeall's Niece.

2 Witness. We were both Witnesses to a Contract of Marriage between you two.

Isabel. Oh impious Wretches! What Conspiracy is this!

Sir Will. Can any thing be more plain? They seem Civil, Grave, Substantial Men.

Belf. Jun. Hold, hold; have I found ye? 'Tis she; it could be no other Devil but her self.

Sir Will. A Woman!

[He pulls off her Peruke.]

Sir Edw. Secure those Witnesses.

Belf. Jun. A Woman! No: She has out-sinn'd her Sex, and is a Devil. Oh Devil, most compleat Devil! This is the Lady I have been so much of late obliged to.

Isabel. This is she that told us the fine Story to-Day.

Teres. I know her Face again: Most infamous, lying Creature!

Term. I am become desperate: Have at thee.

[She snaps a Pistol at Belfond, which only flashes in the Pan; she Ladies Shriek.]

Belf. Jun. Thank you, Madam: Are you not a Devil? 'Twas loaden; 'twas well meant, truly.

Sir Edw. Lay hold on her: I'll send her to a Place
E 5 where

106 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

where she shall be tam'd. I never yet heard of such a Malice.

Sir Will. Dear *Ned*, thou hast so obliged me; thou melt'st my Heart. That thou should'st flee away those Ladies, and save me five thousand Pounds. Now I hope, Madam, my Son *Tim* shall be your Husband without Bargain and Sale.

Isabel. No: I can assure you, Sir, I would never have perform'd that Bargain of my Unkle's: We had determin'd to dispose of our selves before that; and now are more resolv'd.

Teref. We have broken Prison, by the help of these Gentlemen, and I think we must e'en take the Authors of our Liberty.

Isabel. Will not that be a little hard, Cousin, to take their Liberty from them who have given it to us?

Sir Will. Well, I am disappointed, but cannot blame thee, *Ned*. [Truman goes to Teref.]

Enter Belfond Senior.

Sir Edw. Your Son: Pray use him kindly.

Belf. Sen. I have been betray'd, cheated, and abus'd: Upon my Knees I beg your Pardon, and never will offend you more, adad, I will not: I thought they had been the honestest, the finest Gentlemen in *England*; and it seems they are Rogues, Cheats and Blockheads.

Sir Will. Rise, *Tim*. I profess thou makest me weep; thou hast subdu'd me; I forgive thee. I see all human Care is vain; I will allow thee five hundred Pounds a Year, and come and live with Ease and Pleasure: I'll Feast and Revel, and wear my self with Pain and Care no more.

Belf. Sen. A thousand Thanks: I'll never displease you while I live again; adad I won't. — Here's an Alteration! I never had a good Word from him before.

Sir Will. I would have married you to that pretty Lady: but your Brother was too hard for you.

Belf. Sen. She's very pretty; but 'tis no matter. I am in no such Haste, but I can stay and see the World first.

Sir

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 107

Sir Edw. Welcome, dear Nephew, to my House and
mer. And now, my dear Son, be free, and before all this
Company let me know all the Incumbrances you have
upon you.

Belf. Jun. That good-natur'd Lady is the only one
that's heavy upon me; I have her Child in my Possession,
which she says is mine.

Term. Has he my Child! then I am undone for ever—
Oh curs'd Misfortune!

Sir Edw. Look you, Madam, I will settle an Annuity
of a hundred Pound a Year upon you, so long as you
shall not disturb my Son: And for your Child, I'll breed
her up and provide for her like a Gentlewoman: But if
you are not quiet, you shall never see her more.

Term. You speak like a noble Gentleman: I'll strive to
compose my self. I am at last subdu'd, but will not stay
to see the Triumphs———

[Exit hastily.]

Sir Edw. Well, dear Ned, dost owe any Money?

Belf. Jun. No, my dear Father, no: You have been too
bountiful for that; I have five hundred Guineas in my
Cabinet.

Sir Edw. Now, Madam, if you please to accept him for
a Husband, I will settle fifteen hundred Pound a Year on
him in present, which shall be your Jointure. Besides
that, your own Money shall be laid out in Land, and set-
tled on you too. And at my Death, the rest of my
Estate.

Isabel. You do me too much Honour; you much out-
bid my Value.

Belf. Jun. You best of Fathers, and of all Mankind, I
throw my self thus at your Feet; let me embrace your
Knees, and kiss those Hands.

Sir Edw. Come, rise, and kiss these Hands.

Belf. Jun. A long farewell to all the Vanity and Lewd-
ness of Youth: I offer my self at your Feet as a Sacrifice
without a Blemish now.

Isabel. Rise, I beseech you, rise.

108 *The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.*

Teres. Your Offers, Sir, are better much than I could expect, or can deserve.

Tru. That's impossible: The Wealth of both the *Indies* could not buy you from me, I am sure.

Ruth. Come, come, I have been Governess; I know their Minds. Come, give your Hands where you have given your Hearts. Here, Friend *Truman*: first take this.

Teres. My Governess will have it so.

Sir Edw. Joy, Sir, be ever with you: Please to make my House your own.

Isabel. How can I be secure you will not fall to your old Courses again?

Belf. Jun. I have been so sincere in my Confessions, you may trust me; but I call Heav'n to witness, I will hereafter be entirely yours. I look on Marriage as the most solemn Vow a Man can make; and 'tis, by consequence, the basest Perjury to break it.

Ruth. Come, come, I know your Mind too; take him, take him.

Isabel. If Fate will have it so.

Belf. Jun. Let me receive this Blessing on my Knees.

Isabel. You are very devout of late.

Sir Edw. A thousand Blessings on you both.

Sir Will. Perpetual Happiness attend you both.

Belf. Sen. Brother and Madam! I wish you Joy from my Heart, adad I do; tho' between you and I, Brother, I intend to have my swing at Whoring, and Drinking, as you had, before I come to it tho'.

Sir Edw. Here bring in these Rogues.

The Constable brings in Cheatly, Shamwell, and Hackum.
Come, Rascals, I shall take care to see Examples made of you.

Cheat. We have substantial Bail.

Sir Edw. I'll see it shall be substantial Bail: It is my Lord Chief-Justice's Warrant, returnable to none but him: Put I will prosecute you, I assure you.

Cheat. Squire, dear Squire!

Hack.

The SQUIRE of ALSATIA. 109

Hack. Good, noble Squire, speak for us.

Sham. Dear Cousin!

Belf. Sen. Oh Rogues! Cousin! you have cozen'd me; you made a *Putt*, a *Caravan*, a *Bubble* of me: I gave a Judgment for sixteen hundred Pound and had but two hundred and fifty; but there's some Goods they talk of; but if e'er I am catch'd again I'll be hang'd.

Sir Will. Unconscionable Villains! The Chancery shall reliee us.

Sir Edw. I'll rout this Knot of most pernicious Knaves, for all the Privilege of your Place. Was ever such Impudence suffer'd in a Government? *Ireland's* conquer'd; *Wales* subdu'd; *Seotland* united: But there are some few Spots of Ground in *London*, just in the Face of the Government, unconquer'd yet, that hold in Rebellion still. Methinks 'tis strange, that Places so near the King's Palace should be no Parts of his Dominions. 'Tis a Shame to the Societies of the Law, to countenance such Practises: Should any Place be shut against the King's Writ, or *Posse Comitatus*? Take them away and those two Witnesses.

[*The Constable and Watch hale them away.*]

Belf. Sen. Away with 'em; Rogues! Rascals! damn'd Prigs!

Sir Edw. Come, Ladies, I have sent for some Neighbours to rejoyce with us. We have Fiddles: Let's dance a brisk Round or two, and then we'll make a Collation.

[*In the Flourish before the Dance, enter Scrapeall.*]

Scrap. Oh, *Sir William*! I am undone! ruin'd! the Birds are flown. Read the Note they left behind 'em.

Sir Will. Peace; they are dancing; they have dispos'd of themselves.

Scrap. Oh seed of Serpents! Am I cheated then? I'll try a Trick of Law, you Frogs of the bottomless Pit, I will, and instantly — What, Dancing too? then they are fallen indeed.

[*They dance.*] [*Ex. Scrapeall hastily.*]

Sir Edw. Come, Brother; now, who has been in the Right, your or I?

Sir Will. You have: Pr'ythee do not triumph.

Belf.

110 The SQUIRE of ALSATIA.

Self. You. Farewell for ever all the Vice of the Age:
There is no Peace but in a virtuous Life,
Nor lasting Joy but in a tender Wife.

Sir Edw. You, that would breed your Children well,
by Kindness and Liberality endear 'em to you: And teach
'em by Example.

Severity spoils ten, for one it mends:
If you'd not have your Sons desire your Ends,
By Gentleness and Bounty make those Sons your Friends.

[Exeunt Omnes.]



EPI

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Mountford.

YE mighty Scourers of these narrow Seas,
Who suffer not a Bark to sail in Peace,
But with your Tire of Culverins ye roar,
Bring 'em by th' Lee, and rammage all their Store;
Our Poet duck'd, and look'd as if half dead,
At every Shot that whistled o'er his Head.
Frequent Engagements ne'er could make him bold,
He sneak'd into a Corner of the Hold.
Since he submits, pray ease him of his Fear,
And with a joint Applause bid him appear;
Good Criticks don't insult and domineer.
He fears not Sparks, who with brisk Dress and Mien,
Come not to hear or see, but to be seen,
Each prunes himself, and with a languishing Eye,
Designs to kill a Lady by the by.
Let each fantastick ugly Beau and Shape,
Little of Man, and very much of Ape,
Admire himself, and let the Poet 'scape.
Ladies, Your Anger must he apprehends,
And is grown past the Age of making Friends,
Of any of the Sex whom he offends.
No Princess frowns, no Hero rants and whines,
Nor is weak Sense embroider'd with strong Lines:
No Battles, Trumpets, Drums; nor any dye;
No mortal Wound: to please your Cruelty;
Who like not any thing but Tragedy.

With

EPILOGUE.

*With fond, unnatural Extravagances,
 Stalk'd from the silly Authors of Romances.
 Let such the Chamber-Maids Diversion be;
 Pray be you reconcil'd to Comedy.
 For when we make you merry, you must own
 You are much prettier; than when you frown.
 With charming Smiles you use to conquer still;
 The melancholy Look's not apt to kill.
 Our Poes begs you who adorn this Sphere,
 This shining Circle, will not be severe.
 Here no Chit-chat, here no Tea-Tables are.
 The Cant he hopes will not be long unknown,
 'Tis almost grown the Language of the Town.
 For Fops, who feel a wretched want of Wit,
 Still set up something that may pass for it.
 He begs that you will often grace his Play,
 And let's you know Monday's his visiting Day.*



BURR

BURT-FAIR.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted by His

MAJESTY's SERVANTS.

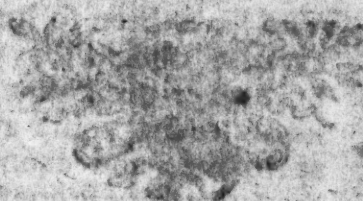


Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

BURFALL

COMEDY

MAJESTY'S SERVANTS



Printed in the Year MDCCXX.



TO
CHARLES

Earl of Dorset and Middlesex,

*Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's
Household, Lord Lieutenant of Sus-
sex, and one of the Most Honourable
Privy-Council.*

My LORD,



Who have been so long and so con-
tinually oblig'd by your Lordship,
have ever fresh Occasions of ac-
knowledging your Favour and Boun-
ty to me, and cannot be silent of
the late great Honour you have done
me, in making me the King's Servant; but must
publish my Gratitude for that, and all the rest of
the great Obligations I have receiv'd. Your Lord-
ship not only makes use of your own Power, but
of that which the King has entrusted you with,
to

Epistle Dedicatory.

to do good to Mankind, which you ever delighted in. And as I am apt to believe, that no Man had ever a great Office conferr'd upon him with more Favour from his Prince, so I am well assured no Man ever receiv'd one with a more general Liking of the People than your Lordship. Nothing but the Service of so great and gracious a King, who so miraculously redeem'd us, and since makes all our Interests his own, could recompence you for the happy Retirement you might enjoy, and wherein you so much delight.

○ This Play, my Lord, I humbly submit to your Lordship's Judgment. I can write nothing worthy of your Acceptance; but I hope your Lordship will give some Indulgence to this, since it was written during eight Months painful Sickness, wherein all the several Days in which I was able to write any part of a Scene amounted not to one Month, except some few which were employ'd in indispensable Business. This is indeed no Excuse in any one who does not write for Necessities of Life.

The Play has met with a kind Reception from all, for ought I hear, but some of the late Loyal Poets, above whose Censure I esteem my self; and from some who are still so fond of the Doctrine of *Passive Obedience* and *Non-resistance*, that they think it a Profanation to bring the very Words into a Comedy.

These are so weak to mistake that for a Point of Divinity, which is indeed a Point of Law; and some of the most vigorous Maintainers of that Doctrine have seen their Error, and not only left off professing it, but have wisely and justly contradicted it in their Practice, by assisting towards our late wonderful Deliverance. And sure there

Epistle Dedicatory.

is no need of any great Measure of Understanding to find out, that, when the Compact on which Government is founded is broken, and those very Laws destroy'd, which were made to secure the People in their Estates, Liberty and Religion, the Law of Nature must take Place, which not only permits, but obliges Mankind to Self-Defence.

I never could recant in the worst of Times, when my Ruin was design'd, and my Life was sought, and for near ten Years I was kept from the Exercise of that Profession which had afforded me a competent Subsistence; and surely I shall not now do it, when there is a Liberty of speaking common Sense, which, tho' not long since forbidden, is now grown current.

I humbly beg your Lordship's Pardon for the Trouble of this Epistle, who am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Monatford.

TO what hard Labours you Comick Writers bind!
Who must at every turn new Humour find;
Tho' the great Masters of the former Age,
Had all the choice of Humour for the Stage;
And they that plenteous Harvest reap'd so clean,
Their Successors can little else but glean.
Frolick and Cockwood yet were good and new;
And the Plain-dealer, and Sir Foplin you
Have seen, and justly have applauded too.
Our Author some new Humour did produce,
But look not for an unexhausted Cruse.
The Task each Day grows harder than before;
For as good Poets have brought forth great Store,
So Fellows of no Genius, with much Toil,
Still Sweat for Humour, which they always spoil:
And by their Hints good Comick Pens prevent,
As Whelps stanch Hounds, by feyling of the Scent.
These wretched Poëtitos, who got Praise
For writing most confounded Loyal Plays,
With viler, courser Fests than at Bear-Garden,
And silly Grubstreet Songs worse than Tom-Farthing.
If any Noble Patriot did excel,
His own, and Country's Rights defending well,
These yelping Currs were straight loo'd on to bark,
On the deserving Man to set a Mark.
These abject, fawning Parasites and Knaves,
Since they were such, would have all others Slaves.

Twos

PROLOGUE.

*Times precious Loyalty that was thought fit,
T' asperse for want of Humility and Wit,
No wonder Common-Sense was all cry'd down,
And Noise and Nonsense swagger'd thro' the Town;
Our Author then oppress'd, would have you know it,
Was silenc'd for a Nonconformist Poet:
In those hard Times he bore the utmost Test,
And now he swears he's Loyal as the best.
Now, Sirs, since Common-Sense has won the Day,
Be kind to this, as to his last Year's Play.
His Friends stood firmly to him when distress'd,
He hopes the Number is not now decreas'd,
He found Esteem from those he valued most:
Proud of his Friends, he of his Foes could boast.
To all you Bury Sparks, he bid me say,
That every Part is Fiction in his Play;
Particular Reflections there are none:
Our Poet knows not one in all your Town.
If any has so very little Wit,
To think a Pop's Dress can his Person fit,
E'en let him take it, and make much of it.*



Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

LORD Bellamy, Mr. Wildish, Mr. Oldwit, Sir Humphry Noddy, Mr. Trim, La Roch, Valet to Mr. Wildish, Charles, Page to my Lord Bellamy, Lady Fantast, Wife to Mr. Oldwit, Mrs. Fantast, Daughter to my Lady Fantast by a former Husband, Mrs. Gertrude, Oldwit's Daughter by a former Wife, Luce, Miss Fantast's Woman, Four Ladies, Butler, Nicholas, Servant to La Roch, Page to La Roch.	Mr. Betterton, Mr. Mountfort, Mr. Underhill, Mr. Noakes, Mr. Bowman, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Boken, Mr. Butler, Mrs. Cory, Mrs. Bousell, Mrs. Mountfort.
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*Milliner, Perfumer, Hosier, Goldsmith, Indian-Gown Man,
 two Jack-Puddings, Gingerbread-Woman, Fruit Women,
 Country Fellows and Wenches, Constable and his Guard,
 Servants and Footmen.*

SCENE St. EDMUNDS-BURT.

B U R T.



BURY-FAIR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Wildish's Lodgings.

Wildish, and his Valet dressing him.

VALET.



NOW, I hope, Sir, you will acknowledge you see a sweet Town, clean, and finely situated in a delicate Air; here I was born, here I suck'd my first Breath.

Wild. Thus every Coxcomb is big with the Praise of the Country and Place of his

Nativity.

Val. All the World says as much of *St. Edmond's-Bury*.

Wild. There is indeed some Truth in this; but 'tis not thou, but the Town, is in the right: for thou wou'dst have recommended the Air of the worst Town in the Hundreds of *Essex*, hadst thou suck'd thy first Breath in it, as thou sayest. But one thing I can tell thee of thy Town, That it can produce a Blockhead.

Vol. IV.

F

Val

Val. You may say what you please of me, Sir; but there are so many fine Gentlemen and Ladies, so gallant, and so well bred, we call it little *London*; and it out-does *St. James's Square*, and all the *Squares*, in dressing and breeding; nay, even the Court it self, under the Rose.

Wild. I doubt not but they are given to out-do, as all Imitators are.

Val. Well, you *London* Wits will never give any Man, nor any Thing, a good Word.

Wild. You impudent Rascal! Wit, say you! What, do you call me Names! I had as lief be call'd a Pick-pocket, as a Wit. A Wit is always a merry, idle, waggish Fellow, of no Understanding: Parts indeed he has, but he had better be without 'em. Your solid Fop is a better Man; he'll be diligent and fawning, always in the Way, and with his Blockhead do his Business at last: But your Wit will either neglect all Opportunities for Pleasure, or if he brings his Business into a hopeful Way, he will laugh at, or draw his Wit upon some great Man or other, and spoil all.

Val. Wou'd I were a Wit, for all that. But, to give you an Example of the Wit and Breeding of our Town, there is the Lady *Fantast*, and her Daughter.

Wild. The most perpetual, impertinent, prattling, conceited, affected Jades, that ever plagu'd Mankind.

Val. Mercy on me! Impertinent! Why, they're the Flower of *Bury*. Is not the young Lady a Beauty too?

Wild. I must confess, God has given her one good Face; but by her most insupportable Affectation, she screws it into twenty bad ones. She has naturally a good Complexion, becoming good Features; and she, by Art, makes her Face look like a new white Wall with a red Lettice.

Val. I hope, you'll grant Mr. *Oldwit* is a fine, facetious, witty, old Gentleman, my Lady *Fantast's* Husband?

Wild. Almost as arrant an Ass, as thou art. He is a paltry old-fashion'd Wit, and Punner of the last Age; that pretends to have been one of *Ben Johnson's* Sons, and to have seen Plays at the *Blackfryers*.

Val. You'll be ston'd in the Streets, Sir, if you talk thus
in

in Bury. I warrant, you will not allow Sir *Humphrey Noddy* to be a Wit, and a fine Gentleman.

Wild. A blunt, noisy, laughing, roaring, drinking Fellow; as troublesome as a Monkey, and as Witless as a Jackdaw: He is, at best, but a Wag.

Val. Well, Sir, say what you please, he is a fine Gentleman, and will make a Man burst a Vein to keep him Company; he has Wit at Will, that's certain.

Wild. If the Rogue had no more Money at Will, he'd dye in a Ditch.

Val. Will no body at *Bury* please you? What think you of Mr. *Trim*? he's accounted the finest Gentleman in all *Bury*, for Breeding and Civility, and the like.

Wild. Now you have hit on't: He is a most compleat and finish'd Fop: Nature has not been Negligent, nor Art been Idle, in his Composition. He is very wise, reserv'd, full of Forms, and empty of Substance; all Ceremony, and no Sense; more troublesomely ill-bred with his Formality, than a high-shoo'd Peasant with his Roughness. Sir *Noddy* and he are two excellent Fops in Consort!

Val. Fops! Mercy upon me! You will be accounted a Mad-man, if you talk thus at *Bury*.

Wild. Yes, among Fools.

Val. Why, they are those that carry all the Town before 'em.

Wild. No doubt on't; I never knew a Town yet, wherein the Fops do not carry all before 'em: They are a numerous, impudent and noisy Party; while the Wise and Ingenious are few, modest and reserv'd. There are Men of Wit, Honour, and Breeding; and Women of great Wit, Beauty, and Ingenuity, and Well-bred too, in this Town, which is really a sweet Town; but these pretend to nothing: Your Pretenders never have any thing in 'em.

Enter Mr. Trim.

Val. Hold, Sir! here is Mr. *Trim*.

Trim. Sweet Mr. *Wildish*! I am your most humble Servant; and cannot but congratulate those auspicious Stars,

that brought you hither, to render this Town, and your Friends in it, happy by your Presence.

Trim. *stands jerking out his Bum, and bowing all the while.*

Wild. You do me Honour, Sir.

Tim. Coming abroad to participate of the Freshness of the Morning, among our *Bury* Gallants; the thrice fortunate Rencontre with one of your Train, put me in mind of paying that Tribute of my Service which I long have wish'd to pay. But my wishes have often been frustrated, for want of that happy Opportunity of kissing your Hands, which I now enjoy.

Wild. Your great Civilities are surprising; really your Generosity is as much beyond my Expectation, as it is above my Merit. — What an Engine is this Pop! [*Aside.*

Trim. It is impossible that we of *Bury*, who, I may say with Modesty enough, have no small Fame for Breeding and Civility, can ever be so obnoxious to that Stupidity, or neglect of either, as not to value the great Honour done to us, and the Cohonestation of us, by your Arrival at *Bury* at this time of the Fair: Which will add to the wonted Gaiety and Splendor of the Place and Season.

Wild. You astonish me with your most admirable Address, and Complaisance: And I think there lives not, among the Race of Mankind, a Person more skilful in all Decencies of Behaviour, Compleatness of Expression, Gestures of Body, Modulations of Voice, and all those Arts of modish Gallantry, which might render a Man the Mirror of Courts, and the Wonder and Example of all other Places. — [*Aside.*] A pox on this Fool in a Frame!

Val. Rarely done on both Sides! Oh how their Tongues are hung!

Wild. Be pleas'd to sit.

Trim. Oh Lord, Sir! while you are on your Feet! Sure I can never live to be blotted with that odious Solacism in Manners. Nay, Sir, I beseech you.

[*They sit down; but Trim. strives to sit down last.*

Wild. Sir, you will catch cold.

[*Wildish makes Signs to put his Hat on, and take his own up. Trim strives again who shall put on his Hat last.*

Trim.

BURY-FAIR.

125

Trim. I had rather catch any Thing than the Infamy of Ill-Breeding.

Wild. Well, Sir, how stand Affairs at Bury?

Trim. Singularly well, Sir; the Amenity of our Situation, together with the equal Temperature of the Climate, produces in us that Serenity of Mind, that Bury seems to be the Habitation of the Graces and the Muses.

Wild. Bury indeed seems to be the Scene of Beauty, Wit and Breeding.

Trim. 'Tis a great Honour to us, to hear this pronounc'd by a Person, who is no less eminent in Wit, than celebrated for Humanity, and Decency of Deportment.

Wild. A Pox on this Puppy! Two more such would drive me out of Bury, before I see my Mistress, the Creature of the World I am most passionately in Love with!

Trim. You, that make so noble a Figure among the nimble and quick Spirits of the Age, and are such a Top-Wit, that all England rings out your Fame! [Aside.]

Wild. Prythee, Mr. *Trim*, whate'er you do, don't call me a Wit; 'tis good for nothing in this Age, but to undo a Man: I shall be hunted for a wild Beast. But pray, what Lady rides Admiral here at Bury?

Trim. O Lord! who should but Madam *Fantast*, the sweet Lady *Fantast*'s Daughter? a Paragon of Beauty, and a Mirror of Wit and Breeding! At once the Bury and Wonder of the Sex and Age! She bears the Flag of Wit and Breeding on the main Topfail of her Beauty. (A pretty Trope!) [Aside.]

Wild. How does Mr. *Oldwit*'s young Daughter? I saw her in London last Easter-Term: She is the prettiest charming Creature my Eyes ever beheld!

Trim. She is indeed a pretty Bud of Beauty; and if she blossoms under the Sun-shine of my Lady *Fantast*'s Favour, and her Daughter's Example, she will flourish; otherwise not.

Wild. Very concise and dogmatical, [Aside.]—You are a great Servant of Mrs. *Fantast*'s. [To him.]

Trim. !! I am her humble Admirer, her Adorer: I call her *Dorinda*, and she honours me with the Name of *Emilius*. I visit her daily.

Wild. Nick-Names and Visits! then there's somewhat more between you, I faith, Mr. *Trim*.

Trim. Upon my Honour, nothing but a certain creeping Correspondence; a Conversation that savours somewhat of Gallantry, mix'd now and then with Ombre, Crimp, Comet, or Incertain; and sometimes we read an Author, or so.

Wild. Or so? Hark in your Ear.

Trim. Sir, I am astonish'd to think I should be obnoxious to that Infelicity to be so mistaken; And I must tell you, Sir, I scorn your Words.

Wild. I did not think it had been a Dishonour to a Man to lye with a pretty Woman.

Trim. I would not for the whole World: Nor ever did— Mistake me not— unless I was marry'd.

Wild. What a Devil do we all run after 'em, and keep 'em Company for, and dance, and play the Fool, but in *ordine ad?*

Trim. I visit all the Ladies for their Conversation, for the Excellence of their Conversation.

Wild. Conversation! That is so frivolous, it were not to be born, but for something else that shall be nameless: And I'll tell you one Thing, Mr. *Trim*; that any Woman you keep company with, who does not think you have a Mind to lye with her, will never forgive you, to my Knowledge.

Trim. Their Conversation does infinitely transcend Mens, I assure you: I have study'd the Sex.

Wild. I'll tell you one Thing more; That you must never be alone with a Woman, but you must offer, or she knows you care not for her: Five to one, but she grants: But if she does not care for you, but denies, she's certain by that you care for her, and will esteem you the better ever after.

Trim. Oh uncharitable Sentence!

Wild.

Wild. Come, you and I'll sup together, and be merry; and two or three Bottles will make you freer, and more open-hearted.

Trim. I never sup: We of the better Rank never sup at Bury.

Wild. How? not sup!

Trim. No.

Enter Mr. Oldwit, and Sir Humphrey Noddy stealing in.

Wild. Nor drink a Bottle!

Trim. Never between Meals: We do indeed divert ourselves with some Milk-Pottage in the Evening; that's all.

Sir Humph. Now, now, this Rogue's my Rival: I shall teaze him, e'er I have done with him.

[He plucks the Chair from under Trim, and gives him a devilish Fall: Oldwit and he laugh immoderately.]

Oldw. Sir Humphrey, forbear; I pray forbear: You'll be the Death of me.

Wild. How now? what, will not this Fool cut the other Fool over the Pate? Shall I have no Sport with 'em?

Oldw. I shall break a Vein, if I keep you Company, you arch Wag you!—Mr. *Wildish*, I am come to kiss your Hands: You are welcome to *Bury-Fair*.

Wild. Sir, I am your most humble Servant: You Honour me with this Visit.

Sir Hum. Dear *Ned*, let me kiss thee! Ah, *Ned*, that Night I saw thee at *Newmarket*!

Wild. Which was the first Night I ever saw the Puppy.

[Aside.]
Sir Humph. I shall never forget it: Ah, 'twas the merriest Night!

Wild. Ay, 'twas so: We talk'd of nothing but Cocks, Dogs and Horses.

Sir Hum. Not a Word. 'Twas the bravest Night! But I was too hard for, and out-vapour'd all the Jockeys and Cockers; and after that I hunted over a Bottle. Here *Fowler*! hey *Venus*! and we roared so 'till four in the Morning; that, Gad take me, between you and me, I was deaf on both Ears for three Weeks after; I have

scarce recover'd one Ear yet. I would give fifty Pound for such another Night.

Trim. Sir, I must tell you, your Deportment is very indecent, and favours much of ill Breeding: And I wou'd desire you wou'd please to explain your self, in this Particular:

Sir Hum. Puh! Waggersy, meer Waggersy. Dear *Jack*, kifs me: Honest *Jack*, I love to be familiar with my Friends. *Jack*, *Jack*, dear *Jack*! nowns *Jack*!

Trim. *Jack*, *Jack*, *Jack*! Familiar! I must tell you, Sir, I cannot brook the Roughness of your Demeanour; the Consequences whereof may produce those Effects, as may not be agreeable to those Decencies requir'd in Conversation. But I shall at present take my leave, and visit Ladies——Sir, I kifs your Hands.

Wild. Sir, your most humble Servant.

Trim. Mr. *Oldwit*, I am your most faithful Servant.

[*Ex. Trim.*
Oldw. Your Servant, sweet Mr. *Trim.*——Well, Sir *Humphrey Noddy*, go thy ways; thou art the archest Wit and Wag! I must forswear thy Company; thou'lt kill me else.

Sir Hum. Hang't! a por on't! what is this World worth, without Wit, and Waggersy, and Mirth? I love to be merry.

Wild. Plague on him! his Mirth is the melancholiest thing in the World. [*Aside.*

Sir Hum. You saw, Mr. *Wildish*, how I run down Fellows at *Newmarket*, with my Jests and my Tricks: They took me for a Put; but I out-roar'd 'em all, I faith; and cou'd have put 'em all in a Mouse-Hole.

Wild. How does my Lord, your dear Friend and Patron?

Sir Hum. Oh, Sir, his Lordship is in good Health. He is no body without me, poor Man: He loves Wit, and good Company. I'll tell you, I'll tell you——

Oldw. Now we shall hear some Wit and Waggersy!

Sir Hum. T'other Day we were a Hunting, and at a cold Scent; One of his Gentlemen being alighted, stood by

by a Plash of Water: I sneak'd behind, and push'd him, I vow to Gad, up to the Knees.

Oldw. Good, Good! Ha, ha, ha.

[Oldwit is big with Laughter, then roars out:]

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha. But if you had seen his Lordship laugh! the Water trickled down his Honour's Cheeks: then one *Jeremy* stood staring; I called him loudly and suddenly, and held my Fingers thus: He turn'd suddenly, and hit his Nose such a Bump, that all the Blood gushed out. Ha, ha, ha.

Oldw. Look you there! Ha, ha, ha. Well, well.

Sir Hum. But if you had seen his Honour chuckle and laugh, till he was black in the Face! I twirl'd another Fellow's Hat over a little River, that was not Navigable; and he was forc'd to go a Mile about to fetch it: I thought my Lord wou'd have kill'd himself! He desired me at last to forbear; he was not able to endure it.

Wild. My Lord is a very merry Man.

Sir Hum. Ay, Gad take me, as any's upon the Face of the Earth. But how goes Wit at London?

Oldw. You are the chief Genius, the high Wit of the Age.

Wild. Pr'ythee, Mr. *Oldwit*, lay not that to my Charge; you had as good accuse me of Felony.

Oldw. Ne'er talk of that; your Pen has betray'd you: and we look upon you here, to be the choicest Wit of the Times.

Sir Hum. And, i'faith, we can show you Wit at Bury too.

Wild. What a Devil, you wont make a Wit of me, in spight of my Teeth, will you?

Oldw. No, Nature has made you a Wit. Why do you take it ill? I think it the greatest Honour can be done to a Man. I my self, simple as I stand here, was a Wit in the last Age: I was created *Ben Johnson's* Son, in the *Apollo*. I knew *Fletcher*, my Friend *Fletcher*, and his Maid *Joan*: Well, I shall never forget him; I have sup'd with him, at his House on the *Bankside*: He lov'd a fat Loyn of Pork of all things in the World: And *Joan* his Maid,

had her Beer-glass of Sack; and we all kiss'd her, i'faith, and were as merry as pass'd.

Wild. This was enough to make any Man a Wit.

Oldw. Puh! this was nothing. I was a Critick at *Black-fryers*; but at *Cambridge*, none so great as I with *Jack Cleveland*: But *Tom Randolph* and I were Hand and Glove: *Tom* was a brave Fellow; the most Natural Poet!

Sir Hum. They were brave Fellows; but you Wits, now-a-days, out-top them all.

Wild. Zounds! I will have nothing to do with Wit, I tell you.

Oldw. Pshaw, pshaw! but as I was telling you, you have seen many pretty things, that were written in those Times, that were mine. For Example: One *Mr. Murial*, a Fellow of *Pembroke-Hall*, had a Horse dyed; I writ this upon it.

*Now Cruel Mors
Has taken the Horse
Of Mr. Murial:
Ye Scholars all
Of Pembroke-Hall,
Come to his Burial.*

Ha! hum! hum! Nay, I was good at Epitaphs, both for Man and Beast.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha; admirable good, i'faith, *Mr. Oldwit*!

Wild. Why, this was Wit all over! You were an arrant Wit!

Oldw. And that Translation-too was mine.

*Mittitur in disco mihi Piscis ab Archiepisco.
Po. non ponatur, quia potus non mihi datur.*

*I sent a Fish
In a great Dish,
To the Archbishop.
Hop was not there,
Because he gave me m Beer.*

Sir

[*Sir Hum. sneaks behind, and pins him and Wild. together*

Was not that Lucky? Ha? Hum! anon!

Wild. Most incomparable!

Oldw. I was such a Rakehell, I wou'd needs be a Wit. My Friends soon perceiv'd I could not be a Divine; so they sent me to the Inns of Court; and there, i'faith, I pepper'd the Court with Libels and Lampoons: my Wit was so bitter, I 'scap'd the Pillory very narrowly, between you and I. But then, for good Language and strong Lines, none out-did me.

Wild. Why, thou wert a most plaguy Wit indeed!

Oldw. Ay, Faith; and the Poets were so in awe of me! You must know, I was a devilish biting Fellow: Why; we had a couple of your Poets here. *Sir Humphrey* and I made nothing of 'em, i'faith.

Sir Hum. Gad take me, they were but silly Fellows; and yet, they say, they were Cock Poets.

Wild. That may very well be: we have Poets, as pretty Fops as any about Town; and are fitter for Subjects of Comedies, than Authors of any thing.

Enter Oldwit's Man.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Bellamy* is come to Town: and my lady bid me tell you, she has invited him to Dinner.

Oldw. Ha! my Lord come to Bury!—Gad forgive me; what's the matter? ha?

Wild. What's this? what, are we link'd together?

Oldw. Oh, you Wag, you Wag! this is *Sir Humphrey*!—Ha, ha, ha.—You'll never give over.

Sir Hum. No, faith; not I.

Oldw. Go home: I'll follow you.

[*Exit Servants.*]

Mr. Wildish, pray honour my House at Dinner.

Wild. I will; my Lord *Bellamy's* my great Friend;

Oldw. You shall have *Sir Humphrey* too; i'faith, we'll be merry, and turn the House out of the Window.

Sir Hum. And I will roar, roar most exceedingly.

Oldw. Your humble Servant.

Sir Hum. Your Servant, Sir; we shall see you?

[*Exeunt Hum. and Oldw.*]

Wild.

Will. I will wait on you. — Here, Roger, my Gloves, Handkerchief, and my Sword. My dear *Bellamy* in Town! This is a Happiness I dream'd not of: I thought he had been retir'd from the World, and wou'd not come to so publick a Place. You *Puppy*, these are your Wits, and fine Gentlemen, I have been plagu'd with! A curse on 'em! What must I undergo for the sake of my Love!

Val. I took 'em, Sir, and so do most here, for fine Gentlemen; but I wonder Mr. *Oldwit* is so merry after his Disaster: And yet Sir *Humphrey* wou'd make a Man burst.

Will. What Disaster?

Val. Why, Sir, his eldest Daughter, a great Fortune by her Mother, (his first Wife; for he has had three) about four Months since fled, the Night before he was to have marry'd her to a fine *Bury* Gentleman.

Will. I heard so; but she has sent a Letter, to let him know, that she will not before'd to marry: And for that end, she will not appear till the Day after she's at Age to dispose of her self; and that then she will: and is in the mean time safe, beyond his Enquiry.

Val. The young Daughter is a great Fortune by her Mother, who was an Heiress.

Will. He has had a lucky hand at Heiresses: But I must find out my dear *Bellamy*. [Exit.

SCENE, Lord Bellamy's Lodging.

Enter Bellamy and Page.

Bell. My Kinswoman, who recommended thee, *Charles*, to my Service, told me, thou wert a young Gentleman of the North, whom she knew and was of Kin to, and that thou hadst left thy Guardian for harsh Usage: And she engag'd me to conceal and protect thee.

Charles. I can assure your Lordship, I have done nothing that can make you blush to own me.

Bell. I believe thee; my Kinswoman made me give my Word to inquire no farther; and I have kept it.

Charles. You have, my good Lord.

Bell

Bell. I see thy Education has been good, and find thou art a virtuous Boy, and so ready in thy Service, thy Diligence has almost out-flown my Thoughts; yet it has kept pace with my Desires: and every thing thou dost, thou seem'st to do with Pleasure.

Charles. I shou'd be wicked else, having so excellent a Lord and Master.

Bell. I use thee not, as other Noblemen do their Pages, who let Gentlemen's Sons ride at the Tails of their Coaches, crowded with rascally Footmen: 'tis a French Mode. They used formerly to give 'em the same Education with their Sons, which made their Fortunes; and 'twas a Preferment then, for a Gentleman's younger Son: Now, they are bred to Box and Dice, and Cheat with the Footmen; after they're out of Livery, perhaps they turn to the Recreation of the High-way; or the top of their Fortune is to take up in some Troop, and there's an end of 'em.

Charles. I must confess, your Usage of me has been so Noble, that all the Service of my Life can never make Return.

Bell. Thou art too grateful. Thou charm'st me too with thy pretty Voice: I'll breed thee up to be my Friend. But, pr'ythee, what's the Reason that thou, who hast been ready to fly at my Command, hast seem'd to be uneasy, and unwilling, to come to Bury?

Charles. 'Tis the publick time of the Fair, when Men of all Countries flock hither; and, as I told your Lordship, I was afraid of being discover'd, and that my Guardian wou'd find me out, and seize me: And, Heaven knows, I had rather dye than leave so good a Lord.

Bell. Kindest of Youths, I love thee so, I will not part with thee, let who will discover thee.

Charles. My kind, good Lord, let me kiss your Hands.

Bell. Besides, thou need'st not be seen in the Fair; only I am to dine at Mr. Oldwit's to-day.

Charles. At Mr. Oldwit's? what do I hear?

[*Aside*
Bell.]

Bell. Thou art my little Friend; I come to make Love to his Daughter: She knows me not; but I have seen her, and am extremely taken with her: the old Man and I am agreed. I must entertain her with some Musick: I know thou'lt lend me thy Voice.

Charles. Oh Heaven and Earth! what killing Words are these! Ah me! [Aside.]

Bell. Why dost thou sigh?

Charles. If your Lordship marries, as no Lady sure can resist you. I shall be cast off.

Bell. Pr'ythee think not so, dear Boy; thou art too secure of my Kindness for that.

Charles. I ne'er shall please your Lady. Besides, the Ladies never can endure their Lord's Favourite-Servants.

Bell. I give thee my Hand, I'll never part with thee, till thou quitt'st me.

Charles. I'll quit my Life, when I do that. — Oh fatal Hour, wherein I saw those Eyes! How many Years of Misery are like to hang upon it! [Aside.]

Enter Wildish.

Bell. Ned! my dear Ned! welcome to my Arms! This is a happy Surprise.

Wild. My dear *Bellamy*! my dear Peer! I could not embrace a Mistress with more Ardour! I thought you had been so retir'd, I had lost you.

Bell. That was your Fault: I have as pleasant a House and Seat as most in *England*; that is thine as much as mine, Ned.

Wild. But 'tis in the Country; a pretty Habitation for Birds and Cattel. But Man is a herded Animal, and made for Towns and Cities.

Bell. So many Pens of Wild Beasts upon two Legs, undermining, lying in wait, preying upon, informing against, and hanging one another: A Crowd of Fools, Knaves, Whores, and Hypocrites.

Wild. Hey, my Renegado Country-man! thou hadst once the Respect due to good Wine, fine Women, Musick, Wit and Sense, and true Pleasure.

Bell.

Bell. For good Wine; I could never be Drunk, but I did some mad thing or other, which made me ashamed to shew my Face. For Women; those, that were worth the having, were hard to come by, and harder to put off: besides, the immorality of the Matter gave me anxiety of Mind; I saw Men of Wit, when they came to Understanding, gave it over: and, when a thing must be done, 'tis best to do it quickly.

Wild. Thou may'st as well say, since we must dye, let's hang our selves now: No; that's time enough, when we are weary of living. At our Years, leave Women and Conversation!

Bell. He that debauches private Women is a Knave, and injures others: And he that uses publick ones, is a Fool, and hurts himself. And for Conversation, 'twas all run into Parties and Politicks, and become Dull and Dangerous: The Living were such Knaves, I was resolv'd to converse with the Dead, in my Study.

Wild. But, in this late Scene of Action, the Knaves are pretty well laid open: and, for all those Parties, we cou'd meet with choice Company, truly honest, and with whom good Wit and Sense was stirring, and would pass for currant.

Bell. Wit and Sense may pass in a Room with honest Fellows, but Noise and Nonsense always carry it in the World.

Wild. Pox on this dull Wisdom at our Age! 'tis as unseasonable as Snow in the *Dogdays*. Canst thou think, my dear Peer, that thy Philosophy can tame the Vigour of my Appetites?

Bell. I will no more suffer my Appetites to Master me, than Fire and Water; they are good Ministers, while they can be kept under.

Wild. I'd not give a Farthing for an Appetite that can be curb'd: My *Stoia*, I'd have my Appetites high mettled, and run away with me.

Bell. And I must always think a Man a Slave, till he has conquer'd himself: For my part, I had almost as lief be in Subjection to another's Appetite, as to my own.

Wild.

Wild. This is Spleen, Wind in the Hypochondriacks pent: Why, thou wilt Prophesie at least.

Bell. Come, dear *Ned*, we'll debate this Matter at more Leisure: Time will make you of my Mind: For I observe, all Men of Wit reclaim; and only Coxcombs persevere to the end of Debauchery. But prythee, what makes thee heresabouts? I'll lay my Life, there's some Wench or other in the way.

Wild. May be, that may be somewhat; but at present I come to ease my self from the Swearing, Lying, Roaring, Vapouring, Cozening, Noise and Tumult of New-market: But I thought thou hadst renounc'd all Crowds, and should as soon have expected a Hermit here.

Bell. A little time may satisfy you I have reason.

Wild. Ha! *Bell*, what pretty Boy is this? ha!

Bell. He is a Gentleman's Son, he serves me at present. I'll tell thee more *entre nous*: But, in the mean time, he and my little Consort shall entertain you. [Exit Charles.]

Wild. This is somewhat.

Bell. I will not live like an ordinary Hunting, Hawking Puppy; I'll have my City Pleasures in the Country: Of which good Mofick being one, I'll spare some Rogues, some Dogs, and Horses, to have that good.

Enter Charles with Instruments.

Wild. I have been visited this Morning, by three most confounded Fops, that ever plagued me yet; and they talk'd of nothing, but the Wit and Breeding of *Bury*: *Trims*, Sir *Humphry Noddy*, and Mr. *Oldwis*.

Bell. There are those things in *Bury*; but as 'tis in Religion, least among those who talk of them most; Men are always proudest of their Follies, and keep their Strengths conceal'd: If a Fellow has but a difficulty of Speaking, or Stutters, his Tongue will never lye still.

Wild. A Fellow that has one Leg shorter than another, will never stand still; but Hop, hop, hop, round, round, round.

Bell. Observe any Fellow that has a stinking Breath, as if a Voice were not intended to be heard but smelt, will speak in your very Nose: and turn round as often as you will,

will, he turns with you, and your Nostrils must have in.
Come, begin.

S O N G.

Wild. 'Tis very pretty, and delicately sung.

Bell. Now I have got thee in the Country, I'll carry thee to my House, and make a Convert of thee.

Enter La Roch a French Peruke-maker, with his Man.

Wild. Hey! *La Roch*, what makes you here?

La Roch. Serviteur, Monsieur; my Lor, vot Serviteur: I see your Laquais below, dat make me come up to kiss your Hands.

Bell. How now, Monsieur Cutboard? what makes you at Bury-Fair?

La Roch. Dis is de place dat is Fameux for de pretty Garl wid de cheveux blond, de farie haire: my Man and I come for buy de wite lock, indeed to gette de Monce to makes de Pot Boyle, my Lor.

Wild. A Thought comes into my Head: It shall be so. I will have some Diversion while I am here.

La Roch. Dat bee de last Peruke I stude your Lordship? Begar, is fine Aire, curl delicate, morbleu: You talke o' de *Chedreux*, he is no bodée to mee; dere is no Man can Travaille wid mee; Monsieur *Wildish* has gotto my Peruke on his Head: Let me see, here is de Haire, de Curle de bouckle, ver good, ver good. If dat Fool *Chedreux* make de Peruke like mee, I vil be Hange.

Wild. Hold, good Monsieur Snip-snap, I have another Employment for you: Were you ever here before?

La Roch. No.

Wild. That's well; I must have you be a French Count. I remember we had a Count *de Brion* at London, pass'd upon the choicest Sparks, and best-bred Men and Ladies: I will have this Fellow pass upon the Fops of Bury, and amuse the wiser sort.

Bell. You will never be without some mad Frolick, or other: But this, certainly, must be very pleasant.

Wild. Of all Female Creatures, my Aversion is to the Lady *Fanning*, and her affected, conceited, disdainful Daughter.

Daughter: I will have this Fellow personate a *French Count*, and make Love to the Daughter.

La Roch. Ha, ha, ha, de *French Count*! dat be ver well: Ha, ha! Make de Love! begar, I come for make de Monce. Love! Monbleu, de *French Count* spende de Monce, de *French Peruke-maker* make de *French Count*, he loose de Monce.

Wild. You shall lose no Money, you Puppy; my Man is acquainted with all this Country, and shall help your Man to buy the Wenches Hair, the pretty'st Wenches in England; and if you be a *French Count*, you shall have the Wenches too; all the Town will run after you: You'll be courted by every body, feasted, and invited to Balls, and all Meetings; but the Lady *Fantast*, and her Daughter, will be mad after you.

La Roch. Ha, ha, ha; de *French Count*! ver well indeed, ha, ha; I make de *French Count*! Begar, Monsieur, I have de Count of my Familie, I am a Gentleman of *France*. Indeed my Parents did condiscnt to lette me make de *Peruke*, for I delighted in it.

Wild. Go, you Rogue; you shall do this, I am resolv'd on't, or I'll cut your Throat. You shall have Cloaths and Ornaments of me; here are wholesale Men; three or four Suits for Footmen will do, and we'll help you to the Men too. I'll bear all the Charges; I'll do it, if it cost me a hundred Pound.

Bell. Are you in earnest?

Wild. Ay, by Heaven, it shall be. You shall be call'd *Monsieur le Count de Chevenus*; you shall be entertain'd like a Prince: The Women will lye with you, as if the Devil were in them.

La Roch. Hah! dat be ver good indeed! I was not bred to make *Peruke*, it vas for my Diversion I did ittē: I spent my Time among de Gens de Quality in de Academy.

Will. Yes, to shave them; thou true Picture of a *French Scoundrel*.

La Roch. Dere I did appen to kille de Count for my Honour.

Wild.

Wild. Then there is a Count missing: you shall supply his Place.

La Roch. I flay, dey seise on my Land and my Chatteaux; and begar, it vas ver well for me dat I did delight in make de Peruke, ven I vas young indeid.

Wild. This good Breeding of yours will qualifie you excellently. Why, you'll be ador'd by the Ladies: But, of all, I charge you to court Mrs. *Fantast*; commend her Wit and Breeding.

Bell. Suppose she falls in Love with him in earnest!

Wild. I'd give a hundred Pound to see that. Well, *Monsieur le Count*, let's to my Lodging, and sit you for this Enterprize.

La Roch. Hold, hold: If dey find me out, vil dey not wippen de French Count? Begar, I no love to be wippen.

Wild. Upon my Honour, I'll protect you.

La Roch. Vel, vel; no more to be said: I am *Monsieur le Count de Cheveux*. *Serviteur, Monsieur my Lor, vas tres humble Serviteur.*

Fa, la, la, la. [Sings.]

Wild. Come, my Lord, your humble Servant; we are to meet at Dinner: I must be about this Business, my Heart is set upon it; 'twill make an Admirable Farce.

Bell. Get thee gone, Ned; thou art a mad Fellow: I'll go and take a little Air.

La Roch. *Allons Monsieur*: Fa, la, la, la, la.

If my wife Conduct you please to rely on,

I'll make as good a Count, as Count de Brien.

[Exeunt.]

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Mr. Oldwin's House.

Enter Mrs. Gertrude.

Gert. WELL, I am weary of the Life I lead here; never poor Creature was so teaz'd, as I am still with my Step-mother and her Daughter, the old Cuckoo and the Young, that tire me continually with the same Notes of Wit and Breeding: And having themselves nothing but Folly and Affectation, are always reproaching me for want of Both.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Madam, my Lady Madam Fantast, having attir'd her self in her Morning Habiliments, is ambitious of the Honour of your Ladyship's Company, to survey the Fair.

Gert. Here's a foul Copy of one of 'em: I see, this Folly is contagious. [*Aside.*] Tell her, I'll wait on her.

Luce. She will suddenly arrive at this Place, where she desires an Interview may be betwixt you.

Gert. I will haste for my Hoods and Gloves, and the rest of my Moveables, and be here instantly. [*Exit Gert.*]

Luce. A fine young Lady this, if she had but half the Wit and Breeding of my Lady.

Enter Lady Fantast, and her Daughter Mrs. Fantast.

Madam, Mrs. Gatty will kiss your Ladyship's Hands here incontinently.

L. Fan. Come, my sweet Daughter, consider what I have said. Thou art in thy Maturity of blooming Age; I have bred thee to the very Achme and Perfection of Bury Breeding, which is inferiour to none in this our Island; Dancing, Singing, Guittar, French Master: And I'll say that for thee, my Jewel, thou hast sacrific'd all thy

thy Endeavours to attain thy Education; which, corroborated by thy Acuteness of Parts, have render'd thee exactly accomplish'd, and, together with the Excellency of thy Beauty, justly admir'd by the amorous Males, and envy'd by the malicious Females.

Mrs. Fan. To all that, which the World calls Wit and Breeding, I have always had a natural Tendency, a passion, deriv'd, as the Learned say, *Ex tractu*, from your Ladyship: Besides, the great Prevalence of your Ladyship's most shining Example has perpetually stimulated me, to the sacrificing all my Endeavours towards the attaining of those inestimable Jewels; than which, nothing in the Universe can be so much a *man gré*, as the French say. And for Beauty, Madam, the Stock I am enrich'd with, comes by Emanation from your Ladyship, who has been long held a Paragon of Perfection: Most *Charmant*, most *Thun*.

L. Fan. Ah, my dear Child: Alas, alas! Time has been, and yet I am not quite gone; but thou hast those Attractions, which I bewail the want of: Poetry, *Latin*, and the French Tongue.

Mrs. Fan. I must confess, I have ever had a Tenderness for the Muses, and have a due Reverence for *Helicon*, and *Parnassus*, and the Graces: But Heroick Numbers upon Love and Honour are most ravissant, most suprenant; and a Tragedy is so Touchant! I die at a Tragedy: I'll swear, I do.

L. Fan. I must confess, my Dear, thy Wit has more of Notoriety than thy Beauty; since the pretty various Diversions of thy Pen have transmitted the Fame of thy Wit beyond the narrow Limits of an Island. But it is now high time to manifest thy Judgment, in the Disposal of thy Person; and thou hast rejected a Multitude of Lovers.

Mrs. Fan. I am so much indebted to Nature and Education, that I am resolv'd not unequally to dispose of that Person, which (without Vanity I may say) Nature by its genuine Bounty, and Art by its friendly Additions, have render'd not *disagrecable*, or void of *Amis*: But all want

of Wit and Breeding does affect me with that unconquerable *Chagrin*, that, oh Gud, I cannot suffer such *Fellows*.

L. Fan. Mine own dear Daughter, to a Hair! And, I must confess, we are troubled enough with it in Mr. *Oldwit*, his Daughter, and his Companions: Had not my Jointure been somewhat entangled, I had never had him: But Mr. *Trim* is as fine a Gentleman, as the Sun in all his Circuit sees.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, my *Eugenius*! he is a finish'd Piece of Humanity; but has not the Estate I wou'd have.

Lady Fran. Sir *Humphrey Noddy*——

Mrs. Fan. Has a very good Estate, but wants the noble Accomplishments of my *Eugenius*, whom I intend to preserve for my *Platonick* Servant.

Enter Mrs. Gertrude.

Sweet Madam *Gatty*, I have some Minutes impatiently expected your Arrival, that I might do my self the great Honour to kiss your Hands, and enjoy the Favour of your Company into the Fair; which I see, out of my Window, begins to fill apace.

Gert. I got ready as soon as e'er I cou'd, and am now come to wait on you.

L. Fan. Oh, fie, Daughter! will you never attain, by mine, and my dear Daughter's Examples, to a more polite way of Expression, and a nicer Form of Breeding? Fie, fie; I come to wait on you! You shou'd have said; I assure you, Madam, the Honour is all on my Side; and I cannot be ambitious of a greater, than the sweet Society of so excellent a Person. This is Breeding.

Mrs. Fan. Ah, this had been a propos: Observe my Lady.

Gert. Breeding! Why, this had been a *Flam*, a meer *Flam*.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *Mondieu*! this had been delicate & *bien tournée*. Call generous Compliments, *Flams*!

L. Fan. Thus you had shown true Breeding.

Gert. Breeding! I know no Breeding necessary, but Discretion to distinguish Company and Occasions; and
com-

common Sense, to entertain Persons according to their Ranks; besides making a Curfew not awkwardly, and walking with ones Toes out.

Mrs. Fan. Eh Gud, eh Gud!

L. Fan. Let me tell you, you are a pert young Thing: You are a curious Judge indeed of the Art of refined Conversation.

Gert. Art! Conversation ought to be free, easie and natural.

Mrs. Fan. Eh Gud, eh Gud! Sweet Madam, despise not Art. Can there be any Conversation well dress'd, as I may say, without *French* in the first Place to lard it?

Gert. Some Fops indeed think so, that use it in every Sentence.

L. Fan. Nothing is so confident as Ignorance.

Mrs. Fan. *Arts non habet Inimicum prater Ignorantem.*

L. Fan. Look you there: I have bred my Daughter a Linguist.

Gert. A Lady may look after the Affairs of a Family, the Demeanour of her Servants, take care of her Nursery, take all her Accounts every Week, obey her Husband, and discharge all the Offices of a good Wife, with her Native Tongue; and this is all I desire to arrive at: and this is to be of some use in a Generation; while your fantastick Lady, with all those Trappings and Ornaments you speak of, is good for no more than a dancing Mare, to be led about and shown.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *mon Dieu!* pray forbear, sweet Madam, forbear, I am not able to bear this Blasphemy against true Breeding.

Gert. It must needs be pretty *French* one learns of an Irishman at Bury. I believe, 'tis a kind of bastard *French*.

L. Fan. Good Mrs. Gatty, you are very confident.

Enter Oldwit, and hearkens unseen.

Mrs. Fan. Whatever you do, never speak against Art.

Gert. Art stiffens and spoils Conversation, as Painting does Faces: If you hear never so many florid Coxcombs, they speak all alike; and see never so many painted Women, they look all alike.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *mon Dieu!* (*Quel fâcheux!*) Et *qu'est ligné*, &c. Mercury's Statue is not made of every Wood.

L. Fan. Look you, I know your secret Cogitations: Because you are so ill bred as to look like a Tallow Thing, and will not improve your Complexion by Art, you obliquely reflect upon me and my Daughter, for our Melioration of Nature.

Guy. Come, come, Madam; if you be ready, without a Complement, to go to the Fair, I am ready to go with you: but, by my Troth, if you look for Complements, you must get them somewhere else. Come, I'll lead you. [Exit Gertrude.

Mrs. Fan. Ill Breeding, *un dernier point!* Oh, my Chagrin! I kiss your Ladyship's Hands. [Exit Mrs. Fantast.

L. Fan. Oh, Mr. Oldwit, wou'd you had been here, you wou'd have heard a fine deal of ill Breeding from your Daughter Gury.

Oldw. I was here at part of your Discourse, and I heard nothing but good Sense from her.

L. Fan. Nay, she's like you.

Oldw. God take me, I am glad she is not like you.

L. Fan. I know your ill Breeding; but 'tis a Shame you have not better cultivated your Daughter, as I have mine.

Oldw. Cultivate! A pox on your affected Stuff! Thou'd I have made her an affected Ass to be laugh'd at, as you and your Daughter are?

L. Fan. Prodigy of Ignorance! my Daughter and I laugh'd at! Whom even the Court, when we are there, perpetually gaze at and admire; and all the Beauties and Gallants here make their Court to!

Oldw. A great many Flutterers do flock about you indeed, as small Birds wou'd about a Cast of Owls, to wonder at you.

L. Fan. This is most stupendous.

Oldw. A Pox on this perpetual Noise about Wit and Breeding! You made my Daughter by my first Wife run away, with teasing her, and perswading me to be such an Ass to press her to marry one of your formal Fops, against

gainst her Will; and now you are a plaguing this poor Girl, to make her run away too; but I have agreed upon Articles with one that will soon rid you of her.

L. Fan. Most exorbitant and amazing! 'Twere well, if beholding us could do any Good upon her.

Oldw. No doubt it will; as the Sight of the drunken Slaves did upon the *Spartan* Children. — There's Wit, and Reading, for her. [*Aside.*]

L. Fan. Were not we well fortify'd by Art and Nature, we might be obnoxious to the Taint of your and her most unsavory Rusticity. While all the *Beau Monde*, as my Daughter says, are with us, in the Drawing-Room; you have none but Ill-bred, Witless Drunkards with you, in your Smoaking-Room. What Punishment do I deserve, for making Alliance with so much Ill-Breeding!

Oldw. What Plagues have I met with, in marrying an affected old Lady; who, with her Daughter, take themselves to be Wits! Their Tongues never lye still: At Dinner they must have the whole Discourse; at Dinner, the Common-Crier, were he there, could not be heard; no, not another Woman. There's my Friend *Juvenal* for you — Wit and Breeding!

L. Fan. My Daughter and I no Wit, and you have it! this is most astonishing! Ha, ha, ha. If ever you had Wit, it is obliterated, antiquated, and bury'd in the Grave of Oblivion.

Oldw. No Wit! Ounds, now you provoke me. Shall I, who was *Jack Fletcher's* Friend, *Ben Johnson's* Son, and afterwards an Intimate Crony of *Jack Cleaveland*, and *Tom Randolph*, have kept Company with Wits, and been accounted a Wit these Fifty Years, live to be depos'd by you?

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha.

Oldw. Ha, ha, ha. I, that was a Judge at *Blackfriers*, writ before *Fletcher's* Works and *Cartwright's*, taught even *Taylor* and the best of them to speak? I cannot go to *London* yet, but the Wits get me amongst them, and the Players will get me to Rehearsal to teach them, even

the best of them: And you to say I have no Wit! I say, you have not, nor ever had, any Beauty.

L. Fan. Nay, now, Mr. *Oldswin*, I can bear no longer. Shall I, that in my Youth charm'd all the Gallants of that time, even to Fascination; and in my Widowhood, but five Years since, was ador'd by Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and captivated several of their Hearts, be thus calumniated? Know, I have more Beauty than you can make use of.

Oldsw. Indeed, towards you, I am somewhat frigid; but some in the World know I have a Colt's Tooth.

L. Fan. I shou'd serve you right, to have others find out my Colt's Tooth too, though thou canst not.

Oldsw. Thy Tooth! the Devil of one thou hast, but what came out of *Bow-lane*: Three remaining Stumps there are, that look like three broken Pillars in a ruin'd Cloyster. And there's Wit for you now, and a Clinch to boot.

L. Fan. Poor Railing Buffoon! there's Wit! Well, there are some of another Mind, concerning my Beauty.

Oldsw. Pr'ythee take thy Course with them: Whoever commits Adultery with thee, it must be merely the Act of the Devil; there's nothing of the Flesh in it. What a Fox, you and your Daughter are notorious, for out-painting all the Christian *Jezebels* in England.

L. Fan. 'Tis false, rude Fellow; we only use a Wash, and lay on a little Red.

Oldsw. No more does a Wall: But you, for your part, are fain to fill up the Chinks in your rivell'd Skin, as House-Painters do the Cracks in Wainscot, with Putty. Fox on't! you wou'd by Art appear a Beauty, and are by Nature a meer Mummy. There's Wit for you again. 'Gad, I'll pepper you with Wit.

L. Fan. Did I not despise thee for thy want of Wit and Breeding, these barbarous Contumelies would exhaust Tears from my Eyes.

Oldsw. If thou shou'dst cry, it would make Streaks down thy Face; as the Tears of the Tankard do upon my fat Host's Belly-Pieces. There's Wit again for you.

L. Fan.

L. Fan. Farewell, Brute. *[Exit Lady Fantast.*
Oldw. Fare thee well. He that would have the Devil
 more damn'd, let him get him to marry a She-Wit. Now,
 for the Fair. Here! who waits?

Enter a Servant.

Bid the Cook get Dinner within two Hours, at farthest.

SCENE *the Fair, with a great many Shops and
 Shows, and all Sorts of People walk up and
 down.*

Mrs. Fantast, and Gertrude, Mask'd.

Gert. 'Tis pleasant to observe the Mixture of People
 here.

Mrs. Fan. Ah, how pleasant 'twou'd be, it none but
 the *Beau monde* made their *promenade* here! but I hate the
Canaille.

Milliner. What d'ye lack, Ladies? fine Mazarine Hoods,
 Fontanges, Girdles, Sable-Tippets, choice of fine Gloves
 and Ribbands.

Hosier. Stockings, Silk Stockings; choice of Silk Stock-
 ings; very fine Silk Stockings.

Perfumer. All Sorts of Essences, Perfumes, Pulvilio's,
 Sweet-Bags, perfum'd Boxes for your Hoods and Gloves,
 all Sorts of Sweets for your Linnen, *Portugal* Sweets to
 burn in your Chamber. What d'ye lack? What d'ye buy?

Gert. I have no such Contempt for the common Peo-
 ple: They come near Nature, and have no Art or Affe-
 ctation; and there are a thousand Fops made by Art, for
 one Fool by Nature.

Mrs. Fan. Oh fie! *Odi profanum vulgus, &c.*

Indian-Gownman. Fine Morning Gowns, very rich Indi-
 an Stuffs; choice of fine Atlases; fine Morning-Gowns.

Goldsmith. Will you please to Raffle for a Tea-Pot, a
 Pair of Candlesticks, a Couple of Sconces?

Enter Mr. Trim.

Trim. Not all the Clouds assembled in the Firmament
 can hide, or can Eclipse so muffle the Sun, but we poor
 Mortals know it shines, and feel the warm Effects. Why

shou'd *Dorinda* think to blunt her pointed Glories, or conceal the radiant Lustre of her conquering Beams?

Mrs. Fan. I see, to the quick-sighted *Eugenius* nothing is obscure. Nor cou'd *Eugenius* in the dark be hid: That golden Tongue, and that sweet Eloquence wou'd soon reveal him; as the proscrib'd Senator was by his Perfumes betray'd.

Trim. How does the bright *Dorinda* make me blush, when she commends my Eloquence; and in that very Act so much exceeds me!

Mrs. Fan. Fine! very fine! *bien tourné!* that Thought's very *recherchée*. Observe, Madam: This is a true, witty, and well-bred Gentleman.

Ger. Now really, Madam, between you and me, this Man appears to me a most extraordinary shallow Coxcomb, as one can possibly see in a Summer's Day.

Mr. Fan. Eh Gud, eh Gud! poor Soul, I pity thee—but, *assurement*, nothing can be more engaging than the Wit and Breeding of *Eugenius*.

Trim. I see, there is no contending with *Dorinda*: she will have the Ascendant over poor *Eugenius*; his small Pinnacle must strike Sail to her Admiral, Wit.

Ger. These Fops are very happy: For if an Archangel should tell 'em they were Fops, they wou'd not believe it.

[*Aside.*

Tim. Let me present to the fair *Dorinda*'s Hands a little Offspring of my Brain, the Tribute of my Morning-Service.

Mrs. Fan. I was just going to present *Eugenius* with the Issue of my teeming Muse, who was deliver'd this Morning of a Pastoral: I must needs say, she had a good time, for she had an easie Labour; *Aurora Musu amica*. But pray let me read yours first.

Enter Luce.

Luc. Oh, Madam, does your Ladyship hear the News?

Mrs. Fan. What News, *Luce*?

Luc. Oh, Madam, such News, as perhaps may not be ungrateful to your Ladyship's Ears. There is now, even now, arriv'd a noble French Count; the finest Person my
Eyes

Eyes yet e'er beheld: I saw him, heard him speak; he speaks *English*. He has the prettiest charming way! no Lady sure can e'er resist him.

Trim. Who can this be?

Mrs. Fan. Ha! a *French Count*? Oh Lord! I am afraid I am not in order enough: He'll certainly make Addresses to me. How is my Dress?

[*She lets fall Trim's Paper; he stoops to take it up, and offers it her; she neglects it.*]

Luce. Very *French*, and very exact.

Mrs. Fan. The Report of me has certainly brought him hither. Heaven! a *French Count*, say you! Now we shall see Breeding in Perfection: And I am glad I shall have the Opportunity of appearing before so great a Judge.

Gert. How do you know but this *French Count* may be an arrant Coxcomb?

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, Madam, I beseech you, betray not your ill Breeding. A *French Count* a Coxcomb! *Mon dieu!*

Trim. It is not, my *Dorinda*——

Mrs. Fan. When shall our Eyes be blest with the Sight? When, think'st thou, will he make this Place happy?

Luce. My Eyes saluted him first upon the Change: his Landlord, who was with him, told me what he was; from thence I follow'd him to *Cook-row*, and so through the Fair to the Bowling-Green. His Air, his Mien, and his Deportment charm'd me so, I cou'd not leave him: There I saw him ride the Flying Horse, with his Equipage, which much delighted him.

Mrs. Fan. Shall we go to the Bowling-Green? My Expectation is on Tiptoes, 'till I behold him.

Luce. That's a rare Saying! I'll remember that. My Expectation is on Tiptoes! — Madam, he is gone from thence, and said he would be in the Fair presently.

Enter Sir Humphrey Noddy.

Trim. This sudden Indifference towards me seems abrupt and temerarious.

[*The Shop-Keepers cry all their Goods again, one after another, and then all together.*]

1 *Wom.* Fine mellow Pears; fine Burgamy Pears; fine Norwich Pears.

2 *Wom.* Fine Ginger-Bread: very good Ginger-Bread.

Sir Humph. Yonder's my Mistress; I know her, for all her Mask: I'll present her with a Fairing.

[*Sir Humph. buys some Ginger-Bread.*]

Enter several Gentlemen; two Country Wench and two Country Fellows, and People of all sorts, and walk about the Fair.

Sir Hum. Madam, 'tis not a Mask can conceal you from a Lover; whether I see you or no, my Heart will leap up to my Teeth, when ever you come in presence; as a dead Body will bleed at the Arrival of the Murtherer.— Is not that well said, Mr. Trim?

[*Gives Trim. a devilish Kick on the Shins.*]

Trim. 'Sdeath, my Shins!

Mrs. Fan. Mens Hearts seldom come so near their Mouths.

Sir Hum. Madam, let me present you with your first Fairing, a Heart.

Gert. Of Ginger-bread?

Sir Hum. Ay 'faith, pretty Lady.

Gert. Is it a true Image of your own? Did you fit for it?

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha; a very good Jest! Udsbud, there's a Pair of Gloves of the same Mettle, to stop your pretty Mouth. And, Mr. Trim, here's a Wife Cap, befitting your Gravity and the Solidity of your Parts, for you.

Trim. Sir, there's an old Adage, that says, Familiarity breeds Contempt: I am past those *Juvenile* Jokes.

Sir Hum. Alas, poor old Gentleman!—Come, Madam, let us walk, and see the Diversions of the Fair: I warrant you, I'll make you merry.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, this Count! Did you see the Count?

Sir Hum. No; but I hear there's a flaming *French* Beaux come to Town. Will your Ladyship raffle a Bout or two?

Gert. The Activity of this Monkey is as ridiculous as the Gravity of that Baboon.

Enter

Enter Wildish, and walks.

Oh Heaven, *Wildish* here! Down, down, my Heart: Thou foolish Heart, why dost thou flutter so? I see he is thus far a Man of Honour: If all he says in his Letters were as true! And yet I know not whether I shou'd wish it.

Enter Lady Fantast.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, here is the rarest News! Have you heard of the *French Count*?

L. Fan. Ay, my Dear; and therefore am come to bless my Eyes. His Fame is diffus'd throughout the Town: They say, he is the finest Gentleman that ever came to *Bury*.

Wild, Good! It takes as I cou'd wish.

[*Wildish plucks Gertrude by the Sleeve.*

Gert. How now, Sir! who are you?

Wild. One who has lost a Heart, and apprehends you for it.

Gert. You are somewhat free of Carriage.

Wild. Think not, my pretty Mad-cap, that a Piece of Velvet can conceal you: Your Eyes strike at every one you level at, like Lightning through a Cloud.

Gert. Very pretty! Shall I oblige Mr. *Trim* with this fine Expression? he'll give you any Money for it.

Trim. Sir, ———

Wild. Now is this Fop setting out his Bum for a smart Bout at Complement.

Trim. It is so great an Honour to our Town ———

Wild. Sir, your most humble Servant.

[*Wildish turns quick upon his Heels, and leaves Trim bowing.*

Trim. Is this his Breeding? Indeed, when I left him, he led me not to the Door of his Lodging.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, *mon Dieu*! here is that *London Wit*, that is a Laughter and Scoffer! I hear he has made a Lam-poon upon *Bury*. I hate the Fellow.

L. Fan. He a Wit! Mr. *Trim*, or Sir *Humphrey* wou'd make nothing of him.

Wild. Look you, my dear Mad-cap, I must love you, and will love you; say what you can, 'do what you

can, I will always haunt you while I am alive, and never leave you when I am dead.

Gert. Nay hold, good Mr. *Hothead*; I doubt not but our Lives will differ so, that we shall part when we are dead, Sir, whatever we do living: And a sure way to part while we are alive, would be to marry, which Heaven forbid; then it wou'd certainly follow to some purpose.

Wild. The Steel shall sooner willingly desert the Loadstone, than I my pretty Miss.

Gert. You are not sure in Earnest.

Wild. By Heaven, and all the Powers——

Gert. I mind Vows in Love no more than Oaths in Anger. That I were sure once that you were in Love with me.

Wild. There is nothing to prove it to you, which I will not undertake.

Gert. Your Hand upon't.

Wild. My Heart upon't; which here I present you.

Gert. Now have I one to Domineer over. Tremble; for I will make thee such an Example, as shall be a Terror to thy Sex, and revenge all the Insolencies committed upon mine.

Wild. I am prepar'd for all thy Tyranny, good *Semiramis*.

Gert. I will make thee fetch and carry, and come at my Foot, like a Spaniel.

Wild. And I will persevere so, I'll make thee relent, tho' thou wert a Devil.

Sir Hum. Come, Gentlemen and Ladies, come, down Guinea's a-piece, and raffle for a Tea-pot: Come, *Jack Trim*, *Jack*; Mr. *Wildish*, Ladies.

Trim. *Jack!* *Jack!* Ill-bred. For Complaisance and Breeding sake, I'll do't.

Enter Lord Bellamy,

The Lord *Bellamy*! My Lord, I can assure your Lordship, there is not a Person among the race of Mankind——

Bell. Sir, I am your humble Servant. My dear *Ned*! I see, here is all the good Company.

Wild. My dear Lord, I am glad you are come: Here is the best Company in *Bury*.

Bell.

BURY-FAIR. 153

Bell. 'Tis a delicate Morning: I have been sucking in the sweetest Air in England.

Sir Hum. My noble Lord, your most humble Servant! 'Tis indeed very fine Weather; it used to be *Bury-foul*, instead of *Bury-fair*. Is not that a pretty Clinch, *Jack*?

[*He gives him a Rap on the Back.*]

Trim. Sir, let me tell you, there is a Spanish Proverb, which says, *Whogo de manos, whogo de Villanos.*

Sir Hum. Do you call me Villain in Spanish? I shall reckon with you for that.

Bell. I'll put in for a Raffle with these Ladies. Come, Madam, will you Raffle for a Heart?

Gert. No, my Lord; that is usually a light, hollow Thing, and not Sterling neither: I am for massy Plate, that will endure the Touch.

Bell. Mine will endure the strictest Touch. If your Beauty be equal to your Shape and Wit, you conquer all you look on.

Enter Charles.

Charles. What do I see! that is my Sister! He is already fix'd upon my Ruin, my Death.——Sister, I ne'er till now cou'd wish thy Beauty less.——If not discover'd, I am, at least, undone.

Bell. Come, *Charles*, thou shalt Raffle too: Here's a Guinea for him.

Enter Oldwit.

Oldw. My Lord, your Lordship's most humble Servant.

Bell. Sir, I kiss your Hands.

Oldw. What a Pox, is this Puss my Wife here? I'll lay my Life, she hears of the *French Count*: I was in hopes she wou'd have been sullen, and we might have had the House to our selves. Come, come, off with you foolish Masks. My Lord, this is my Wife.

L. Fan. And this is my Daughter. [*Bell. salutes her.*]

Bell. I dare swear, she is. [*Aside.*]

Oldw. Mr. *Wildish*.

[*Wild. salutes L. Fan. and Mrs. Fan.*]
This, my Lord, is my Daughter.

Bell. Madam, your Father has commanded me to do my self the Honour of the World I am most ambitious of.

Gert. You are resolv'd, my Lord, your Ambition shall be no danger to the Government.

Bell. I own no Government, but yours; Others but rule the Body; you, the Mind.

Charles. How can I hear my own sad Funeral Peal?

Oldw. Mr. *Wildish*, my Daughter.

Wild. So, Madam, you have my Heart; 'tis flown; I cou'd not hold it: look to it, and make much on't, and see that it comes to no Damage; I shall require it whole, and safe.

Gert. 'Tis a light one, and always ready to whistle off at any Game; and as ready to be lur'd back again: but, if I have it, I'll use it so, it shall be glad to be gone.

Wild. That Beauty cannot harbour so much Cruelty. O that this Kiss wou'd last to Eternity!

Gert. Raptures are no more signs of Love, than Huffing is of Courage.

[*Sir Hum.* steals to *Oldw.* as he leans upon his Cane, strikes it away, and flings him almost upon his Nose.

Oldw. Oh, you Arch Wag you! are you there? Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Hum. Yes, that I am. Ha, ha, ha. Come, down with your Guinea. Now we have enough for a Tea-Pot, and a pair of Sconces.

Bell. She's delicately handfom as an Angel! what thinkest thou, my Boy?

Charles. With Submission, my good Lord, I think she is mortal: I am not surpris'd with her Beauty. Look narrowly; does she not look like a Shrew?

Bell. No; she is all Sweetness in Perfection,

[*They throw the Dice in Order.*

Charles. I wish you find her not so; Fame whispers somewhat of that kind.

Enter the French Count, with his Equipage. The Shopkeepers all cry their Things. The Count stares about him, munching of Pears.

L. Fan. Daughter, Daughter; yonder comes the French Count! It must be he.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fan. *Mon Dieu!* it is he! Nay, if Quality or Breeding 'scapes my Eye, I have lost my Cunning. What an Air! What a Mien is there!

Count. Nicholas.

Nic. Monsieur?

Count. Take de Notice of dose two Garle, vatch dem; dey have de very fine Ayre.

Mrs. Fan. His Person is *Charmant*. *Taunt* his Air, victorious his Mien: *Mon pauvre Coeur!*

Wild. I cou'd not wish better Success.

Gert. A most *Charmant*, *Taunt* Mien, in eating Burgamies: he out-craunches a School-boy on a Holy-day. I'll lay my Life, he is an arrant Coxcomb.

Count. Page, settè my Cravat-string. Ver well, ver well.

L. Fan. He is an incomparable Person!

Bell. Thy Farce is like to take admirably: the Rogue looks very stately and fantastical!

Wild. No Gudgeons ever took their Baits more greedily.

Count. Monsieur, *Serviteur tres humble*. Have you forgotte me?

Wild. *Monsieur le Count de Cheveux!*

Count. De fame. I had de Honeur to wait upon you vid my Regiment of Gen d'Armes, on de right Attaque at *Luxemburgh*. Oh, my Lord *Bellamy*, I am surprisè ver much! you did Charge my Regiment at de Battel of *Monts*. I will say no more of dat; but, *Begar*, you did make us turnè de Back; vich de Regiment never did before, nor since: But is all one for dat, *Serviteur tres humble*.

Bell. The Rogue acts it admirably!

Wild. You are welcome into *England*.

Count. I come to see de fine Ladeè, de grand *Beautéè English*; vich, *Begar*, is beyond all de Varle: yes indeed.

Bell. You have learnt the Language?

Count. I speak a littel. I did keepè de Company vid de *English* Officeers, de ver brave Gentleman indeed, to learnè

learnè de Langage; for I did resolvè to com dis plas, for
 sct de Beautee & de Wit of *England*.

Trim. Perhaps, your most auspicious Stars cou'd not
 have guided your wandring Course to a more proper
 Region of the Earth, than this little City of *Bury*, for
 the full Satisfaction of both these Curiosities you are
 pleasèd to mention: Nor is in all the Regions of Earth
 you have survey'd, a Person more devoted to your Ser-
 vice, than your most humble Servant *John Trim*.

Count. Monsieur *Jean Trim*, you do me de grand Ho-
 neur; Begar, me am your humble Serviteur——Jerny
 bleu, dis Fellow be one great Fool indeed. [*Aside*.

Wild. That is the Lady and Daughter I told you of:
 This is the Lady's Husband.

Count. Is ver well: lette me alone for dat.

Mrs. Fan. A most admirable Person of a Man! his Eyes
 brillant, and sièrre! my Heart is gone: He may say, as
Cesar did, *Veni, vidi, vici*.

L. Fan. My Eyes never beheld a Parallel.

Mrs. Fan. Eh Gud! how the *French* Nobless outshines
 ours! methinks, they look lie Tailors to 'em.

Sir Hum. Monsieur, your most humble Servant: wel-
 come to *Bury*, as I may say.

Oldw. My Lord Count, you are heartily welcome to
Bury: And I beg the Honour of your Company at Din-
 ner, at my House.

Count. Messieurs, me kissè your Hands: me did tinke
 to inviè de Shief Majistrat, I don know wat you call
 him; Oh, is Alderman, to takè de Collation vid me;
 buttè me can no refusè de faveur.

Mrs. Fan. I am transported with Joy!

L. Fan. Daughter, speak to him in *French*; he seems
 already Captivated with your Looks.

Count. You are appy in de Conversation of de very
 fine Ladtè; buttè to lette you know my Skill, my Cun-
 ning, me vil gage a hundred Pistole, dat dat fine Ladtè,
 and her ver pretty Sister, are de *French* Ladtè.

Oldw. Ounds, this Count will make my damn'd af-
 fected

facted Toad so proud; the Devil wou'd not live with her, French, and Sister, with a Fox!

L. Fan. We have often bewail'd the not having had the honour to be born French.

Count. Pardon me, is impossible.

Mrs. Fan. *Mon foy, je parle vray*: we are meer English *assurement*.

Count. *Mon foy, je parle vray*? vat is dat Glibberish? Oh! lettè mè see; de Fader is de Lawyere, an she learne of him at de Temple; is de Law French. — I am amazè! French Lookè, French Ayre, French Mien, French Movement of de Bodec! Morbleau. Monsieur, I vill gage 4, 500 Pistole, dat dese two Sister vere bred in France, yes. Teste bleu, I can no be deceive.

Mrs. Fan. *Je vous en prie*, do not; we never had the blessing to be in France; you do us too much Honour. Alas, we are forc'd to be content with plain English Breeding: you will bring all my Blood into a Blush. I had indeed a penchen always to French.

Count. Penchen! vat is dat? Oh, is Law French. — You puttè de very great Confusion upon me: I tought it was impossible to find dat Mien, Ayre, Wit, and Breeding out of France.

Oldw. French! why, my Lord Count, this is my Wife; this is her Daughter.

Count. Daughtere! dis young Ladee havè de Daughtere! Begar, you makè my Head turn round, an mine Haire stand up: is impossible. Pardon me.

L. Fan. My dear sweet Lord Count, you pose me now with your grand Civilities: She is my Daughter; I was marry'd indeed exceeding young.

Count. Begar, Madam, den you be de pretty Modere, she de pretty Daughtere, in de whole Varle. Oh mine Art, mine Art! dese Eyes, dat Ayre, ave killè me! I broughtè de Art out of France, and I ave lost it in dis plas: is gone, Madam; an Morbleau, you see now de French Count vidout a Heart.

Trim. With what frigidity she looks on me! and with what

what warm Transport she seems to pierce the Frenchman through! *Varium & mutabile semper femina.*

Re-enter Bellamy, Wildish, and Gertrude.

Wild. What would you give for such a Servant?

Gert. Just as much as I wou'd for you: I had not so much as pitch'd upon a Country yet for my Choice; but methinks *France* should be the last. I like not these Apish Counts; they're meer Kickshaws.

Bell. You judge right, Madam, of this Count at least.

Gert. Indeed, he seems to me a very choice Coxcomb.

Count. Oh, Madam, you have de fine Haire, de very fine Haire! dose Tresses conquer de Lovers; *Cupid* make his Net of dat Haire, to catchè de Art: de couleur delicat, better den my Peruke is great deal: Begar, if I had dat Haire, I vou'd makè two tree Peruke of dat.

Wild. Pox on you, you Rascal! You are no Barber, Sir; you are a Count.

Count. Havè de Patience: dat is, me could makè de Peruke two tree; buttè I vould makè de Locket, de Bracelet, an de pretty Love-knack.

They all cry their Wares. Enter several Jack-Puddings, and give Papers.

1 Pud. A very good Monster! a very pretty delicate Monster: the like ne'er seen in *England*! The Monster is just now beginning.

2 Pud. Fimperle Pimp, the *High German* Juggler! pray walk in, and take your Places; 'tis the last time of Showing this Morning.

Count. Vat is Pimp? Vat, does he lettè a de Whore at de Fair?

1 Pud. A most delicious dainty Monster, the most delightful Monster, the prettiest Monster ever was seen! The most admirable! the most incomparable Monster!

Count. Ha, ha, ha! Begar, I likè dis *Joan Pudding* ver well; I vill talkè wid him, Begar: he makè me laugh dis Morning, he almost killè me.

Wild. You Rogue, remember you are a Count, and no Barber, Puppy.

Mrs. Fan. You see his Wit and Judgment! he finds out good Breeding immediately. *Gert.*

Serv. Yes, he has found Wit in a *Jack-Pudding*.

Count. Morbleu, Madam, I have see de *Marionette* de *Jeau Pudding* in *France*, dat have de great deal of *Esprits*, and of de *Wits*: de very pretty *Man*, and de very good *Company*; yes indeed.

Mrs. Fan. No doubt, Sir, *Assurement* ouy. — Look you, *Mrs. Gatty*.

[*Sir Humphrey finds a Country Peasant leaning upon his Staff; he strikes it away, and he falls backward. Another Peasant knocks Sir Hum. down: he rises, and draws. Several of the Mobils join with the Peasant: The Gentlemen draw, and Rescue him. The Ladies shriek, and run away.*]

Count. Begar, dat be very merry *Gentilman*; he have de great deal of *Wit*, *assurement* ouy. *Teste bleu*, de *Insolence* of *Peasant English*!

Wild. Death! let's in, and rescue him.

Bell. Sir *Humphrey*, you have suffer'd for your *Wit*, I see.

Oldw. Only a Head broken, that's all: the inside of your Head will often endanger the outside, Sir *Humphrey*.

Sir Hum. Pish, this is nothing. Pox on't, an Accident; a meer Accident. Gad take me, I'll have my Jest, let what will come on't.

Count. Insolent *Peasant*! begar, me vill killè two, tree tousand *Peasant*. Strike de *Gentilman*! Sire, morbleu, me vil helpe you to killè de damn *Peasant*.

Oldw. Come, come to my House: my Daughter's Woman shall lay you on a *Plaister*.

Count. I vould be glad to putte my Cutto into de Body of de *Peasant*; dey have fright de *Ladce*.

Bell. But, *Monsieur le Count*, our *Peasants* have *Quarter-staves*; and if *Gentlemen* go to run 'em through, they will knock 'em down: and we commend 'em for't.

Count. De *Peasant*! begar, de *Peasant* be de *Slave*, de *Dog*, morbleu.

Bell. Our *Peasants* wear *Shoes* and *Stockings*, and lye warm; and have good *Meat* and *Drink* in their Houses.

Wild. Your King is a King of *Dogs* then: But how much

much greater is ours, who is a King of Men, and Free Men! Ours Governs the willing, He the unwilling.

Count. Your King great as our King! Jersey, your King can do noting; dere is de Law, de Parliament, I don know vat, begar: my King can send for my Head wen he pleas; yes indeed, hum.

Oldw. My Lord Count, 'tis almost Dinner-time.

Wild. The Rogue talks, as if he were of the Blood Royal.

Bell. Yes, like the next Successor.

Count. Yes, Begar, he can send for my Head: and dat be very good for him.

Wild. But my King cannot send for my Head when he pleases.

Count. Morbleu, dat be very good for you; yes indeed. [Exeunt.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Oldwit, Lord Bellamy, Wildish, Sir Humphrey, Count, and Trim.

Oldw. Come, my Lord Count, my Lord Bellamy, and Gentlemen, may good Digestion wait on Appetite, and Health on both, as *Macbeth* says: Ah, I love those old Wits.

Wild. You are a Wit in your Heart.

Old. Ay, 'faith, so I am; and I love to be merry at Meals. Ah, Wit is as necessary as good Wine at Table.

Sir Hum. Ay, 'faith, so 'tis: I summon up all my Wit at Dinner.

Oldw. My Lords and Gentlemen, we'll into my Smoaking-room, and sport about a Brimmer, and Wit shall fly about like Hail-shot. Oh, the Wit that I have heard in that Room!

Bell.

Bell. We will wait on you soon; but I have promis'd the Ladies an Entertainment, with a little Consort of Musick by my own Servants, who are ready now: And I desire you will call the Ladies, Sir.

Oldw. If your Lordship please: but, faith, we had better be a Topping.

Sir Hum. Did you ever hear the *Thesford* Musick?

Bell. Not I, Sir.

Sir Hum. 'Sbud, they are the best Musick in *England*: There's the best Shawm and Bandore, and a Fellow that acts *Tom of Bedlam* to a Miracle! and they sing *Charon*, *O! gentle Charon*, and *Come, my Daphne*, better than *Singleton* and *Clayton* did.

Wild. Here's the Pleasure of Country Conversation, *Bellamy*! Had not a Man better be condemn'd to the Gallies, than endure it?

Bell. I am of your Opinion, *Ned*; and for that Reason never have such Company at my House: If I have, 'tis but for once; for Country Gentlemen, unless you repay their Visit, are too proud to see you twice: and I never Visit any, but such as I like very well.

[*Sir Hum.* *Dumfounds* the Count with a smart Rap on the Shoulders

Count. Morbleu, vat is dat? *Monsieur Wildish*, did you hittè me?

Wild. Not I, *Monsieur*.

Count. Nor you, my Lore?

Bell. Not I, *Monsieur le Count*.] *Sir Hum.* raps him again.

Count. *Ventre bleu*, is dere again! *Sire*, vat you mean by dat, to strike me between de Head and de Shouldere?

Trim. My Lord, if your Honour had given your self the Leisure circumspectly to have made Inquisition into any part of the History of my Life and Breeding, or into the sedate Composure and Serenity of my Mind, you might easily have collected that I am a Person, that either never exercis'd my self in such Juvenile and Jocular Diversions, or, at least, have totally abandon'd them.

Count. Begar, dis be de very great Fop, *Teste bleu*; I no understanda him. [*Sir Hum.* raps him again.] Agen?

is de Diable. Ah, may foy, is dat merry Gentleman. Ha, ha, is very good Jest indeed; but, begar, you hittè me too hard indeed.

Sir Hum. Nothing, nothing at all, my Lord Count, among Friends: I can't forbear my Jest, i'faith; let's Kiss and be better acquainted.

Count. Vid all mine Art. [Kiss.] Ha! who Shave your Facè? lettè me see: he leavè two, tree, four great Stumpè, dat prickè my Countenance. Oh sic! dese Barbiers English can do noting: If I wou'd takè de Trade, [Snaps his Fingers.] Begar, I wou'd starvè dem all.

[Snaps his Fingers again.]

Wild. Sirrah, Rogue, remember you are a Count still.

Count. Is all one: I sometime takè delight to shave de Nobless of France for my plaisir.

Enter Charles with the Musick. Oldwit, and Lady, Mrs. Fantast, and Gertrude, Women and Chamber-maids.

Oldw. Now, my Lord, let the Musick strike up; here are the Women: I long to be at Brimmers.

Sir Hum. Now for a fit of Mirth.

Bell. Come, Charles, begin.

[They sing an Italian Song of two parts.]
You must excuse it; 'tis Country Musick, Madam.

Gert. 'Tis admirable! the Court has no better.

L. Fan. You must be putting in, with your ill Breeding! If any Traveller shou'd affirm that Italy afforded better, I shou'd humbly demand his Pardon.

Mrs. Fan. I am swallow'd up in Admiration! *je suis astonné!* I am only in doubt, whether the Harmonious Composition, or the Elegant Performance, be most Charmant.

Count. Dat is admirable bien dict, Madam!

Oldw. I had a Daughter that sung——But, no more of her.

Charles. What do I hear? I'll haste away: Farewell.

[Exit Charles.]

Gert. I never heard a Voice and Manner so like my poor Sister's. I thought he had some resemblance of her, but that he's of another Complexion: But he was so Rash, he wou'd not shew his Face.

Sir

Sir Hum. My Lord, can they sing *Lilly Bure*? or have they e'er a merry Song?

Bill. My Servants are no Fiddlers.

Oldw. Come, come, my Lords and Gentlemen, into my Smoaking Room: Women, go pack into the Drawing Room, and play at Toe-Gleek, or Ombre; go.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, get the *French Count* with us, or I am Ruin'd. Oh, he is the finest Personage, and most agreeable!

L. Fan. Good Mr. *Oldwit*, you will betray your ill Breeding: Entertain one of the *French Nobles* with Smoaking and Sotting! he shall go with us. You shew your Wit, and not a word of *French* among you!

Oldw. 'Sdeath, my Wit! dare you profane my Wit? Thou old, ill-bred, silly Creature, I'll teach thee better Breeding, and make thee submit to thy Lord and Master.

Cousin. Sir, I beg pardon; I am for de Ladee: I no Drink, I no Smoak. Come, Madam, vee vill play at de petites jeux, or something or oder. Begar, de smoak spoil my Orangery and Pulvilio.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, I love de Petites jeux extremement.

Trim. I am also for the Ladies; to whom I have ever Sacrific'd all my devoir: Madam, I kiss your Hands.

Mrs. Fan. Pish! But as I was saying, Monsieur——

Trim. Ha! must I be sacrific'd to that Kickshaw of a *Frenchman*? It shall not be long e'er he receive a Chattel from me.

Sir Hum. Mr. *Oldwit* is so importunate, that I cannot leave him yet, i'faith; but I'll steal away, and pay my Duty to you.

Mrs. Fan. No, no, Sir *Humphrey*, no matter——the Count is an accomplish'd Gentleman.——Monsieur, you were speaking——

Sir Hum. Say you so? Ud'sbud! the Count my Rival! I will take an occasion to kick that damn'd Count most exceedingly.

Oldw. Daughter, meet me half an Hour hence, without fail, in the great Dining-Room above.

Gen. I will, Sir.

Wild.

Wild. Pray let it be within a quarter of an Hour, for most important Reasons I will give you there.

Oldw. I have contriv'd an Opportunity for your Lordship to be private with your Mistress, my Lord.

Bell. You infinitely oblige me, Sir.

Oldw. Come, now let's all into my Smoaking-room. Go, Womankind, pack away to your Cards, and your Tea.

[*Ex. Count and Ladies.*]

Trim. Mr. *Oldwit*, I humbly take my leave, to withdraw with the Ladies.

Oldw. No, 'faith, shall you not. Sir *Humphrey*, take him by one Arm, and I'll take him by the other.

Trim. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, commit not a Rape upon me, I beseech you: I drink not between Meals. Did you know how averse I am — Sir, Sir, I would not be Intoxicated for the Universe: Sir, Sir.

Old. Come, my Lord, and Mr. *Wildish*.

[*Trim. talks all the while they hale him.*]

Bell. & Wild. We wait on you.

Bell. What are we condemn'd to?

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Oldwit, Lord Bellamy, Wildish, Sir Humphrey, and Trim.

Oldw. Here, where is this damn'd Butler? bring the Monticth, and Bottles. — Well, Mr. *Wildish*, you are one of the top *London-Wits*.

Wild. Not guilty, upon my Honour.

Oldw. No matter for that. But did you ever hear more Wit fly about a Dinner at *London*? Such Broadfides and such Merriment, my Lord?

Wild. Yes, indeed, a great deal of Wit did fly about the Room.

Sir Hum. Sir, your humble Servant. — When my Lady ask'd me for a Piece of Rabbet, you remember I told her it was a Raw bit, for 'twas not roasted; ha, ha, ha.

Trim. That was a good Jest indeed.

Sir Hum. She ask'd me, if I wou'd have any Custard; I told her, I was not such a Fool to refuse it.

Oldw. And, when she ask'd me, Will you have any Woodcock Husband? I answered, No: I will have some Goose,

Goose, Wife. She thought to have put the Woodcock upon me, and I put the Goose upon her, i'faith.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha: Very good! excellent!

[Oldw. and he laugh.

Trim. These Gentlemen, Mr. *Wildish*, are Witty; I must confess, they want not Salt, and are indeed very Jocular; but I wou'd gladly hear something from your self, and my Lord's Honour, that favours more of Solidity, than what they hitherto have produc'd.

Wild. Are you always thus witty, Sir *Humphrey*?

Sir Hum. Oh, ay. The Judges, when they come the Circuit, certainly send for me: They love my Company.

Bell. Do Judges love this way of Wit?

Sir Hum. Ever while you live, ay, and your Serjeants, and Doctors of Divinity too: The last time I din'd in such Company, I told a Story of a Doctor of Divinity, whose Wife us'd to entertain him with three Dishes every Day: Bitter, Pout, and Tart. There was such a Laughing, they roar'd out again: The Ladies Tyhee'd under their Napkins; I am the Son of a Whore, if the Tyhee did not take a reverend old Gentlewoman as she was a Drinking, and she squirted the Beer out of her Nose, as an *Indian* does Tobacco. Ha, ha, ha.

Oldw. Pr'ythee, dear Sir *Humphrey*, forbear; I am not able to bear it: I have laugh'd my self fore. Mr. *Trim*, what ails you? you are melancholy.

Trim. I must confess, Sir *Humphrey* is a Man of neat, concise Parts, and exceeding jocular; but my way is to affect being more grave and solid.

Oldw. Grave and solid! Come, come, you want a Bottle. Why, Sirrah, Butler! come quickly. You shall have a whisking Bumper.

Trim. Sir, I protest against Bumpers: I wou'd not drink a Bumper for the Universe.

Enter Butler, placing Glasses and Bottles.

Oldw. Rascal, make haste, you lazy Elephant: And, d'ye hear, bring me my Horn I us'd to drench the R-s-tive Drinkers with. I'll make you take your Dose.

Trins.

Trim. That Men shou'd cloud the Faculties of their noble Souls, and put their Minds, as 'twere, into a Mist!

Wild. Why, you can make a Joke, Sir *Humphrey*, upon any thing.

Sir Hum. I seldom fail, 'thank God.

Wild. Let's hear now, upon the Wainscot.

Sir Hum. Pshaw waw! 'tis weak Wainscot.

Bell. How so? 'tis good *Danish* Oak.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha; you know, the weakest goes to the Wall: The Wainscot goes to the Wall; Ergo, weak Wainscot. Ha, ha.

Oldw. Ha, ha, ha: passing good!

Sir Hum. I am ready again: Reprieving Wainscot.

Wild. How so? the Devil can't find that out.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha; why, Wainscot saves many a Hanging.

Oldw. Ha, ha: Admirable! for, if I had not wainscoted my Rooms, I must have had Hangings. He'll kill me some time or other.

Bell. Upon the Window.

Sir Hum. Why, 'tis a damn'd mutinous Window; for 'tis full of Quarrels: You shall never take me at a Why not.

Wild. Upon the Looking-Glass.

Sir Hum. Why, 'tis an Ill-natur'd Looking-Glass.

Wild. How so?

Sir Hum. Because it makes Reflections; ha, ha.

Wild. Upon the Day.

Sir Hum. Upon the Day? Ha, hum; why, 'tis a scabby Day.

Wild. A scabby Day?

Sir Hum. Ay, because the Sun's broken out.

Old. For the love of Heaven, dear Friend, not so fast: I cannot suffer it. Come, Sirrah, a Bumper.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, there are four Gentlemen come to wait on you.

Old. Who?—Butler, remove the Things into my Par-
lour:

hour: This Room's too little. Come, Gentlemen, I beseech you, secure the Prisoner. [They lay hold on Trim.]

Trim. Sir, you have Company enough; I beseech you,

Sir: I disclaim Drink between Meals. *Exit* *Exam.*

Enter *Gertrude.*

Gert. *Wildish* is not here yet; I am come somewhat before my time, to fly from the horrible Impertinence in the Drawing-Room. I'll lay my Life, this French Count is some idle Scoundrel, and an Impostor.

Enter *Wildish.*

Wild. Madam, your most humble Servant: You have not stay'd long, I hope.

Gert. Not at all for you, I assure you, Sir; my Father appointed me—

Wild. Not this Quarter's Hour yet, by my Watch.

Gert. It wants nothing by mine: But you Sparks have such Vanity, that you are ready to turn every thing to your own Advantage. Can you believe I come to meet you here?

Wild. Is it not fitter for your Youth and Beauty, to meet an honest young Fellow, who is in Love with you to Madness, than an Old Fellow with musty Sayings, old Proverbs, and wise Counsels?

Gert. Don't abuse my Father behind his Back. He wise! No wiser than your self: He is a Bury Wit, as you are a London one.

Wild. I a Wit, Madam? You are resolv'd to use your Sovereign Power over me; and I'll shew you my passive Obedience. Do you swagger like a Tyrant, you shall find I can bear like a Slave.

Gert. Yes, you can act a Slave for a time, in Hopes of making me one ever after.

Wild. Ah, Madam, those Eyes were made to conquer, and preserve their Conquests: Where-e'er they come, they'll govern always.

Gert. For all that, if I were marry'd to you, (which Heaven avert) you wou'd, within three Months, be apt to think my Maid's Eyes, though a Doudy, more victorious.

Wild.

Wild. It is impossible: I cou'd as soon prefer a Farthing-Candle to the Sun.

Gert. Nay, I shall never try.

Wild. I am resolv'd, I'll never leave you: I will wait upon your Person, or watch about your House, continually.

Gert. But I'll command you from me; I'll try my Dominion.

Wild. In whatever I can, I will obey you: But you may as well command your Shadow from you, in the Sun-shine.

Gert. I'll call in Aid, to remove you farther.

Wild. Not Bombs, or Cannons, can do that. While you are awake, I'll ne'er be from you; and when you sleep, I'll watch, and sigh, and sing my Complaints about your House.

Gert. Sure you dare not be thus bold!

Wild. By Heaven, I cannot help it: and look to it; for this in *Bury* (as all little Towns are full of Tatling and Censure) will bring Scandal to you, at least, if it does not produce Love in you.

Gert. For Love, I am sure it shall not: And for Scandal, I'll remove it.

Wild. Where-ever you go, you have fast hold on my Heart-strings, and will tug me along with you.

Gert. If I have, I'll tug you, I'll warrant you, till I crack them. These are Flams: I'll to *London*: there I shall be lost to you, like a Hare in a Hare-Warren, and you shall yelp no more after me.

Wild. You are so fair, so bright, above all others, that I shall follow you by your Track of Light, and never miss you.

Gert. Are there any Lovers thus Impudent, to think to procure Love by troubling one?

Wild. Is it Impudence, to own your Power, and my Weakness? In short, Madam, I am resolv'd to haunt you worse than any Beaux, and pelt you with Billets doux some Fifteen times a-Day.

Gert.

Gert. What, like one of those odious Creatures, will you Dress at me? and tye Crayats at me? and strut like a Turkey-cock, and prune your self?

Wild. Even so; and stare, and gogg'e at you, and never have my Eyes off you, while I Side-box you in the Play-house.

Gert. What, where the Beaux draw up three Ranks deep every Day?

Wild. Yes.

Gert. Well, and I'll never cast my Eyes upon you for a whole Play together:

Wild. That will be over-acted; and cunning Intriguers will Censure you from that.

Gert. Very fine! But I assure you, if you joyn with the Beaux, you shall never be look'd upon by me: for there is not upon Earth a more odious Sight, than those Boxes full of ugly Beaux. I observe, the Beaux now are the ugliest Hatchet-fac'd Fellows about Town.

Wild. Fellows of five and fifty, with grizly Beards, set up for Beaux: and among these will I herd, when you are at a Play, that I may Ogle you, Fair.

Gert. Then will I leave the Play.

Wild. So will I.

Gert. And to the Park.

Wild. So will I; where I will Side-glass you, turn when you turn,——

Gert. Then will I leave the Park.

Wild. So will I, and follow you to the Mall.

Gert. You will not dare, sure?

Wild. Yes I will: and strut up to you, with a Slur and a Coupee; sing a silly new Song or two softly in your Ear, and put on an Air of Gayety, as if I had succeeded.

Gert. I'll soon shake you off, and go to the Drawing Room.

Wild. No sooner there, but I am with you: And 'tis as good a Scene of Ogling, as any.

Gert. Sure, I shall cast you off when I go to Church.

Wild. The Beaux are the most constant Church-men: You shall see Troops of 'em perk'd up in Galleries, setting
 their

their Cravats. There you shall be sure to find me: And I will stare you out of your Prayers. In short, my dear sweet, pretty Mad-cap, I am resolv'd never to give thee over, while I have Breath.

Gert. This is most amazing! Art not thou a very Impudent Fellow, to talk thus? Do you call this making Love! why, this is making War; worse than Blockades and Sieges, which they write of in Gazettes.

Wild. It is a gentle Siege; But I will never raise it. I may fall dead before your Fort.

Gert. And that you shall, before you take it. — What a dissembling Jade am I now! [*Aside.*

Wild. Then will I haunt you at Noon, at dead of Night —

Gert. You will come a faithful Humble Bee, and Hum, and Buz; as the *Rehearsal* says. [*A Noise of one coming up Stairs.*] Here comes some body! I'll not have the Scandal upon me, of being taken alone with you. [*Exit.*

Enter Lord Bellamy.

Wild. Oh, my Lord, I have had the Advantage of you, in fleeing from you confounded Company before you.

Bell. You have so; but there's great Enquiry made after you.

Wild. We were bad enough with our Punning Fools; but that new Detachment of Drunkards and Visitants made 'em compleatly the most confounded Company, I ever was condemned to. Here are the Fruits of the Country! Pr'ythee, my dear Peer, fling off this melancholy Thought of Retirement, and let us enjoy thee again in *London*; let me not lose my dearest Friend, for a Fit of the Spleen, or two.

Bell. Dear Ned, if any thing cou'd tempt me to that noisive Town, thou, and some choice Friends, whose Conversation I extremely value, might do it: But I am weary of it, and dote upon my quiet Retirement.

Wild. Man is not self-sufficient; he was made a Social Animal, and must have Conversation.

Bell. And that, by a Man of a good Estate, as you and I have, may be had in the Country.

Wild.

Will. Merry Meetings may be had; but not so frequently, as your Sessions: and when you think you have a choice Company, in rushes some loud obstreperous Hunter, Hawker, or Jocky, good for nothing else, and roars about Dogs, Kites, and Horses, and spoils that Meeting. To keep open House, and entertain the Neighbouring Coxcombs, is worse than being Host of an Inn: and to meet Company elsewhere, is to be poyson'd with damn'd Wine.

Bell. I take care to meet none but good Company; and where-ever we meet, we take a course to have as good Wine from *London*, as any there; and at my own House, I will entertain none but good Company.

Will. Then the Country-Gentlemen, who are most of 'em ill Company, will hate you, and you will have no Interest.

Bell. He that esteems himself by another Man's Opinion, is an Ass. My Tenants I make much of.

Will. But what can be the Diversion of a Country Life? A Man must be wak'd at three in a Morning, by the crack'd Voices of Huntsmen, with damn'd Bugle-Horns, and the confounded yelps of Curs; and for want of Friendship with Men, divert themselves with their Enmity to Beasts; and hunt, as if the Devil were in 'em, till at dark Night they are scarce able to dismount their Horses.

Bell. They are Fops, *Ned*, that make a Business of Sport. I hunt with my Harriers half a dozen Hours in a Morning, for Health and an Appetite: and, at Dinner time, let 'em be in never such full cry, I knock off.

Will. There is some Reason in that; but your true Country Squire lives in Boots all the Winter, never talks or thinks of any thing but Sports, as he calls 'em: and if an ill Day comes, saunters about his House, lolls upon Couches; sighs and groans, as if he were a Prisoner in the Fleet; and the best thing he can find to do, is to Smoke, and Drink, and play at Back-gammon, with the Parson.

Bell. These are of the strictest Order of Hunters, such as keep Journals of every Day's hunting, and write long

Letters of Fox-chases from one end of *England* to the other. Tho' these are Fops, *Ned*, a Reasonable Man may enjoy himself very well in the Country.

Wild. How so?

Bell. I have a noble House, an Air pure and uncorrupted.

Wild. Which are to be had in *St. James's-Square* and *Hide-Park*.

Bell. I view my stately Fields and Meads, laden with Corn and Grass; my Herds of Kine, and Flocks of Sheep; my Breed of Horses; my Delicate Gardens full of all sorts of Fruits and Herbs; my River full of Fish, with Ponds, and a Decoy for Water-Fowl, and plenty of Game of all kinds in my Fields and Woods; my Parks for Venison; my Cellar well furnish'd with all variety of excellent Drinks: and all my own, *Ned*.

Wild. All these things have we at *London*: The product of the best Corn-fields at *Queen-Hisbe*; Hay, Straw, and Cattle, at *Smithfield*; with Horses too; Where is such a Garden in *Europe*, as the *Stocks-Market*? Where such a River as the *Thames*? Such Ponds and Decoys, as in *London-Hall-Market*, for your Fish and Fowl? Such Game as at the Poulterers? And instead of Parks, every Cook's Shop for Venison, without Hunting, and venturing Neck or Arms for it. And for Cellars, from *Temple-Bar* to *Aldgate*; and all that I have use of, my own too, since I have Money.

Bell. But I have Pleasure in reading the *Georgics*, and contemplating the Works of Nature.

Wild. I contemplate the chief Works of Nature: fine Women; and the Juice of the Grape, well concocted by the Sun.

Bell. Your fine Women are a Company of proud, vain Fops and Jilts, abominably Daub'd and Painted; and I had rather kiss a Blackamoor, with a natural Complexion, than any such: And, besides, many of them are so unsound, that making Love is become as dangerous as making War; and the Wounds and Scars are dishonourable to boot. Then, for your Wine, 'tis attended with such Surfeits,

Surfeits, Quasms, Head-akes, late Hours, Quarrels and Up-
 roars, that every Scene of Drunkenness is a very *Bell-*
lam.

Wild. Poor *Bellamy*? thou wert never happy, since thou
 leftst off those noble Mixims, *Beati non numerant horas*,
 Measure not your Time by Hour-glasses, but by Wine-
 glasses. Oh, the sweet of a Brimmer at Midnight! The
 Night was made for Beasts to sleep in, and for Man to
 watch in.

Bell. And if I have no other Misfortune but the Head-
 ache, and Puking in the Morning, to hear of this Friend
 breaking a Collar-Bone with a fall, that having his Scull
 crack'd by the Watch, another run through the Lungs by
 drunken Bullies; and all this to treasure up Diseases, if
 you shall arrive to a miserable Age.

Wild. Who would not be sick ten Days, for one good
 Night, with Men of Wit and Sense?

Bell. There's no true Pleasure but in Health.

Wild. What should a Man do with Health in dam'd
 Country Company, which a Man ought either to be a
 very good Philosopher, or none at all, to endure?

Bell. What good does Wit and Sense do you? Do what
 you can, the Fops will be at the top of Pleasures; and the
 Knaves will be at the head of all Business in spite of you;
 and will bear down the World, that a Man, who has Wit,
 can be good for nothing.

Wild. That makes the Business of the World so foolishly
 done.

Enter Gertrude, and Oldwit's Footman.

Ger. My Father is not here.

Foot. He commanded me to bid you meet him in this
 Room.

[*She offers to retire.*]
Wild. Whither goes my pretty Tyrant? Tho' your Fa-
 ther be not here, here is (I am sure) one humble Servant
 of yours.

Bell. That I am sure of, Madam; who is resolv'd to lay
 himself at your Feet, there humbly to receive his Doom.

Wild. What the Devil does he say? Is my best Friend

my Rival? — I hope, Madam, you are not in doubt, who that Sergeant is I spoke of?

Bell. What's this? Are we Rivals? This is the greatest Misfortune that could have happen'd! Hold! perhaps it may be only his usual Gallantry to all young Women — Would you cou'd see the Wounds you make in Hearts; then, Madam, mine wou'd expect your Pity.

Gert. This is a very pretty Scene; runs smoothly off the Tongue, and is very well Acted: Can you do it over again?

Enter Oldwit.

Oldw. Oh, Mr. *Wildish*! I have been searching, and sending for you, all over the House. What? turn'd Flinger! Faith, I must have you down with me.

Wild. Here's my Lord's a Flinger too.

Oldw. I wink at that: I can give you some Reason for that, as we go. — Daughter, you know what I have said to you of this Noble-man: I cou'd not find out in all the Nation such a Match. Do you mind me?

Gert. Yes, Sir — But by your good Favour, I'll find out one for my self, for all that.

Wild. 'Tis evident! What damn'd Misfortune cou'd have fallen out like this?

Oldw. Come, faith, Mr. *Wildish*, you shan't 'scape so: Brimmers fly about handsomely; and we are a rare Company.

Wild. I must not discover my Love to this old Fellow yet; I will knock him down, with two or three in a Hand.

[Exit with Oldwit.]

Gert. How I hate this kind of Fooling! A Woman never makes so silly a Figure, as when she is to look demurely, and stand to be made Love to.

Bell. Madam, the several Letters I have address'd to your Ladyship's Hands, and my good Orator your Father, tho' you never saw me, have let you know who I am; and then you'll guess what I have to say.

Gert. 'Tis true, my Lord, I do guess, and therefore your Lordship need not trouble your self to say it; for all Discourse, about that Affair, runs to the same Tune.

Bell.

Ball. I never lov'd before; nor can I believe that any Man loves like me.

Gen. 'Tis all alike. "Madam, your Beauties! your excellent Accomplishments! your extraordinary Merits! "Divine, &c. The lustre of your Eyes! and the rest. "The Honour to kiss your fair Hands! &c. All this we have in Romances, and Love and Honour-Plays. Trust me, my Lord, 'tis tedious.

Ball. Could I incline your gentle Heart to Love, then no Discourse of it wou'd seem so.

Gen. I can't tell that; but as things stand now, indeed it makes me smile, to think of a grave Mother, or, for want of her, a wise Father, putting a Daughter into a Room, like a Hare out of a Basket, and letting her loose; that is, to act the Part of a Lover before Marriage, and never think of it afterwards. Then is she either to frown, be peevish, or sullen, and make no Answers, or very scurry ones; or else to blush, hold down her Head, play with her Fan, and tell the Sticks, and say, I have no thoughts of Marriage; I am too young; 'tis time enough.

Ball. But, Madam, a Lady of your Wit and Sense knows 'tis the great End that Woman is design'd for; and 'tis in vain for you to speak against Love; for every Look, and every Word of yours inflames me more.

Gen. There's a Word now! Inflames, and Chains, and Fetters! I warrant you, one wou'd think a Man were a Martyr, or a Slave at *Algiers* at least. What Conversation might Men and Women have, did not this foolish Love interpose!

Ball. 'Tis impossible for a Man to forbear thinking, or talking of Love, in the Presence of so beautiful, so excellent a Lady.

Gen. I cou'd expect no less: Beautiful! Excellent! &c. How silly one looks, who must stand to hear her self complemented! My Lord, you are a Man of Honour, and I will speak plainly to you. I am resolv'd against Love, therefore pray deal frankly with me: Disappoint the old Gentleman, and let's not have one Word of it betwixt

us. My Happiness or Ruin depends upon your Breath. I am too young and giddy, to fix upon so solemn a Business; and the Pleasure I find in being free, cannot be bought at any rate.

Bell. Your Father, Madam, I hope may be a prevailing Advocate.

Gert. Hope is a very thin Diet, fit for Love in a Fever; but to tell you true, I am apt to believe there is no such thing as Love: but, if there be, I can assure you, you have gone the wrong way; for my Father is no Out-work of mine: you may take him, but you are ne'er the nearer me. I am a free Heiress of England, where Arbitrary Power is at an End, and I am resolv'd to chuse for my self. — How happily am I reliev'd!

Enter Count, and Mrs. Fantast.

Look you, my Lord, here are a pair of Turtles! The French Count has gotten an absolute Conquest. Let's retire, and hear the Love betwixt them: they'll divert us upon that Subject, better than we can our selves.

Bell. I must obey.

[They retire and listen.]

Mrs. Fan. Now, Monsieur le Count, we are free: we were embarrass'd with Company below; that we cou'd not enjoy our selves; and some so ill-bred, that, eh Gûd, they caus'd such a *Chagrin* in me!

Count. I am very appy in de occasion of kisse your And, in secret; indeed de *Bury* Ladies be ver fine, ver pretty, and do me de great honeur; buttè, Madam, your Lustre does outshinè dem, as de great Sun does de lectel Star dat twinkel, twinkel, in the Sky, Madam.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Monsieur, the ebat of your Wit will make any thing appear well: I must confess, I never have met such brilliant Conversation, as from your most agreeable Person.

Count. See bec de Victorious Ladeè; buttè, begar, see speakè de dam French for all dat.

[Aside.]

Mrs. Fan. En veritie, you have Charm'd them all; but, mon foy, I hate the Impertinence of a numerous Assembly.

Count.

Count. Oh, Madam; dere is no plaisir in de Varle, as de retirement vid so bright a Nymph; and, Madam, I must telle dat, now you have steale me out of de Companee, you cannot but perceivè me, dat I have de ver great and signal Passion for your Ladyship; and I have but de few littel opportunitèe to say, dat, if you takè no Compassion upon me, you breake mine Art; and I must killè my self vid de French Bayonett, if you make de scorn of me.

Mrs. Fan. I am not so ill bred to scorn one of the Nobles.

Gert. Pray forbear, my Lord; they will come to the point presently: Wou'd you have us play the Fool thus?

Count. If you have no Scorn, de Indifference is fatal, and vill killè me too.

Mrs. Fan. Sincerement, Monsieur, a Lady cannot have Indifference for a Person so bien fait, and whose Conversation is Ravissant.

Gert. She comes on handsomely.

Count. Ah, Madam! I kissè your sweet And, for dis great honour: buttè, Madam, if my Ambition might aspire at your Love, I vill be more appy ten thousand time, den de great Monarch, Madam.

Mrs. Fan. You know very well what the Poet says:

Res est Solliciti plena timoris amor.

Count. Ver well, Madam; you be de most profound Ladeè, and de great Scholar. — Morbleu, she vill finde me out! Begar, I can no read. [Aside.]

Mrs. Fan. No, no Assurance, pretty well read in the Classic Authers, or so. Monsieur Scudery says very well; *L'amour est une grande chose.*

Count. Hee bee ver pretty Poet too. — Begar, she will puzzle me. [Aside.]

Mrs. Fan. Poet, Monsieur! he writ Romances.

Count. Ah, Madam, in France we callè de Romance, de Poëse.

Bell. Oh Roguel, that's well come off.

Mrs. Fan. And, as Monsieur Balzac says, *Songez un peu.*

Count. Dat Balzac write de ver good Romance.

Mrs. Fan. Indeed! I never heard that.

Count. Je vous assure.—A pox on her reading! [*Aside.*]

—But, Madam, let de Poet, de Philosoph, say vat dey vill, begar I am so much in Love vid your Person, dat if you vil no be in Love vid my Person, begar, I must killè my self in two tree day.

Mrs. Fan. Take time, Sir, I beseech you; we must consider on this Affair.

Count. Madam, I have no time to consider; de grand Monarch, my Maître, wantè me for a Lieutenant General, to makè de War again Holland and Flandre, to burna de House, and to killè de Man, Woman, and Shildè, as de great Monarch does, for his Glory. And I vill speakè one proud Vord for my self; he has not one Officer in his Armee dat burn, makè de Ravagee, and killè de Man, Woman and Shildè, better den my self; no indeed.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *mon Dieu*? that is Sanglant cruelle.

Count. Pardon mee, Madam, is de Discipline of War to puttè de Village and de House in flame, and vid de Pistolet to shoot de Voman paph in de Eare vid big Belles, and de oder vid de Shildè in de Arm paph paph, ver dum, ver dum, paph, paph, and to puttè de Pike an all Pike into de littel suck Shildè, and dey sprawl, sprawl, viddeir Arm and deir Leg, and make de ver pretty Sigh, and take de littel Boy and de Gark, soe high, soe high, soe high, and stickè, and stickè de Rapier into de Bodde, Madam.

Mrs. Fan. This is very Bloody.

Count. Oh, no, Madam; dey bee de Enemee: de great Heros always burne and killè de Man, Woman, and Shildè, for deir Glory.

Mrs. Fan. If you Heroes be so cruel, 'tis enough to fright a Lady.

Count. Ah, Madam, 'tis de Enemee: burtè to de Maîtres, de Heroes be gentle as de Lamb.

Gert. This Rascal must be an Impostor: I scarce believe he is a *French-man*; tho' I have seen many a *French* Coxcomb, yet I never saw a *French* Clown before.

Bell. I will assure you, he is so: 'tis Ned Wildish, his Frolick;

Frolick; and 'tis fit you know it, before the Business go too far. I'll tell you more.

Ger. Oh, the farther the better: I love Mischief heartily.

Mrs. Fan. If I shou'd agree to your honourable Proposal, I must lose you presently.

Count. Ah, Madam, 'tis for mine Honour; you shall goe to my chateau, my great House; for I have several, *vid de great Royaktee.*

Enter Lady Fantast, with several Ladies more.

L. Fan. These Ladies have entestain'd your, and my Lord Count's Absence, with some Regret and *Chagrin*, suitable to the Occasion.

L. Ah, Madam, did you design to ingross my Lord Count?

L. That was foul play, indeed, Madam. Well, he's a fine Person!

Lord Bellamy, and Gertrude appear.

Mrs. Fan. Quelle me impertinence! Why would you bring them, Madam? I shall be a great Woman; he is captivated to the last Degree: he has ten thousand Pistoles a Year, and great Houses and Castles.

Ger. In the Air.

Mrs. Fan. Oh Fye; how her pitiful *English* Lord looks, in presence of my *French* Count!

L. Pray, my Lord, do my Husband the Honour to Dine with him to-Morrow.

L. If your Lordship be not engag'd, be pleas'd to honour my House at a Collation this Night.

L. My Lord, your Lordship shall do my Husband a great Honour, to take a Repast with him.

L. My Lord Count—

Mrs. Fan. They are all Amorous of him: his Eye is Cupid's Quiver, and his Beams the Darts.

Enter Wildish.

Wild. So, here's a very fair Assembly!

Mrs. Fan. He's engag'd to Night, Ladies.

Count. Ladies all, you do me de ver great Honour: I wish I could divide myself; but I am engag'd to wait upon this

this Lady, and her pretty Modere. — I find, she lovè mee, by dat Lye she makè for me. [Aside.]

Gert. I like your Frolick admirably, for all 'tis yours.

Wild. So well acquainted, to tell Secrets already!

Bell. They are very familiar: ha! 'tis most apparent!

Count. Serviteur, my Lor: Serviteur, Monsieur *Wildish*. De Ladee make mush of de *French Count*: ma foy, you vill see presentlee.

Enter Trim.

Trim. I am not a little afflicted, that I have been constrain'd to borrow my self so long, from your Ladyship's most —

Mrs. Fan. Oh Fye! you smell of Tobacco to a great Degree.

Count. Ah, Madam! take my Peruke, and smellè de Pulvilio: here, Madam.

[He plucks his Peruke off, and gives it; she smells to it.]

Mrs. Fan. Mon Dieu! Obligeant! Here is Breeding, to divest himself of his chiefest Ornament, to gratifie my Sense! 'tis very fine!

1 *La.* 'Tis admirable, I swear!

2 *La.* Delicate, I vow!

3 & 4 *La.* Very fine!

[The four Ladies smell it.]

Count. Is de ver fine Haire, Ladee: I have a great deal of de best in *England* or *France* in my Shop.

Gert. How? in your Shop! Do you keep Shop, Monsieur? How do you sell it?

Count. Morbleu, vat is dis? Begar, I vill bitè my Tongue. — Shop! Shop! I no understand *English*. Shop! Vat you call de Place de Gentilman putte his Peruke? Oh, his Cabinet, his Closet.

Mrs. Fan. Now you see, Madam *Gertrude*; wou'd you have him understand *English* like one of us? Je vous remercy; there's your Peruke again.

Trim. Sir, be pleas'd to read that Chartel, and give me such an Answer.

Enter Sir Humphrey Noddy.

Sir Hum. Gentlemen and Ladies, I kiss all your Hands.

Count. Pox takè de Note: Ventre bleu, I can no read; but, I believe, is a Challenge.

[Aside.]

BURY-FAIR

Sir Hum. Madam, Udsbud, we have drunk your Health in Bumpers Supernaculum.

Mrs. Fan. Oh fye! stand off.

Count. Hold, de Ladee no lovè de smell de Tobac.

Sir Hum. Are you there, i'faith? I hate the Sight of a French Dog, and I will pluck him by the Nose.

Count. If I draw, they will partè mîc. [*Aside.*]—Morbleu, mine Honeur! mine Honeur!

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Insolence! save the Count, save the Count!

[*Bell. and Wild. part them. The Ladies shriek, and run to the corner of the Stage. Oldwit staggers amongst them drunk. The Women run out shrieking; with them, Ex. Trim. Sir Hum. Bellamy.*]

Oldwit sings. There were three Men came out of the West,
To make Sals-petre strong, &c.

Where are my Drunkards? where are my Drunkards? You Flinchers, you sober Sots! Where is my Fexebel, my Cockatrice, my Clogdogdo, as honest Tom Otter says? A senseless Jade, with her Wit, and her Breeding! She steals away my Drunkards. Old Spouse, Mummy, thou that wrap'st thy self every Night in Sear-cloths!

[*The Servants come in and hold him.*]

Count. Consider I did killè de Count, and have de Blood upon me. Vel, Monsieur, you will takè de care o de Business;—Morbleu, Box takè de Note, me can no read, me can no Fight: vat me can do vid de Challenge? [*Aside.*]

Wild. You have done rarely! let me alone; I'll protect you: but let's fly the Fury of this Drunkard.

[*Ex. with the Count.*]

Old. Where is my Goad? my damn'd for better for worse? She has stolen my Drunkards, and my Wits from me. Where are my Drunkards? Rogues, let me go to my Drunkards, and my Wits, you Rogues.

There were three Men came out of the West,

To make Salt-Petre strong;

To turn it into Gun-powder,

For to charge the King's Cannon.

[*The Servants hale him out.*]

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Wildish and Trim.

Wild. I Am the Count's Friend, but he will not engage me: He says, he always Kills, for he never gives Quarter; and he will not be the Occasion of my leaving my Country. He must into *France*, he is a great Officer; he has laid Horfes, and will be ready to escape.

Trim. Is he so inveterate an Enemy?

Wild. Yes, and fences like a Provost: He throws in his Passes quick as Lightning, and hits what Button he pleases.

Trim. Then, if I reap the Honour of the Field, my Laurel will be greater. At the East End of the biggest Church, you say, a Quarter of an Hour hence: I will not fail. I kiss your Hands, Sir. However the unfortunate Arrival of this Count, who has prodigiously insinuated himself into my Mistress's Affections, may have ruffled and disorder'd the wonted Serenity of my Temper; yet in all Occasions that may occur, I assure you, Sir, you shall ever find me rational and civil.—Your humble Servant: The Time fleets quick away, and Honour calls. [Exit.]

Wild. This formal Coxcomb, I find, is stout; and the Count will find some Trouble in him: But 'twill advance the Farce, to have the Ladies, who are stark mad after him, see or hear he's soundly cudgell'd.

Enter Sir Humphrey.

Sir Humphrey, if you make not Haste, the Count will be before you: He'll wait alone, at the East End of the great Church.

Sir Hum. A Pox on him! does he fence so devilishly, and never give Quarter? Bloody Rogue! But what care

care If I make no more Account of this Count, than of a Jackanapes.

Wild. Never without a Conceit!

Sir Ham. Take me without a Jest? But I'll be gone, and make the *French Count* dance a *Minuet*. Your Servant.

[Exit.]

Enter Valet.

Wild. This Fellow may be a Coward, by his Vapouring. — Have you found the Count?

Val. Yes, Sir; very melancholy at your Lodging, where he has told me the Secrets of his Heart: he bewail'd this unlucky Quarrel, which he apprehends so much, that, were he not sure, as he says, of the Love of Mrs. *Fanast*, he would leave his Countship, and run from *Bury* immediately. But he is now coming hither.

Wild. Well; go about your Business, and say nothing yet.

[Exit Valet.]

Enter Count.

Count. Vell, Monsieur, vat is become of dis Business vid Monsieur *Jean Trim*?

Wild. I told him, I was your Friend, and I have appointed him a Place to meet you in.

Count. Begar, I vill no meet.

Wild. I have pass'd my Honour, you shall be there.

Count. Morbleu, I vill no be dere: *Fanny*, I vill tell you de Secret. Dis fine Ladee, *Maitre*, *Fanast*, is in Love vid me: *Ventre bleu*, I vill no fight, if I do, I am de ver great Fool indeed, to lose de great Fortune, for if dis dam Rogue runne me trough de Bodée, me lose de *Maitresse*.

Wild. How, you Rogue! Loke her! you shall never have her: As great an Aversion as I have to her, the Frolick shall not go so far.

Count. Ma foy, you be mistake: de Frolick shall go more far; yes indeed. [*Aside.*] I vill no kill de Rogue, or be hanga for de Rasca!

Wild. Don't trouble your self: I have given him that Character of you, that he trembles at you; he'll never dare come. But we must be there, for our Honour's sake.

Count.

Count. Is de Coward indeed? [*Aside.*] — Eh Monsieur, Monsieur, me fear no Person dat veer de Head; but in dis Case is no Prudence.

Wild. I have met Sir *Humphrey*, and I have challeng'd him to fight with you, for the Tweak he gave you by the Nose: And told him, I would be your Second.

Count. Jerny, vat is dis? Begar, I vill no killè two; I vil no meet dat dam Rogue, ma foy.

Wild. I have appointed him, you must be there: I believe he is a Poultron; but you will be cudgel'd by all the Men, and scorn'd by all the Women, if you take the Tweak by the Nose. Come along with me, I'll tell you more.

Count. Is better to takè de Cudgel upon de Shouldre two tree four time, den to have de Rapier trough de Bodee one time; yes, a great deal better.

Wild. Allons; here's Company coming.

[*Exe. Wild. and Count.*]

Enter Charles.

Cha. There goes the Rival to my Lord; oh, may he prosper in his Suit, and cure my Lord of his short Fever! I am sure, he can never be so mean, to love one who shall love another. But here he comes.

Enter Lord Bellamy.

Bell. Not all the ill Fortune I have ever met, can equal this; that he, whom I have lov'd so long, so true a Friend, so much a Man of Honour, shou'd be my Rival! I cannot blame him for it neither; he has broken no Trust, and any Man, that looks upon her, must be subdu'd, as I am. But my Hope is yet, she is unapt to Love. — Oh, *Charles*, didst thou see *Ned Wildish* this Evening?

Cha. Yes, my Lord; even now, he went into the Abby-Yard.

Bell. But, what says my Mistress to the Present, and the Letter, which I sent?

Cha. She was not at home. Here is your Golden-Box, full of Jewels; it is the finest Present I ever saw made to a Lady. My Lord, I beseech your Lordship, let some of your Gentlemen carry em.

Bell.

Bell. Is my Service then become irksom to you?

Cha. Oh, no, my Lord; pray frown not; I'll plunge into the Deep, I'll run into the Fire, to do you Service. Pray be not angry.

Bell. I cannot tell what 'tis shou'd move thee to it; but thou art still averſe to the proceeding of my Love.

Cha. I love you more than ever: Servant lov'd a Lord; and 'tis my Fear for you. My Couſin in *Northamptonſhire* is of Kin to her, your Lordſhip knows; and I once heard her ſay, ſhe had too great a Spirit for a Wife.

Bell. She has all the Beauty and Wit of her whole Sex in her; and none of all their Vanities. Didſt thou not obſerve?

Cha. I did, my Lord, that which your Lordſhip did not.

Bell. Ha! What was that?

Cha. My Lord, I fear I ſhall offend.

Bell. Yes, if you tell me not.

Cha. Did you not perceive ſhe made a Difference in her Looks, and entertain'd not every Man with equal Sweetneſs?

Bell. He ſtings me to the Heart! [*Aſide.*]—Explain your Meaning.

Cha. I may miſtake; but yet, methinks, there is one Gentleman, whom ſhe beholds with greater Favour, than what ſeems indifferent.

Bell. It is her Gaity of Temper: You are too jealous.

Cha. It is for you, my Lord: Pray pardon me. Alas! what Intereſt can I have, but yours? I ſhou'd be loth to be Officiouſ.

Bell. What means the Youth? ſure, young as he is, he is in Love with her; and Love will nourish even the higheſt Ambition: For why ſhou'd he be ſo concern'd? Where is the Letter, which I order'd you to give my Miſtreſs with the Preſent?

Cha. It's here, my Lord. [*Gives him a Note.*]—Sure, this will convince him.

Bell. Ha! What do I ſee? 'Tis *Wildſt's* Hand!—To the fair Hands of—How came you by this Note?

Cha.

Cha. My Lord, the Note? Ha! 'Twas my Mistake. I did, at the Beginning of my Discourse, intend to shew it to your Lordship; but found you would be too much mov'd. It dropt from Mrs. Gertrude, after Dinner, and I took it up.

Bell. Why did you not restore it?

Cha. I, knowing the Hand, thought I might do your Lordship Service in shewing it to you. Will you not read it?

Bell. Did you?

Cha. Oh yes, my Lord, knowing your Lordship was so highly concern'd; and found it so familiar—

Bell. It was impertinent.

Cha. My Lord!

Bell. It was not honest.

Cha. My Lord, my noble Lord, pray pardon my misguided Zeal for you: Impute it to my Youth, my small Experience, my mistake of Honour; Forgive me, or my Knees shall grow to the Earth.

Bell. Rise, and learn better; to open other's Letters is mean, and dishonourable.

Cha. How glad am I to have Instruction from you! You are a Man of strictest Honour! How shall I expiate my Fault, and gain your Pardon?

Bell. I pardon you, and will impute it to your want of Knowledge; and to make Attonement for it, you shall return it to her, and make her what Excuse you can: Go instantly, and find her, and give me the Present, with any Letters.

Cha. Into how sad and how perplex'd a Case has my too headstrong Passion brought me, which every Day increases, while my Hopes grow less! What Prospect have I now, or glimpse of Comfort? She, in a little time, must love as I do. What shall I say to her? She will discover me: She said, she never saw one yet so like her Sister, but for the Colour of my Hair; I overheard her: What shall I do? Hold: If this Jealousie should make him fight with *Wildish*, I am lost! I'll follow him; for, sure, I shall be valiant in his Cause. Oh, wicked Rashness!

[Exit.

Wildish and Count in the Abbey-yard.

Wild. 'Tis a fine Moon-light Night; These Fellows are Poultrons, and dare not come.

Count. 'Tis de grand pity dat de Coward should be suffer to live indeed; me would hang de Coward. Begar, is time to go.

Wild. We must stay a little; If they come, I'll run Sir Humphrey through the Lungs, while you whip the other through.

Count. Jerry, vat, stay for de Coward? Begar, I scorn to stay for de Coward: ver, well indeed, de Man of Courage stay for de Coward! is no Reason for dat.

Wild. I see two coming towards us; they are them two.

Enter Bellamy and Charles.

Count. Fox take him, he does love de Tilt: Ma foy, is all one for dat; begar, I vill no meet dem: dey have affrontè me, to make me wait so long time; and I vill putte de affronte upon dem, an leave dem now dey be come.

[Walks hastily away.]

Wild. Monsieur le Count, come back; What, will you leave me to two?

Count. Hum, hum, hum; me vill no come back.

[Wildish overtakes him, and lays hold on him.]

Bell. Mr. Wildish.

Wild. My Lord.

Count. O, begar, is my Lor, de Coward vill no come!

Bell. I have somewhat to say to you, which concerns me nearly.

Wild. My Lord, I lately have perceiv'd something of you, that has heavy at my Heart.

Bell. I never yet met with Misfortune which cou'd equal this.

Wild. I know too well your Meaning. I never yet had any Cross, which I with Ease could not have born before.

Bell. We have been Friends.

Wild. Long Friends, and true.

Bell. I think so.

Wild.

Wild. How, my Lord, do you but think so?

Bell. I never, till this Day, had the least doubt. What pleasant Conversation, what Endearments, what mutual Kindnesses, have pass'd betwixt us!

Wild. And are you weary of my Friendship, that you resolve to break with me, by doubting it? How have I lov'd you present? with what Regret have I sustain'd your Absence? How often have we ventur'd our Lives for one another's Honour? And am I chang'd, my Lord?

Bell. Oh yes, Friend, we are both chang'd: I have a Mistress now, so charming, it is impossible that I shou'd live without her.

Wild. I have a Mistress too, so much above her Sex, so fair, so witty, so engaging, that I must enjoy her, or I perish!

Bell. How? Enjoy her! Take heed, Friend.

Wild. I mean all Honour to her.

Bell. Wou'd you possess the Mistress of your Friend?

Wild. Wou'd you possess the Mistress of your Friend?

Bell. How, Sir? do you Echo me?

Wild. The Case, my Lord, is so. Once, there was nothing in the World so dear to me as you; but, since I knew my Mistress, I wou'd quit all that is precious in the World, e'er I wou'd lose her.

Bell. What do I hear! Sir, have you then Possession of her?

Wild. A Sanguine Man is never out of Hope: I have her in Imagination now, methinks.

Bell. Methinks, you go too fast, Sir; you know my Temper, Sir; how long do you think that I can bear a Rival?

Wild. I can consider nothing but her, and her, and only her.

Bell. You slight me, Sir.

Wild. I hope, I have more Manners.

Chs. Oh, how I tremble! They will fight, and I am lost for ever!

Count. Dey seem in de Passion. If dey two be mad, as to make de Duel, dey vill take me for de Second, against dat littel Jentilman, de Page; and I have seen de

Page in France fence like de Diable: he vill putte his Rapier in my Bodee; me vill steal away. *[Steals out.]*

Bell. I am agreed upon Articles with her Father, who is her Guardian.

Wild. And I am endeavouring to agree upon Articles with her; which is a shorter way.

Bell. But 'tis not so fair a way.

Wild. How, not so fair?

Bell. No: nor can any Man enjoy her while I live.

Wild. 'Sdeath! What do you say? Defend your self.

Bell. I am always ready to do that.

[They fight. Charles runs out. Wildish drops his Sword; then strives to run in to Bell. who offers him his]

Cha. Help! help! Murder! Murder! help! help!

Bell. Hold, Sir; hold: You want a Sword; pray make use of mine.

Wild. You are generous, my Lord; my Life's yours, and so it was before, and whatsoever I cou'd call mine was so; except my Mistress.

Bell. Let us be still such Friends: There's not a Man on Earth I value equal with you.

Enter Charles.

Cha. They are embracing! blessed Heaven! I hope my Lord's not hurt.

Bell. What remains then, but we proceed like Men of Reason; each take his way to gain the divine Creature's Love? And since one must be for ever miserable, let her be Arbitress of our two Fates.

Wild. You still possess the same Honour which you ever had; I am now your most unhappy, but most faithful Friend.

[They embrace.]

Enter the Count.

Count. Is de Fight done? Oh, dey embrace; is no danger.

Wild. You most impudent cowardly Dog! if you had not run away, you might have parted us, and not have suffer'd Friends to fight.

[Kicks him.]

Count. Hold, hold, hold! is ver well, you kicke de

French

French Count! Begar, you show de Breeding: *Kicke d' Count*! you take me for de Barbier; ver fine, yes indeed.

Wild. Sirrah, you shall be Count no longer: This Fra-lick shall not turn to earnest.

Count. I will be gone; an gette de Ladee, for all dat. Adieu: Jerny, me will no stay to be kicke.

Wild. My Lord, I must take off this Rogue; my Honour may be question'd: For, tho' I hate the affected Creature, I wou'd not have this go on to a Marriage, or a Contract: I'll follow him.

Bell. You have Reason; by what I over-heard, 'twill come to one of them, if you prevent 'em not.

[*Exit Wildish.*]

Come, *Charles*, come along with me: This Evening all the Company will be in the Fair, and there I must meet my Mistress.

Chs. What deadly Sound is this! On every Side I am lost.

Trim in the Church-yard; and Sir Humphrey standing under a Pillar of the Church.

Trim. I could not have imagin'd, that this *French Count* should be so devoid of Breeding, and the Decencies which become all Gentlemen, as to make me wait so long, upon so important an Occasion.

Sir Hum. This damn'd *French Count* will stay here for ever, I think: A Pox on him, for a Blood-thirsty Rascal! But I will outstay him, and face him down, that I waited here for him; and there may be Hopes it may be taken up. Gad take me, he's a murderous Rogue, and I will not fight! I durst have sworn he had been a Coward!

Trim. Will he never appear?

Enter Lady Fantast, Mrs. Fantast, and two Men Servants.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, I am ruined, if my dear Count shou'd fight! my Passion is extream, as is his for me.

L. Fan. I cannot blame thee, Daughter: He is the most charming Person, that ever my Eyes beheld!

Mrs.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, should he fall, I never can survive him! *Helas, mon pauvre Cœur!*

L. Fan. Sir Humphrey was seen to come into the Church-yard.

Trim. Here is Company: I must retire.

Sir Hum. Ounds, the Rogue will find me out! He comes upon me! *[He stands up close. Trim comes upon him.]*

Trim. Ha! Who's this?

Sir Hum. Oh pox! is it he? *Jack, Jack, little Jack, nown Jack, my Lad!*

Trim. *Jack! Jack! Jack!* Sir, you are too familiar, and by your apish Gesticulations have endeavour'd to expose my Person on all Occasions; for which, now we are opportunely met, I will chastise you, as becomes a Gentleman.

Sir Hum. Why *Jack! nown Jack!* What art thou mad? Pr'ythee kiss me.

Trim. I will salute you in another Manner.

[Strikes him with his Sword.]

Sir Hum. Why, *Jack, Jack,* pr'ythee leave fooling.

Trim. Draw, or I will sacrifice you to my just Revenge, this very individual Moment. Have at you.

Sir Hum. Hold, hold! this Rogue will kill me.

[He draws. Trim rushes at him, and his Sword falls: Sir Humfrey takes it up.]

Mrs. Fan. Oh Heaven! there they are fighting! Run, run, and save the Count! Oh, save the —

[She runs, and L. Fan. after her.]

L. Fan. Oh, save the Count! Save the Count!

Sir Hum. Take your Life; I give you your life, and learn how you provoke me another time.

Mrs. Fan. Pish! are these two here?

Sir Hum. Take Notice, I give him his Life.

Mrs. Fan. Is this all? Madam, let's go.

L. Fan. Come on: *[Exeunt hastily.]*

Trim. Sir, you have good Fortune only, but no Valour, to boast of.

Sir Hum. Sir, I have disarm'd you, and there's an end on't.

Trim

Trim. You will return my Rapier, as becomes a Gentleman?

Sir Hum. Gad take me, not I, till you come into the Fair: For ought I know, a Whim may take you to fight again.

Trim. Sure, I have a greater share of Honour, and a greater stock of Breeding, than to commit such an Error against him, whom Fortune has presented with that Advantage.

Sir Hum. Udsbud, I'll not trust you: Follow me. But I am resolv'd to cudgel this damnable Count, for a Coward.

Trim. And I likewise: and surely Cudgels will render him obnoxious to the Hate and Scorn of Madam Fantast.

Sir Hum. I'll lay him on. Come, follow me. *[Exit.]*

Trim. That Persons shou'd frequent Bury, and suck in no more Breeding, is, I must confess, prodigious! *[Exit.]*

SCENE the Fair.

They cry their several Wares.

Enter Wildish to him, the Count.

Wild. Where is this damn'd Count? Oh, here. — Do you hear, Sirrah? I am told, you have succeeded so far with this Fantastick foolish Creature, that she will marry you.

Count. Den, begar, I have makè de *French* Count ver vel.

Wild. If you make any farther Application, I will cut your Throat. But, in the first Place, I will un-Count you, and cut off your Train, Sir.

Count. Vel, vel, vat you please: ma foy, she lovè me ver vel. — Sall I makè de Fornication vid her? begar, I vil no marry, upon my Honeur.

Wild. I had rather you shou'd do that, than marry her; but I will have no more Love to her: and then carry on your Countship as much as you will; you may have your choice of others. But be sure to use the Cowards scurvily.

Count. I warrant you, I vil beatè dem.

Wild.

Wild. Then cudgelling will ensue.

[*Aside.*

Count. Jerny, he cuttè my Troat! Begar, me makè de great Laugh at dat: he no dare be hanga; me vil havè de Ladeè for all dis; me know de Law.

Enter four Ladies.

1 *Lady.* Oh, Monsieur le Count, *Serviteur!*

2 *Lady.* Monsieur, your humble Servant.

3 *Lady.* Monsieur, I am yours, I assure you.

4 *Lady.* Oh, my Lord, we thought the Fair had lost you.

Count. Madams, me kisse all your Hande: me wou'd be two tree four Count for your saka; begar, me vil makè two tree four Cuckold, and marry de Ladeè too.

[*He walks forward, with two on each Hand.*

Enter Gertrude.

Wild. Oh, my most cruel Mistress!

Gert. Oh, my most ungracious Servant; can I come no where, but you must cross me with your unlucky Countenance?

Wild. You can come no where, but I will endeavour to bless my self with the Sight of yours, or I must die.

Gert. Oh, that it were in my Power to make a Lover hang himself! then I wou'd triumph for the rest of my poor deluded Sex. They talk of being Martyrs, and Dying, and Dying, and such Stuff; but wou'd I cou'd see one of 'em Die once: that wou'd be worth the seeing.

Wild. My pretty charming Tyrant, sure you are not so bloody-minded!

Gert. Well, I am of Opinion, that a Lady is no more to be accounted a Beauty, till she has kill'd her Man; than the Bullies think one a fine Gentleman, till he has kill'd his.

Wild. I must beg leave to be a little more serious with you.

Gert. Never; why, you'll come to the Point then, which I can never endure: Love in Jest, is but just Tolerable; but serious Love is duller than a Rhyming Play.

Wild. My Case is now more desperate than I thought:

I have discover'd, that my greatest Friend, a Man of Worth and Honour, is my Rival.

Gert. Ne'er the more desperate for that; 'twas full as desperate before: but, if you be a true Friend to him, give over troubling me.

Wild. How! have you then made choice of him?

Gert. Of neither: but, if I can be once rid of you, he is somewhat modest, and I doubt not but to shake him off. Here he comes.

Enter Lord Bellamy.

Wild. These free-spirited Ladies are hard to be subdu'd: a Man may get ten modest, meek, and shamefac'd Ladies, e'er he can conquer one of these; they have not the Heart to deny.

Gert. My Lord, I beseech your Lordship, no Love in the Fair.

Bell. How hard is my Condition, who have so cruel a Mistress, and so deserving a Rival! and, which is most unfortunate, my greatest Friend too!

Wild. In the first part of my Character, you do me too much Honour; but in the latter, you are just.

Gert. So, here's a fine Subject for a Love and Honour-Poet! But you are in no Danger of him; for I am resolv'd to keep myself free, and incline to none: Methinks 'tis Air I tread! how light I am without a Yoke!

Enter Oldwit.

Oldw. Oh, my little Gerty! Ha! my Lord! here's Flesh and Blood for you! will she not make a rare Bedfellow?

Gert. Fy, Sir, what do you mean? Farewell.

[She walks out.]

Oldw. You must both Sup with me, my Lord, and you, Sir. I have had Company with me; and we have had such a Discourse about Wit: they, of the New Wit; and I, of the Old Wit, and my own things I writ in the last Age.

Wild. Well, and you run 'em down, I make no doubt.

Enter Lady Fantast, and Mrs. Fantast.

L. Fan. Servant, Ladies.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, *Monsieur Le Count*, I am overjoy'd, to see you safe!

Count. Safe, Madam! Begar, *Trim* and Sir *Neddy* be de two great Coward indeed, and me beata dem like two Dogua; yes, fait.

Mrs. Fan. If your pretended Passion have Reality, follow me to our House: you are in Danger for my sake, and I will stick to you with my Life and Fortune; come instantly; there are Spies upon us. Madam, come away.

L. Fan. I come, dear Child.

[*Exe. L. Fan. and Mrs. Fan.*

Count. Poor Rogua! she love me extrememant! Begar, *Monsieur Wildish* is an Afs, an me vil have de Ladee for all him.

[*Aside.*

Oldw. What? a French Barber and Peruke-maker, and no Count! Hang him, he wou'd not Drink. I thought there was no good in him.

Wild. I am to beg a Thousand Pardons of you: 'twas my Frolick, but 'tis gone too far; for, if you don't prevent it, he may marry *Mrs. Fantast*.

Oldw. Nay, 'faith, 'tis no great matter if he does: Would he cou'd marry the Mother too; for, under the Rose, never Man was so plagu'd with a couple of Impertinent, Fantastick Jades, as I am with them: And to compleat the Affliction, they must pretend to Wit before me, and will allow me to have none!

Wild. That indeed is most unsufferable.

Oldw. Ay, is't not?

[*The Count is very busy talking with the four Ladies: On Trim's Entrance, he makes up to him.*

Enter Trim.

Wild. Now is your time, Count, to put an Affront upon that Coward.

Count. Lettè me alone for dat. — Begar, I am amaze, dat de Coward dare shew his Face any where: Begar, I vill pluckè you by de Nosè, because you no dare meet a me.

Trim. And I will make that Return, which becometh a Man of Honour to do in like Cases.

[*He Gudgefs him. The Ladies shriek, and run away.*

Count. Jerny, vat is dis? vat you do? You Canè de Count! Begar, you show de Breeding. Hold, hold! vat you do? *Monsieur Wildish*, my Lor, stand by me.

[*He draws, and Trim lays him on: He runs away, and meets Sir Humphrey on the other side of the Stage, who cudgels him too. He runs backward and forward, and is cudgell'd on both sides. The Constable with a Guard Enters, and knocks Trim and Sir Humphrey down, and the Count escapes.*]

Sir Hum. Are you there, you Coward?

Count. Eh, Morbleu! vat is dis?

Bell. Now it works.

Oldw. Passing good, I'faith! Come, let's to my House.

[*Ex. Wild. Old. & Bell.*]

Const. Come, Gentlemen, you shall go before the Alder-man: he'll teach you to make a Disturbance in the Fair.

Trim. Sweet Mr. Constable! Sir, Sir, Mr. Constable! Mr. Constable!

Const. Away with 'em, I say.

[*They hale 'em out. Exit.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Oldwit, and Mrs. Gertrude.

Oldw. I Shall have nothing but Uproars and Quarrels in my Family: *Trim* and *Sir Humphrey* have quarrell'd with the Count, about *Madam Fantast*, with a Pox to her; and even now my Lord *Bellamy* and Mr. *Wildish* have fought about you, as the Page said, and I heard it.

Gert. How? Fought about me!

Oldw. So I say; I shall have my foolish Family the whole Discourse of this Tittle-Tattle Town. Look you, Daughter, I knew not of Mr. *Wildish's* Love to you; they have both

both very good Estates: but Mr *Wildish* is a Wit, a great Wit, I faith. I leave you to your Choice.

Gert. I thank you, Sir: then I chuse neither of 'em, nor any other.

Oldw. Thou art so wild, and such a skittish Filly, you must be tam'd and marry'd. Come, come, determine your Choice suddenly, which they have past their Honours shall determine them; or Battel and Murder may ensue about you.

Gert. I am not so vain to believe that.

Oldw. Be not so foolish to believe otherwise. Look you, they are coming in, and you are to sit upon Life and Death: be an upright Judge, and do not delay Justice; I must have an end of this Suit presently. Farewell.

[Exit.]

Gert. A very grave Judge shall I be, without doubt! But I think the Petticoat may vye for Wildom and Sincerity with the long Robe, before our late Restauration.

Enter Charles.

Charles. Madam, this Letter, which fell from your Ladyship accidentally, came into my Lord's Hands; and he commanded me to deliver it to you, unread, and unopen'd, tho' he knew the Hand.

[Exit.]

Gert. How? my Note fallen into his Hands! How unlucky was this! Ha, gone! How strangely this Youth resembles my Sister *Philadelphia*! This is handsomely done of my Lord; and like a Man of Honour.

Enter Lord Bellamy, and Wildish; Charles steals in after them.

Wild. Madam, behold a pair of Rivals, Hand in Hand, and Friends.

Bell. Who come to prostrate themselves at your Feet, and must from your fair Mouth expect their Doom.

Charles. Oh, she will chuse my Lord, and I must perish!

[Aside.]

Wild. To whom ever you shall give leave to continue your Servant, the other will quietly Retire, and suffer his hard Fate with all the Patience that he can: But if I am rejected, I shall be for ever miserable.

Bell. And to me, Heaven knows, not all the World besides can recompence the Loss of you.

Charles. Ah me!

[*Aside.*

Gert. Are you resolv'd to be in Earnest, and would you make me so? I have not yet determin'd to marry any one.

Wild. Must we then both sue on, and try by constant Service to obtain your Heart?

Gert. No, no: you will oblige me more, if you will both desist. I have that Joy in Freedom, that I cannot think of parting with it yet.

Bell. You are born to command, and always must be free.

Wild. I love so, Madam, I must be your Slave for ever.

Gert. Yes, if you love, so long I may keep you at my Command: but this same Whoreson Marriage kills all Love, and makes best Friends fall out.

Bell. Nothing can ever make my Love decrease.

Gert. Yes, if I love again: as Fire takes out Fire.

Wild. Not all your Cruelty can tame my Love: which, if it be so raging now, what would your Kindness make it?

Gert. Oh, Marriage is a sovereign Julep: and Thirst grows less apace by drinking.

Bell. Not where 'tis a Dissemper, a violent Fever; as all Love is, sure.

Gert. Too violent to last.

Wild. Madam, in short, if you do not determine which of us shall have leave to sue, implicitly you give it both of us.

Gert. Is that your Logic, Sir? No: in the first Place, I never will give you leave to make the least Address to me more.

Charles. Oh, I am lost!

[*Swoons, and falls down upon a Chair.*

Bell. What's the matter?

Gert. Your Page is in a Swoon: Help, help! Open his Breast. Oh Heaven! this is a Woman!

Bell. & Wild. A Woman!

Gert.

Gert. She comes to her self.

Charles. Oh, Madam, I am your Sister: for Heaven's sake, conceal me! [In whisper.]

Gert. Run up privately into my Chamber quickly. I am amaz'd! This is prodigious!

Bell. A Woman! Madam, I was never so surpris'd.

Gert. No doubt, you are surpris'd; and so was she: I believe she is run out of Doors in haste enough.

Bell. Accurs'd Misfortune! I am undone for ever! I'll hasten and have a full Account of all this Matter.

[Exit hastily.]

Gert. [Aside.] I hope, he knew her not. My Sister!—This is an admirable Lover! Let my wise Father keep him to himself, I have done with him.

Wild. Will you be pleas'd then to begin with me? I am the truest Lover of my Sex.

Gert. If you are, I'll keep you so: for, shou'd I think of marrying you, I give up my Dominion. No, no: I will domineer seven Years first.

Wild. Death, Madam! seven Years! What, do you take me for a Patriarch? serve seven Years! They might stay, who begun at Fourscore to get Sons and Daughters: but I have but a short time to live.

Gert. I am sure, if I shou'd marry you, I shou'd have but a short time to reign.

Wild. Consider, Madam.

Gert. I have consider'd: Farewell.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Count and Mrs. Fantast.

Mrs. Fan. How glad I am, to see you safe! Your Life is beset, for my sake; and I am bound in Honour to protect it.

Count. Madam, you have de great share of Honeur, and de great share de Beautèe; but for de Rival, I vil beat and killè dem all.

Mrs. Fan. They are a greater Number, Monsieur, than you imagine.

Count. Begar, all dat look upon you are de Rival; butte dey dat makè Love, I vill makè de Example: I had killè

killè two of dem just now, but de Fair all rise upon me, and make me makè de Retreat.

Mrs. Fan. Heaven grant you be not *blessee*, Monsieur.

Count. Me havè no Wound, Madam, but vat you givè me trough de Art: de Dangere of de Rival, Morbleu, me despisè; me vill runnè dem trough de Bodee dus, in Quart, Second, Tierce; hah, hah, hah. [*He thrusts with his drawn Sword.*] Butte you can no savè my Life, if you no lovè my Person, and marry vid my Person.

Mrs. Fan. Oh *je suis rouge*, you make me blush: I fear, you have *decouvert* more of my Tendress, than I wou'd have had you.

Count. Madamma, if you vill makè me your Husband, you stoppe all de insolance of de Rival, and makè me appy beyond de Varle: else, me vill be bound in Honour to killè two tree Rival every Day, every Day, Madam, and dat vill be bloody varke; butte is all one for dat, if you no marry vid me, me am desperate.

Mrs. Fan. Tho' I must confes, I never met such Charms in any Person; yet I shou'd be censur'd for being too precipitous, in agreeing so soon to your honourable Proposals.

Count. Vee vil go into *France*, beyond de Censure, to de great Chatteau of min, as big as *Amplong Cour*, vid de great Canaille, de great Park, and de grand Royalty, vid two tree grand Chatteau beside: butte it must be sodain; for de grand Monarque expectè me.

Enter Lady Fantast.

L. Fan. Come, Daughter, I have been acquainted before with my Lord Count's Honourable Passion towards you; and he is a Person of undoubted Excellence: you have full ten thousand Pounds; and I shall think your Fortune and your Person well bestow'd, upon a noble Gentleman of such grand Merit.

Count. Oh, faire Madamma, you do me de great Honour: me no care for de Monee, it is de Person; dis hope makè me all on Flamè. Madam, gettè de Parson, de Minister, to dispatchè de businessse presantlèe.

L. Fan. Sir, it is Night; 'tis not the Canonical Hour.

Counts.

Count. Is all one: de good Roman Catolique Priest vill do it presantlee.

Mrs. Fan. No, by no means; not till to-morrow, Madam.

Count. Breakè de Gold, and makè de Contract den now: dat vill breakè de Art of all the Rival, and make dem sneakè, likè de pitful Rogua! Begar.

L. Fan. Let it be so, Daughter: if by any Accident you should lose the Count, we were undone.

Mrs. Fan. *Ouy sans doubt,* I shou'd be most miserable.

Enter Luce, and Page to the Count.

L. Fan. Oh, *Luce*, you are come in Season.

Luce. My Lord Count, your Page is here to speak with you.

Count. Let him come in. Hey, Page, Let all be Wit-ness of de Contract: me vill be no Fourb, no Frippon. Upon de Knee me swearè to marry dis Ladeè Madam *Fan-tast*, to-morrow in de Morning. [*He kneels.*]

L. Fan. Daughter, you must Promise: Come, never be asham'd of so transcendent a Choice.

Mrs. Fan. I am Obedient: I swear to marry this noble Person *Monsieur le Count de Cheveux*, to-morrow Morning. [*She kneels.*]

Count. Ah, Madamma, now breakè de Gold, de Broad-Piece: so, is done; and now, rise up ma cher Counteis.

Mrs. Fan. *Eh, mon Cher Count!*

L. Fan. Millions of Joys fall on you both. I weep for Joy.

Nich. Master, they have got the Report now all over the Town, that you are a Barber and Peruke maker; your Equipage is revolted: Mr. *Wildish's* Men talk it every where, and my Lord *Bellamy's* Men; and 'tis in every Body's Mouth.

Count. Begar, dey be de Rogua, de Scoundrella: but begon from dis House, and be seen no more here; and say, you can no finde me. [*Exit Page.*]

Mrs. Fan. Some body's coming up; a Rival, I believe; pray, go into my Closet.

[*A Noise of some coming up Stairs.*]

Count. Vere, Vere is de Closet? Begar, I vou'd killè de Rival before your Face, but is not decent, Madam.

Mrs. Fan. Madam, I beseech you, entertain 'em, while I retire with *Mon cher Count*.

[*They retire into the Closet, where they peep out to listen.*

Enter Trim.

Trim. Madam, I kisse your Ladyship's fair Hands.

L. Fan. Your Servant, sweet Mr. *Trim*.

Trim. Cou'd I think to have liv'd to have seen this inauspicious Day, who had so long admir'd the Beauty, and ador'd the Mind of my Divine *Dorinda*? That I, having devoted not only my Heart, but all the Actions of my Life to her Service, shou'd be thus sacrific'd to a *Frenchman*!

L. Fan. 'Tis a most fatal Mistake: She bears a most profound Respect towards the worthy Mr. *Trim*.

Trim. At his first Approach, her sad Indifference appear'd in the Bud, which since has sprouted up to compleat Scorn; And all for this *Frenchman*, this false Count, this Impostor!

L. Fan. How? False Count!

Count. Lettè me go: Begar, I vill runnè him trough de Bodee.

Mrs. Fan. You shall not stir.

Trim. Yes; he is a false Count, and a true Barber and Peruke-maker.

Count. Jerny, dam Rogua, makè de great Lye of me! Lettè me go, Madamma; me vill killè de Rogua, for dis Affront.

Mrs. Fan. I will not part with you out of my Arms.

L. Fan. Sir, be not so temerarious: he is one of the Nobless, and his Nature's vindicative in Honour's Cause.

Trim. Hang him, Snip-snap Rogue, I contemn him; I challeng'd him: he is a Coward, and durst not answer my Charrel to meet me; for which, I exercis'd him plentifully with this numerical Cane.

Count. O de dam Lye Rogua! Begar, me must killè him, for mine Honeur. Morbleu, Madamma, me did beata dis Rascal, likè de Spaniel Dogue, indeed.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fan. Let him lie on: I'll revenge it.

L. Fan. You must pardon me, Sir, if I give not Credit to what you say: I am assur'd, he's as brave a Gentleman as e'er drew Sword, and a great Commander.

Trim. I do averr, that he's a Barber in *Pickadilly*.

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha; that's a Jest! My Daughter and I mistake in Breeding and Quality!

Enter Sir Humphrey.

Sir Hum. Oh, Madam, I am come to vent my just Resentments, for the Slight your Daughter has put upon me for this damn'd rascally Count, whom I tweak'd by the Nose last Night. I challeng'd him; he dar'd not meet me; but, by Cross-biting, made *Jack* here, little *Jack* and me meet, and fall out; and you saw me give him his Life,

Trim. If you hold your own at any rate, boast not once more: If you persist, you will awaken my Fury till it may destroy you.

Sir Hum. Prythee, *Jack*, hold thy Peace; thou art the peevishest Fellow! But after all, this Count of yours is a Rogue, a Cheat; he's a Barber in *Pickadilly*.

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha; as if my Daughter and I cou'd take a Barber for a Count! Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Hum. Udsbud, this Fellow's a Barber: I can prove it upon him.

Count. Oh, Madamma, me beg upon de Knee dat you will lettè me but killè dese two, and me vill killè no more, upon mine Honeur. De Devil can no makè de Lye so.

Sir Hum. Nay, Gad take me, I don't much care; I have a good Estate, and I shall have Women enough court me, where I need not apprehend a French Count, made of a Barber and a Peruke-Maker; a damn'd Coward too, that durst not meet me; but I cudgel'd him so in the Fair, *Jack*, ha! that he will not be very active a while.

Count. Ah, Madam, dey provoke me beyondè de Patience.

Mrs. Fan. Go in, I say; and let me alone with them [*She locks him in.*] I have over-heard you, and wond much you dare caumniate a Person of such Breedin

Qu

Quality, and Honour, as the Count! Your Lives were not worth a Farthing, if he heard you. Is this like Gentlemen?

Sir Hum. Honour! hang him, Scoundrell! Gad take me; I cudgel'd him, 'till my Arm akes; a damn'd cowardly Barber and Peruke-Maker!

Trim. And I chastis'd him in like manner most exorbitantly.

Mrs. Fan. You are insolent, thus to traduce a Person of his Worth.

L. Fan. Call you this Breeding; to challenge and abuse a Person of Quality in my House, for his Gallantry to my Daughter?

Mrs. Fan. How! dare you commit the Insolence, to challenge a Person, whom I favour? and then to blacken his unsported Fame, when I know you dare not meet him, and he cudgel'd you.

Trim. Admir'd *Dorinda*, the Faculties of whose noble Soul did use to shine more bright, than to be led into so gross an Error as to mistake a Barber for a Count—

Mrs. Fan. Ha, ha, ha; my Lady and I mistake Breeding and Quality, and take a Barber for a Nobleman! *Mon dieu*, this is Malice, meer Envy of my Favours.

L. Fan. If my Daughter and I can mistake in such material Points, who can be Judges?

Sir Hum. Nay, for my part, Madam, if you must love a cudgel'd Barber, and take him for a valiant Count, make much of him; I shall desist: There are more Ladies, Heaven be thanked.

Trim. Yes, Sir, there are more Ladies: but, if any Man affirms that my fair *Dorinda* has an Equal, I thus fling down my Glove, and do demand the Combat for her Honour— This is a nice Point of Honour I have hit.

Sir Hum. Why, *Jack*, *Jack*, nown *Jack*! what, art thou mad? *Jack*, *Jack*!

Trim. Prythee *Jack* me no *Jacks*; but speak with Honour o' my Mistress, or draw.

L. Fan. What, more Quarrels in my House!

Sir

Sir Ham. Prythee, Jack, why, I gave thee thy Life, Man! What, a Devil, if you be so peevish, fare you well. Ladies, your humble Servant; and a Pox of all Cowardly French Peruke-Makers, I say. [Exit.]

Mrs. Fan. Quell Insolance! I will not hear his Honour lessen'd so.

Trim. 'Tis an undoubted Verity, most inevitably true, that he is a Barber, Madam.

Mrs. Fan. 'Tis false; 'tis the basest Malice to blacken Men in Absence; he is a Person, in whom all Charms are met.

Trim. He Charms! Alas, Dorinda, whither do you stray?

Mrs. Fan. Be gone; avoid my Presence.

Trim. Can my Dorinda ———

Mrs. Fan. I say, be gone.

Trim. Will you not hear?

Mrs. Fan. No.

Trim. I obey: I say no more at present. [Exit.]

Mrs. Fan. Monsieur, my dear Count, come forth.

Count. Ah, Madam ma Cher, mine Honeur! de Barbier! de Peruke-Man! Morbleu, vy do dey no callè me de Tinkre, de Jugler, vat dey will? If you please lettè me killè dese two Rogus, you vill obligè me ver much indeed, my dear Countess.

Mrs. Fan. Wou'd you kill me, by bringing your self into that Danger? No; Let the happy Lovers Love and Revel.

*—— Hi sunt de pice triumpho,
Bella gerent alios.*

L. Fan. Here's some coming; keep my Lord Count in your Lodging 'till three in the Morning, I will have a Coach ready to carry you to be marry'd.

Count. I beseech you, let me but killè one Rogua.

Mrs. Fan. In, into the Closet.

Count. But one, Madam. Callè de Count, de Barbier! Jerny bleu, vat is dis?

Enter Oldwit.

Oldw. Where is my most wise and subtile Spouse, with her witty well-bred Daughter?

L. Fan. What have you to do with Wit or Breeding?

Oldw. Such counterfeit Breeding and false Wit, as you, old doting Pop, with the most affected and fantastick thing, your Daughter, do possess, I utterly renounce.

L. Fan. What says the antiquated Wit, with his Shreds of old Poets?

Mrs. Fan. *Helas!* You be de very fine Judge indeed! Ha, ha, ha.

Oldw. Judge; ha, ha, ha! Have a care of losing your *English*, before you have gotten another Language. But, do you hear? In earnest, do you two think that you two have either Wit, or Breeding?

Mrs. Fan. Think! We know we have, and that you want both, is too evident by your Question.

L. Fan. Yes, thou old Lumber full of Frillery, we have: while, Heaven knows, you have neither.

Oldw. Ounds; what, I no Wit!

L. Fan. No.

Mrs. Fan. No.

Oldw. No, no! Why, thou Piece of Clock-Work, thou hast no Teeth, no Hair, no Eye-Brows, no Complexion, but what cost thee Mony; and, but for Iron Bodice, art as crooked as a Bugle Horn; and I have made an Epigram upon thee.

*She's bent, like a Ninepence; and had been quite broken,
And now Nature intended the Devil a Token:*

*Sure, Heaven in its Indignation hath made her,
And in her Mam's crooked Paunch Neck and Heels laid her.*

There's Wit, old Sybil, for thee!

L. Fan. That Wit, you silly old Fumbler! You are an *Opiobrium* to the Name of Wit, thou ill-bred old Sot!

Mrs. Fan. You a Wit! eh Gud! The very Spirit of *Grubstreet* reigns in you.

Oldw. Thou young *Foxebel*, with nothing natural about thee! Thou look'st as if thou wert painted by some lewd Painter for the Sign of Folly, with such turning up of Eyes, and screwing of Faces, with Convulsions in your Mouth:

*She makes wry Mouths, and chews every Word,
Like an old Sow, that simpereth with a new T——*

You

You understand me. There's Wit for you both now, you Brace of Flirts! I no Wit, quoth they!

Mrs. Fan. If Rudeness, Railing, and ill-Breeding may pass for Wit, you are plentifully endu'd; but I despise it.

L. Fan. An old Soaker, with a white Head, a red Face, a Brain clouded with Fumes, and empty of Wit, full of Whims and Muggots.

Oldw. Come, come, you Brace of Fopdoodles, where's your French Barber you are both so fond of; and you are to marry, Mrs. Wit? A pox on him! if he could marry you both, with all my Heart.

L. Fan. What, have you gotten that silly Story too? Ha, ha.

Mrs. Fan. This is rais'd by some London Wit, some Laughter: They call it Shamming.

L. Fan. and Mrs. Fan. A Barber! Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Fan. Can we be deceiv'd in Quality and Breeding?

L. Fan. Not know a Mechanick, a Barber, from a noble Count! very likely.

[Both laugh.]

Oldw. [mocking them.] Ha, ha, ha! You most abominable brace of conceited, affected Fools! What a pox, my House will become ridiculous, the Scorn and Laughter of the whole Country: Here are twenty People in Town, can prove he is a Barber.

L. Fan. Go, Dotard, go: A Barber! Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Fan. O silly! A Barber! Ha, ha, ha, Mon Dieu!

Oldw. Ounds! You make me mad, you most incorrigible Pair of Fools. Well, for once, I'll take more care of you, than you of your self. I'll have this Rogue Barber, if he be above ground, and make an Example of him.

Enter Wildish.

Oldw. Here's one can tell you who your Count is.

Wild. Why, he is my Peruke-Maker, and he is a Barber: I put him upon this Frolick, thinking to make Sport in the time of the Fair; but never thought it would have come to Earnest.

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha; this is finely carry'd on indeed!

Mrs. Fan. Envy, Malice! Believe a London Wit! a Jester! a Scoffer! a Shammer! ha, ha, ha.

Oldw. Ounds! I'll have no more fooling about this Business: Produce this Barber; he came into my House, has not gone out since, and you must have hid him.

Mrs. Fan. I hide a Man in my Apartment! I defy you, insolent.

Oldw. I'll see; is he not behind the Bed? or in it? Hah, I cannot find him. He must be somewhere in these Rooms.

L. Fan. What can provoke you to abuse my Daughter thus?

Mrs. Fan. Must I, who have been admir'd (I may say, ador'd) for Virtue, have my Reputation question'd thus by you?

Oldw. Are you angry to be kept from marrying a Barber?

L. Fan. How dare you domineer in my House thus?

Oldw. Stand by, old Fool. Who is in this Closet? let me see. [*Breaks it open.*] Oh, Sheep-Biter are you here?

L. Fan. Oh Heaven, the Count here!

Mrs. Fan. *Mon dieu!* How came you here?

Oldw. Come, Mr. Barber, instead of *Monsieur le Count*.

Count. *Vat* you mean? Begar, I will have de Satisfaction; and, vers it not for de Reverence to de Ladee, Begar, me you'd cut all your Troat, *Morbleu*.

Wild. Why Sirrah, Rascal, are you not my Barber and Peruke-Maker? Did I not set you up for a Count? Is not that my Suit of Cloaths?

Count. Do not provokè me to runne you trough de Bodee: Me am amazè: *Ventre bien*, Madam, dey be all starkè mad; dey Dream, and dey talk in deir Sleep: Jer-ny, me can no tell *vat* dey mean. Do dey Treat de *French Count* in *England* dus? Oh Brutal!

Wild. If you dare persist in this Business, I will cut your Throat infallibly.

Count. Lettè me alone: Begar, you no dare be hanga.

Mrs. Fan. Nay, then 'tis time to speak — Good Mr. Impudence, what have you to say to my Husband?

Oldw. and *Wild.* Your Husband!

L. Fan. Yes, Sir, her Husband: So he is.

Count.

Count. Yes, vat you say to dis Ladee's Husband? Ha! Morbleu!

Old. O thou damnable Betrayer of thy Daughter! I warrant you, I'll have a Trick for him, and have him in the Pillory: You shall see your Husband peep through Wood, I warrant you. Come, Sir, let's go.

[*Exit Wild. and Old.*]

Mrs. Fan. He is gone with some wicked Design, or other; let us fly.

Count. Me vill do vat you pleas; but *Monsieur le Count* did never fly before.

L. Fan. Come, haste and escape, while he's gone out.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mrs. Gertrude, and her Sister Philadelphia; and Lord Bellamy.

Phil. Had not my Sister, against my Will, surpris'd me with the Sight of you; I ne'er had seen your Eyes again, but had found out some melancholy Hole, and dy'd for Shame.

Bell. I had been then compleatly miserable. — She's excellently Fair!

Phil. With what Confusion must I look on you! I never shall behold you, but with a Face cover'd with Blushes.

Bell. The infinite Honour you have done me, o'erwhelms me with such Shame; that, being conscious how little I deserve, I cannot bear it: But, Madam, I will never rise from hence, 'till you have pardon'd me for every Command I had the Impudence to lay upon you.

Phil. There is no Colour for a Pardon: I owe you all the Thanks I am capable of expressing; and I can forgive all the World, but my self. I beseech your Lordship, impute the Rashness of my Conduct to my Madness; that Madness which my Father drove me to, who would have forc'd me to marry a Fop I hated: You I had seen in public Places often. What mov'd me to run to you, I know not; pray think the best.

Gertr. Come, Sister, Comfort your self; such Things have been done; the Knowledge of this is in a narrow

Com-

Compass: you differ from your self so in this Habit, you cannot be known to have worn the other.

Bell. It is so much to my Advantage, that I will enquire no farther of the Cause; but such it is, that makes me owe my Life, and all I have to you; which I shall prostrate at your Feet.

Phil. My Kinswoman, my Lady Loveland, had never assisted me in my rash Design; but that, (Distracted) I know not how, she thought I would have kill'd my self, had she not answer'd my Desires.

Bell. A thousand Blessings on her.

Phil. My Lord, I beseech you, do me the Right to believe, that I intended to have dy'd e'er you shou'd have discover'd me; for so, Heaven knows, I did.

Bell. That was unkindly design'd, to lock up my chief Happiness.

Gert. Here are some coming; pray retire quickly.

[*Bell. and Phil. retire.*]
This is a happy Turn! The House is in some Uphear, what e'er's the Matter.

Enter Lady Fantast, Mrs. Fantast, and four Ladies.

L. Fan. 'Tis true; this damn'd Count is a Barber! The Barber in Cook-row knows him, and has seen him often at London.

Mrs. Fan. I am undone for ever! lost! wretched! miserable! Oh me! I will hide my Head within some Hole, and ne'er be seen again.

Gert. How! what, this Man of Quality and Breeding a Barber!

L. Fan. What's that to you, Minx?

Gert. Could you mistake in Quality and Breeding?

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Imperishable!

4. Lad. What, marry'd to a Barber!

Gert. How? Marry'd!

2. La. What pity 'tis!

Enter Count.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, I shall burst! He is not my Husband! I only said so, for fear my Father-in-law and *Widish* shou'd have murder'd him in their Rage.

Count.

BURY-FAIR. 211

Count. Vat, you renounce me? Begar, me vill make you know, dat me am your Husband.

Mrs. Fan. Avant, thou impudent Fellow.

Gerr. I cou'd burst my Spleen at this; but I have more serious Business. [Exit.]

Enter Oldwit.

Count. Is all one, morbleu, if you no lottè me havè your Person, me vill havè your Monee. Testebleu.

Oldw. Say you so, Sirrah? I have confin'd you from flying, and have Officers now to wait on you; and I will have your Ears, and have you whipt.

Count. Is all one for dat; me vill losè de two Eare, and be wippe two, tree, four time, for ten thousand Pound; and, begar, me vill havè de Portion, do vat you vill.

Oldw. Enter: Here, take him away to jail.

[Officers enter and hale the Count away.]

3 *Lad.* 'Tis no great matter; she was a proud fantastick Creature.

4 *Lad.* Nay, for my Part, I am glad on't.

Enter Trim, and Sir Humphrey.

1 *Lad.* How sneakingly he looks! He is but a pitiful Fellow!

2 *Lad.* He looks like a Barber, methinks: Lord, that I shou'd not discover it before!

3 *Lad.* I think I was bewitch'd, for my part.

4 *Lad.* That I shou'd ever take him to be a Count!

Trim. Madam, as in Duty bound, I wish you happy in your Choice.

Sir Hum. Madam, much Joy to you, and your Count Barber. Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Fan. I'll run away, and never see the Face of Man again. [Exit.]

L. Fan. Mr. Oldwit, farewell; let me have my Coach I'll never see Bury, or you, after this Hour.

Oldw. Who waits there? Bring the Coach and six Horses to the Door; and, Grooms, be ready instantly.

L. Fan. Farewell forever.

Oldw. We'll kiss at parting, 'faith.

[They kiss; she goes out in haste.
Heaven

Heaven be prais'd, for this great Deliverance; no more
shall I be plagu'd with their damn'd Wit and Breeding!

Enter Wildilh.

Wild. What, on your Knees?

Oldw. Ay, 'faith; and never had more Reason in my
Life.

*Enter Mrs. Gertrude, conducting Philadelphia and Lord
Bellamy in.*

Gert. Pray, Sir, down on your Knees once more.

Oldw. Say'st thou so my Girl?

Gert. Do you know this Face?

Oldw. My Daughter! Oh Heaven! ten thousand Wel-
comes! as many Blessings on thy Head! Rise, dear Child,
Where hast thou been? When didst thou come? Which
Way? I am over-joy'd!

Gert. Ask no Questions; 'tis no time to ask Questions:
Here she is.

Oldw. Canst thou forgive me, Child? I'll ne'er endea-
vour more to force thy Inclinations: Thou art free.

Phil. 'Tis I must ask your Pardon, Sir.

Oldw. Oh, name it not.

Bell. Now, Sir, can you part with what you love so
dearly? If so, I beg her on my Knees.

Old. How's this? I am amaz'd! astonish'd! My Head
turns round! How came this about?

Bell. By Love and Fate, that govern every thing. I
lov'd this Daughter, while she was lost to you and me:
and, if she will accept of me, I have all I wish on Earth.

Oldw. Have I my Seases, my Lord?

Gert. Again asking Questions! Come, come, do the
Duty of a Father, and bestow your Daughter, when she
has, like a free Woman, chosen for her self.

Oldw. My Head turns round! But come, Daughter:
Are you willing, *Phil*?

Phil. Yes; here I will obey.

[Gives her Hand.]

Oldw. All Joy be with you. I am not my self.

Wild. Joy to my Friend. This is a happy Turn!

Bell. I was passionate to marry the other Sister, be-
cause

cause I lov'd her; but I think it more reasonable to marry this, because she loves me.

Oldw. Call all my Servants; lay down all my Meat to the Fire; set all my Hogheads abroad: Call in the Fiddlers; let's Revel for a Month at least.

Enter Servants.

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir, a little! Madam, Madam!

[Pulls Gert. by the Sleeve.]

Gert. Have you any thing to say to me?

Wild. Can you find in your Heart to dispose of your Sister to my Friend, and not of your self to me?

Gert. Time enough to think on that, after I have tam'd you, and brought you up to Hand: You are too wild for me, a great deal.

Oldw. Come, Daughter, let me perswade you: Let it be a general Night of Joy.

Gert. I think I had as good: He is the most Importunate Lover, I shall never be quiet for him.——Well, I will dissemble no longer; here's my Hand.

Wild. And here's my Heart; Which you shall ever Reign in, while I live.

Gert. No Raptures. And know, for all my vapouring, I can obey, as well as e'er a meek, simpering Milkop of 'em all; and have ever held *Non-resistance* a Doctrine fit for all Wives, tho' for no Body else.

Oldw. Call in the Fiddlers: I am transported! I am all Air! Sirrah, go you, and set the Bells a going in both Churches: Call in all my Neighbours; I'll have him hang'd, that's sober to Night: Let every Room in my House roar, that it may keep the whole Town awake. Here are the Fiddles; fall to dancing presently; lose no time. Let all this Night be spent in Mirth and Wine; *[Dance.]* Let's lose no part of it in beastly Sleep.

This is the happy't Day of all my Life;
I've found my Daughter, and have lost my Wife.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Mountford.

I Was our Author's Advocate, last Year,
And then ye very gentle did appear.
To him ye now should more Indulgence show;
Eight Months he has been sick, and well he know
How very little a sick Man can do.
But could he write with never so much Wit,
He must despair of seeing a full Pit:
Most of our constant Friends have left the Town,
Bravely to serve their King and Country gone.
Our infrequent Theatre must mourn,
Till the Brave Youths Triumphantly return.
Soft Men of Peace enough are left at home,
Daily to cram our House, if they'd but come:
They eagerly elsewhere in Throngs resort,
Crowding for Places in the well-fill'd Court.
Here one, who has been fifty Years a Knave,
Strives for a Place, with one Foot in the Grave;
Another there, who did what e'er he cou'd,
Against the Sovereign Author of our Good:
Some, who rode Westward at least ten Miles down,
Some made Blue Coats at him, and stay'd in Town.
All these would have Preferment, as if they
Had to this glorious Change prepar'd the way:

Thus

EPILOGUE.

Thus there are more Admirers to each Place,
Than e'er a celebrated Beauty has.
And they, who cannot that Advancement gain,
They think their mighty Merits ought t' attain,
Steal to some Grumbling Club, and there complain.
Pox on't! Things go not well; I'll change my Side;
I thought they would for my great Worth provide.
Pray have less Vanity, and learn more Wit;
Come here, we've Places for you all must fit,
Within our empty Boxes and our Pit.
But you, who use to hiss, pray keep away,
And try to Write, before you damn a Play;
'Twill then so hard a Task to you appear,
You will not have the Heart to be severe.



EPHRAIM

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE AND DEATH OF
THE REVEREND FATHER
JOHN BAPTISTE
DE LA SALLE, S. J.
BY THE REV. FATHER
JOHN BAPTISTE
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THE
AMOROUS BIGOT:

With the Second Part of

Tegue O' Divelly.

A
COMEDY,

Acted by Their

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

THE

AMOROUS RIGOR

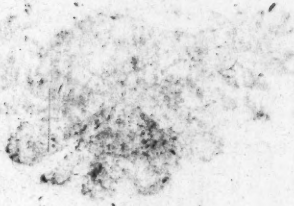
With the Second Part of

Yegor O. D. D.

COMEDY

And so forth

MAJESTIES SERVANTS



Printed in the Year 1800



To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S
Earl of Shrewsbury, &c.

My L O R D,



Have ever been ready to own all Obligations receiv'd from any Man; but being favour'd by so great and good a Man as your Lordship, I think it so much to my Honour, that I cannot but be proud of it, which makes me take the first Occasion to publish my Gratitude, and boast of your Patronage. Nor have I any other End in making bold with your Lordship's Name before this Trifle. I would not be so unreasonable to desire your Lordship to defend the Weakness of my Writings; I have been by long Sickness made very unfit for that Task. A Man ought not to hope to please the World very much, who is not at ease, and somewhat pleas'd himself: Tho' I have no Reason to complain of the Reception of this Play.

Epistle Dedicatory.

For my own, but much more for my Country's sake, I rejoice that there is a *Talbot* still left, to sustain the Honour of that Illustrious Family; so able, so sincere, and so disinterested a Minister; so real a Lover and Honourer of his King, equally faithful in his Services to him, and true to the Interest of his Country: (Nor can any one be faithful to the first, who is not true to the latter); for in effect they are but one; and they can never be odious enough, who endeavour to divide it.

We still have a *Talbot*, who is a firm Friend to the *English*, and a just Enemy to the *French*; and I doubt not, my Lord, but you will live by your Counsels and Actions to become as terrible to them as any of your brave Ancestors have been. I dare not be too forward in your just commendations, Praise being not the End that a Man who is truly great ever aims at; nor does an ingenuous Man delight in it: To such the Conscience of doing well is the only Satisfaction. But one Thing out of the abundance of my Heart I cannot restrain myself from observing in your Lordship.

The most important Business of this World, the Education of Youth (which ought to be put into the Hands of the ablest, wisest, most learned and virtuous Men, who have no other Interest but the bettering of Mens Minds; and because of the great Trouble of the Office, it ought to have great Rewards and Dignities affix'd to it by the Publick) is for want of those Encouragements put upon such mean, weak, or corrupt Persons, that it is the greatest Task of a Man's Life to break loose from his Education, and shake off the Prejudices he contracted by it; which none but a great Genius ever does. The rest, tho' of the highest Rank, swallow every Thing unchew'd, and take every Thing un-

Epistle Dedicatory.

unexamin'd from their first dry Nurles in Petticoats to their last in square Caps: Women begin with them, and young Priests end with 'em, who are sure to bring 'em up to the Interest of the Clergy, tho' it be never so much against that of the Laity.

Your Lordship, by Strength of Understanding and industrious Enquiry, early perform'd this great Task, and freed your self from those Principles instill'd into you in your Youth; which would have made you incapable of being a good Subject and a great Patriot in your riper Age; and have since become so eminent in both Characters, that every Man, that heartily loves the Constitution of our *English* Government, has a profound Respect and Veneration for your Lordship.

Nor will your share of Honour deserve to be less in History than that of the bravest of your Ancestors, since none could ever more freely adventure Life, Estate and Honour for their Country's Freedom than your Lordship did. And it appears to me to be much a greater Glory to be highly instrumental in the Redemption of ones own, than in the Conquest of another. And I beseech your Lordship, pardon this Interruption of your Business or Diversion, from him who is, without any Mixture of Fawning, most sincerely,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient

May 5, 1690.

Humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Butler.

SOME of our Author's special Friends will say,
That the whole Audience is trepann'd, to-day,
And for a new, shall find a damn'd old Play.
He on a Spanish Plot once writ before,
And some the Priest with great Impatience bore;
But tho' the Party took it much amiss,
They had not the good Breeding then to hiss.
Our own Sir Roger on the Stage appears,
And why should not a foolish Priest of theirs?
On that Foundation then he built, 'tis true;
But, like Drake's Ship, 'tis so repair'd, 'tis new;
Newer than his Contemporaries show,
Who all to Novels or Romances owe,
And from whose Native Springs nought e'er did flow.
Nor should you his of Barrenness accuse,
Who grac'd the Thefts of any other Muse:
Nor tye him up alone to new Invention;
And if to want of Wit 'tis no Pretension
To lose, he's sure 'tis none to gain, the Pension.
But hold; my Business now is to declare
Against Bear-garden Hissers open War;
He that is after Hissing in dish plaash,
I'll sing Lilli-burlero in his faash. +
Not the brave Wolsey can do more in quelling
Those nimble Tegues with Men of Iniskilling,

+ *skinning* Teague, a character in
the Play.

Than

PROLOGUE.

Than I subduing these; for at the Head
Of our brave Party, I will look them Dead:
But to prevent much brutal Hiss and Stamp,
Send out the fiercest Champion of your Camp:
Let me the proudest of the Hissers see,
I'll make him know he is no Match for me;
Soon shall the Lists your doughty Warriour quit,
Taught by my single Courage to submit.
You might have better Words, were it not plain
The gentlest Usage of you is but vain;
E'en take your Course, our Poet bid me say,
If all of you be such dull Fools, to pay
For being displeas'd, come and Hiss, every Day.
If good the Play, your Hisses will be vain;
If bad, no Claps its Weakness can sustain.
If this be lost, he's not of all bereft,
He hopes he still shall have some Credit left:
He's sure by this his Friends he shall not lose,
And keeping them, he cares not for his Foes.



Dramatis Personæ.

Bernardo, a Spaniard, Colonel of a Regiment in *Flanders*; a vapouring blustering Soldier. } Mr. Underhill.

Luscindo, his Son; a well-bred Gentleman, and a Man of Honour. } Mr. Williams.

Doristoe, a young Gentleman of Gallantry and Courage. } Mr. Bowman.

Finardo, his Friend. } Mr. Alexander.

Tegus O Divelly, an Irish Fryar. } Mr. Leigh.

Hernando, a Gentleman that waits upon *Bernardo*. } Mr. Boon.

Diego, *Bernardo*'s Servant; his Barber. } Young Lee.

Sancho, *Doristoe*'s Servant.

Belliza, the Amorous Bigot.

Elvira, her Daughter.

Resania, her Neice.

Grycia, the old Governante.

Levia, a fine Curtezian.

Gremia, her Aunt.

Bravo's and Servants.

Mrs. Corey.

Mrs. Jordan.

Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Mrs. Orsborne.

Mrs. Butler.

Mrs. Noakes.

SCENE, MADRID.

THE



THE AMOROUS BIGOT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Elvira and Rosania.

ELVIRA.



HERE's my Mother, *Rosania*?

Rosa. In her Closet, Cousin; where should she be?

Elv. Close at her Beads, I warrant you.

Rosa. She has been very devout, since *Horatio* went off from his honourable Proposals of Matrimony.

Elv. Thou art a mischievous Girl; art not thou ashamed to rally thy good Aunt so?

Rosa. Well, she has been most grievously devout ever since his Apostacy, to the Vexation of us all: But should he turn about again, she wou'd soon lay down her Beads, and quaver to her Guittar, like an old Spinstress to a Wheel.

226 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Elv. Yes, and discard the *Irish* Fryar, Father *Tegue*, and his Lay-Brother, for a Brace of unclean Tyre-women: 'Tis somewhat hard to set ones Heart upon the other World, till we grow unfit for the Uses of this.

Rosa. Very true: for my part, I believe there are none weary of the World, 'till the World are weary of them; the World begins with them first.

Elv. Thou art in the right; methinks it is a very pretty World; they may talk what they will of Vanity, the most pious Christians in *Madrid* are loth to leave it.

Rosa. I am resolv'd, for my part, to have a good Opinion of the World, till the World has an ill Opinion of me: and there's an end on't.

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Mrs. *Rosania*, my Lady calls for you.

Rosa. I go.

Elv. Pray say I am retir'd; here's my Office.

Gry. Madam, the ghostly Fathers are with my Lady.

Elv. Now is their time, indeed; have they no Col-lation?

Gry. Lord, Madam, that you shou'd ask that! when were they here without one?

Elv. Good Men! they are content to suffer here on Earth, and with much eating and drinking, they painfully consult about affairs of Heaven.

Rosa. Will you not go to 'em, and take part of what they eat and talk?

Elv. No; much good may't do my Mother with her *Irish* Hypocrite, the reverend Father *Tegue O Divelly*; I have at present no Stomach to Sweet-meats or Confessors. Office, lye thou there; and now to my *Novella's*.

[*Exeunt Rosa. and Gry.*]

So, to my Wish, I am alone, and now can freely think of him who has so often charm'd me.——Hah, what Madness is this, to fall in Love with one I know not! Nor does he know me, or my Love! Oh, if his Mind be like his Body, (and certainly it must be so) 'twill justify my Passion to the World.——But let me see, *Cervantes*,

what

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 217

what say'st thou? ——— Ha, who's there? whither now?

[*Elvira shuffles Cervantes under the Cushion, and takes up the Office.*

Enter Gryda.

Gry. The good Men are gossiping with my Lady, and zealously expecting a recruit of Sweetmeats.

Elv. Good Men! they thrive well, and grow fat upon Mortification. But now to my Legend of Lovers.

[She Walks and Reads.

Ha, Madam, that was a subtle Way of discovering your Passion; but it will not serve in my Case. But I must find some means to let him see my Face; and if he like it, so; if not, Mercy on me, I dare not think on what must follow. Let me see. *[She pulls out her Pocket Glass.* Ha! what Noise is that? *[She puts up her Glass hastily.* These liquorish Priests dispatch their Sweetmeats with as much haste as a hunted Bear would a Honey-pot.

Enter Rosania.

Rosa. The Fathers (at present up to the Knuckles in Jelly of Quinces, with three or four Bottles of the richest Wines) desire your sweet Company.

Elv. Tell 'em I am retir'd, and can't come.

Rosa. Ha, ha; *Novella's* and a Pocket-glass, instead of Beads and Office!

Elv. Get you gone, Hufwife; you grow as mischievous as a Monkey.

Rosa. Well, well, I'll leave you to your pious Meditations. Farewell. *[Exit.*

Elv. Let me see, will this Face do any Execution? *[takes up the Pocket-Glass.]* If it will, look to thy Heart, my unknown Gallant. The Poets call these Hairs our Snares and Nets; if they be, I'll set them, let who will be entangled with them——Now for my Patches, these are to Powder our Ermin Skins with;——ha, my dear unknown Love, have at thee.

Enter Belliza, Father Tegue and Lay-Brother.

Bell. Bless me, Father! what use she makes of her Retirements! these are her Devotions.

Elv.

228 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Elv. Have they caught me! I'm undone.

[See shuffles away her Glass and Novella's.

Bell. Come, Mistress, I'll see what you have here. *[Belliza finds the Book.]* Benedicite! what's here? a wicked and profane Love-Book! Good Father, I beseech your Reverence, make her Heart ake with Penance for this.

Teg. In trot it is great pitty of dee, and a great faable; by my shoul, I would have all handsome Ladies dewout indeed, and I do love to put my Eyes upon dem, and maake a great faash upon dem, when I do instruct dem, indeed gra.

Elv. No doubt on't.

Teg. I do love to caast de look upon de pretty Laady indeed, vid pious meditation, and consideration dat Heaven did maake dem sho handshom gra.

Bell. Good holy Man, we are bound to admire the Works of Heaven.

Teg. Vel shayd, Daughter; dou dosht spake like an able shaint, indeed gra; but I must complain upon you for dis waanity; if dou musht have some waanity, joy, pridee now taak shome fitt Days for dat Occasion of waanity.

[To Elv.]

Bell. This is a sweet Preparation in Procession-Week, to be pruning your self like an unclean Bird!

Teg. Phaät will I spake unto you for dese spotts and blemishes upon dy shweet faash gra? arrah I vil maake you do de great Penance for dish.

Bell. What's the reason, Father, I may not wear Patches?

Teg. Aboo, boo, boo! what ain I, dat dou dosht maake expostulation, and dermand a Reason of mee?

Elv. One that has it not about him.

Teg. Reason of mee! dou dosht maake indignation and affront upon me, by my shoulwation. Am I not a Priest? and vil I give a Reason?

Bell. 'Twas wickedly done, to affront the good Man so.

Teg. Have I converted sho many Hereticks Dogs, and wash sho deep in our braave Plott, and had like to have bin after being slain upon a Gibbet, and been a great Martyr

Martyr for de Flott, and dosht dou require a Reason of mee?

Elv. Why wou'd you escape? You wou'd ha' done great Service to the Church, by being hang'd for it, no doubt, Sir, a Man of your Reverence.

Teg. I vil agree vid dee upon dat; but I do not care for being hang'd, it dosht maake a Priest look sho like a Beasht and a Dogue indeed; and besides, I would not be hang'd but vid a with, as our Forefathers in *Eorland* us'd to be hang'd.

Bell. Thou'rt a right sanctified Man; and Heaven be prais'd for thy Deliverance.

Teg. Ah good shoul, dou vilt be a great Shaint, indeed joy. I vil tell unto dee I did escape, because I did deshire to be a Caardinal, and by my Shoulwaation I tink I vill be a Caardinal before I will have Death; dere has not bin one *Eerish* Caardinal a great while. I did Plot as well, and cou'd hang as well as de best of dem; but if I bec a Caardinal, I know what I will do.

Elv. Well, I am corrected; I will never ask a Reason of you more; I wou'd as soon beg of a *Spanish* Soldier.

Teg. Do not; for de Church is insaillible, and de Pope is insaillible, and de Caardinals are insaillible, and I vill spake more unto you, de Priesths are insaillible too. And I shay, blest dy shweet Faash from Patches, dou hasht a pretty Faash pull of dese Spots, [*He pulls them off, and Chucks her under the Chin.* I wou'd not veare Patches upon my Faash for de World, indeed joy; no fait would I not. — By my shoul she's a brave Lady —

Elv. The wisest may sometimes be losers by their Scruples. [*Aside.*]

Teg. I do not caar for all dat; I vil be content vid mine own Faash, widout Patches, fait, and be Abo'o! dou hasht shome upon dy breast, joy; I vill put dem off.

[*He presses her Breast; she resists.*]
Elv. What do you do? hold off.

Bell. Oh wicked Child! do you resist the good Man?

Teg. By my shoul, I vill take dem off, — Mash it is gallant

230 *The AMOROUS BICOR.*

gallant Flesh and Blood! Aboe, I cannot bear it, — Fare-
well, I will meet dee upon dee prado!

Bell. Go to, you have angered the go o Man, —
Grycia!

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Madam.

Bell. Get our Vails, we will make Visits to the
Saints at several Churches. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Luscindo, and Hernando.

Lus. Put on thy Hat, *Hernando*; thou hast been too long
my Father's good Servant, not to be my Companion, and
art to have the next Commission that falls in my *Flanders*
Regiment.

Hern. I shall ever be your Servant: but, Sir —

Lus. Thou mutter'st, and art angry with me; pr'ythee
speak thy Mind with Freedom.

Hern. I am angry with you, because I love you.

Lus. Thou hast Wit and Courage, and I know thou
lov'st me.

Hern. Pox on this insolent Curtezan, for me!

Lus. Wilt thou not allow me one Folly?

Hern. Not when that Folly allows you nothing of your
self. Deat upon a Wench! jealous, vex'd, and disquieted
for a Wench!

Lus. Speak with more Reverence of a Wench; why, from
Mexico to *Japan*, is there such a Joy, such a Comfort
as a Wench? What do Kings War for but for Power, and
Power for what? To have what Concubines they please,
there's the end. What do we Officers fight for, but for Mo-
ney, and a little Honour, to get a Wench? what have
Priests, Bishops and Cardinals Profits and Dignities, but
to procure Wenches? Is there a Man in *Spain*, Lay or
Spiritual, without a Wench, who has Wit or Money e-
nough to get one? And thou to speak thus irreverently of
one!

Hern. Pardon me, Sir, — I wou'd have a Wench to
please me, but not to trouble me.

Lus. Of all our Art and Industry, our Toyl and Hazard,
Woman's the sweet End; who wou'd give a Doyt to
govern

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 511

govern Men, but by that means to have Power over Women?

Hern. A Gentleman may have a little innocent Lust, or so; but to fall in Love, and with a Mercenary thing!

Luf. Thou art no Philosopher, *Hernando*! Pr'ythee, what is Love? why, nothing but great Lust.

Hern. Oh fye, Sir; Your true Lover sighs and pines, and seeks out shady Groves, and murmuring Brooks, and tells his mournful Tale, with Arms a-cross, to Echo, and never thinks his Mistress is a Woman, but a Goddess.

Luf. No where but in Romances; why there's no Diversion or Conversation in *Madrid*; but with a Curtezan. The Men are too grave (not to be uncivil, and say, dull) and the honest Women are lockt up; besides, none in *Spain* are so well bred as your Curtezans. *Hernando*, no more.

Hern. Why will you put your self in Pain, because you think another courts this *Levia*, and she is wavering; there are others as handsome in *Madrid*; see her no more.

Luf. Pain is but a relishing Bit, to make us taste our Pleasure better; she has made me jealous, which spurs up my restive Love, that wou'd have jaded otherwise. Whilst she lov'd only me, I cou'd have lov'd another; but now she loves another, I can love none but her.

Hern. A very pretty Riddle; make her believe you love another, and she, perhaps, may then love none but you.

Luf. I have it in my Head; come along with me to her, thou shalt see me use her scurvily, and try what that will do.

Hern. You know how angry your Father will be.

Luf. Let what will come on't, I will go through.

Hern. I have stood by you when Bullets have whistled about our Ears, and will not leave you now.

Luf. Come on.

[*Ex. Luscindo and Hernando.*]

Enter Gremia and Levia,

Gre. Are you stark mad, Niece; by your Extravagance to lose the finest, properest, kindest and most liberal Lover in *Madrid*?

Lev. Come, Aunt, you understand not my Business.

Gre.

132 The AMOROUS BIGOT.

Gre. Go to, Mistress; I not understand a Woman's Business with a Man! that's fine!

Lev. Nay, I must confess, you have been us'd to bring the Young together, and make meer Strangers Friends.

Gre. Oh, cry you Mercy, have I so! I'll breed no Bate nor Division between young People; if they agree not in their Youth, they'll hardly be brought together in their Age.

Lev. You can procure the beginning of Love, but know not how to make that Love continue.

Gre. Marry come up! you shall keep School, and teach new Tricks to Widows above Fifty! Did not I take you a poor sorry Girl, out of your Mother's Hands, rest her Soul! she little thought what Preferment you wou'd come to? did not I bestow all Accomplishments of good Breeding, to fit you for a shining Mistress in *Madrid*?

Lev. Well, Aunt.

Gre. And has not Heaven blest my Endeavours, and made you a very Paragon? And you, with your Extravagance, to cast away the Fruit of all my Care and Prayers for you!

Lev. Why so froward, Aunt? what, all Age, and no Gravity?

Gre. You will make me grey with Sorrow.

Lev. *Lusindo* began to cool upon my Fondness, and seek out new Adventures; and I'm resolv'd to plague him for't.

Gre. You say you love him?

Lev. Yes, with such Madness as admits no Rest.

Gre. And will you anger him?

Lev. Yes, therefore; if we don't season our Love with Anger sometimes, 'twill be too luscious, and Men will surfeit of it.

Gre. Well, I have another Niece who shall obey me; but pray make ready to Mass; you will consider the Day, I hope: I shall never live to neglect good Days, how can we look for a Blessing upon our Endeavours else? Here he comes! Why, Niece,

Enter

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 233

Enter Luscinde and Hernando at one Door, Doristoe and Finardo at the other.

Lev. Let me alone; by Heaven, I will have my own way. *Fa, la, la, la.* Are you there? were you sent for?

Lus. No; had I been so, 'tis ten to one I had not come.

Lev. Y'are very haughty on the sudden, Sir.

Fin. Where is the pretty Miss that I must treat for?

Gro. Bless me! do you know what Day 'tis, and what Week? you make me tremble: will you make no difference of Days? *Benedicite!*

Dor. A very pious Bawd!

Gro. Upon a Holy-day! in a Holy Week! have you no Conscience? have you no Grace left?

Fin. Be not transported, good Madam.

Gro. Ne'er tell me; I must serve Heaven sometimes, as well as minister to the Necessities of young Gentlemen.

Dor. Be not so hot, but hear me but one Word.

Gro. 'Lass, I must confess, Gallants will have Occasion sometimes, but then they must be sure to choose fit Days.

Dor. Madam, I must be posses'd of *Lewis*, I cannot live without her; she is yonder; she seems fallen out with her Gallant, and has of late given me some Hopes.

Lev. My Love, like the Wind, shall never stay long in a Corner.

Lus. I am pleas'd, so it never blows on me again.

Lev. What does he mean? I'll try him to the Quick.

Lus. Did you give her my Letter, *Hernando*?

Hern. Yes; and she kiss'd it as eagerly as if she wou'd have swallow'd it.

Lus. What was she doing?

Hern. Singing to her Guittar, with such ravishing Melody, I know not which express more Skill, her Voice or Fingers, but they both excell'd all I have ever heard! her Face, her Mien, her Shape beyond all Parallel.

Lev. Thou ly'st, base Parasite and Pimp; she is some dowdy Quean.

Lus.

234 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Luf. Good! she resents it to the full, and cannot bear it.

Lev. What have I done? I shall blow up my whole Design by shewing Anger.—Ha, ha, ha, this is a pretty Tale indeed; Ha, ha, ha.

Luf. For old Acquaintance sake, I could not conceal my good Fortune from you; and now you know the Reason of my coming, I shall take my leave.

Lev. And as a Sign that I have been Provident, behold: Kind *Doristeo*, excuse me: the parting with a tedious old Friend, whom I shall ne'er see more, has made me not so civil to my new one as I ought.

Dor. My dear, my sweet, I am transported.

Fin. Pox on't, where's my Mistress? I'd fain be transported too.

Lev. [*Aside.*] Ha, ha, ha; this touches him, I see. [*To Dor.*] Let your Coach attend here after Mass, we'll see the Pictures which came from Rome: And in the Evening we'll drive in the Prado.

Luf. Death! shall I bear this?

Hern. 'Sheart! Sir, are you mad? will you spoil your Design by being angry? laugh, Sir, laugh; ha, ha, ha.

Lev. [*Aside.*] Walk this way a little. [*To Doristeo.*] Ah *Insendo*, I have thee fast upon the Hook, and I will play with thee. [*Aside.*]

Hern. Madam, there is a Lady will revenge our Quarrel.

Lev. I'll not do thee the Honour to laugh at thee.

Gre. Come, where are you, young Gentlewomen? to Church, come on.

Minia. Here, Madam.

[*Exit Doristeo, Finardo, Gremia, Levia and Minia.*]

Hern. This haughty Curtezan, by her Pride, is a Mistress fit for none but *Lucifer* himself.

Luf. I am provok'd, to the disordering of my Temper: But I shall not want Occasion of that; Don wants not Courage.

Hern. 'Life! Sir, fear nothing; you may be sure of her Love, by her Anger; she swell'd at what I told her, like a Dutch Trumpeter; she had Fire in her Face, and Flames in her Eyes.

Luf.

Luf. Let's see which way they go.

Hern. Sir, if you dog her, you're undone; in Love, as in War, they that strike first, have the worst on't: You must dodge like an old General.

Luf. Well, she shall not be too hard for me; I will have my Will on her.

[*Exeunt Luscindo and Hernando.*]

Enter Belliza, Elvira, and Rosania.

Bell. Why, Daughter! Oh wicked Girl, what wandering Eyes you fling about you! whom would you entangle? Why, *Rosania*! you wanton Minx, you are staring up at every Window, like an *Indian* who had never seen a City. A modest Maid should have no other Object but the Ground.

Elv. The Earth is a Prospect for Beasts, and Heaven for us, Madam.

Ros. Would you have me always look upon my Nose, and learn to squint?

Elv. If you always look'd upon the Ground, how did you get a Husband?

Bell. By the Reputation of my Modesty: I was indeed fore'd. My Inclination was to a Nunnery. Why, *Rosania*!

Ros. I was only looking at a Balcony, to see a young Gentleman play with a Lady's Fan.

Bell. How now! have you your Distinctions already, and observe who is young and old?

Enter Father Tegue and Lay-Brother.

Bell. Oh Father, we walk'd softly, waiting for you here.

Teg. I will tell de Laady what I have seen indeed, all dee Shaints are in dere besht Apparel, and are very braave Joy: arrah my Lady, it would do good to your Heart in your Body, to see dem dat I have seen.

Elv. This is a very silly Fellow, *Rosania*.

Teg. A Shick Taylor has sent a very braave Petticoat to Shaint Clare, and, by my Shoul, she does look very gallantly.

Bell.

236 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Bell. Well, that good Taylor may be an Example to us all; whoever he be, I'll warrant him a good Soul, and a devout Workman.

Teg. Oh yes; Taylors are very honest, when dey be very sick, intror.

Bell. What else, Father, have you observ'd?

Teg. Why, Shaint *Teresa* has new Habits from *Cap a pie* thent from *Paris*; I tell you, she is now ash fine and braave, as e'er a Shaint in *Madrid*, no dishpraise to any; she may shew her Faace before dem. all; phat vill I shay more?

Bell. I'm glad on't; for to say truth, 'twas a Shame to keep her so poor and threadbare upon Holy Days, and I may say in private, without Shifts of under Linnen.

Elv. Now she's dead, and can neither work nor beg for her self.

Teg. Dost thays't vel, Daughter; it vas a great Pity and a Shaam and a great Faable too.

Enter Dorisfeo and Finardo.

Rosa. Cousin, Cousin, methinks yonder is the finest Gentleman I ever saw.

Dor. I have order'd my Coach to be hereabouts, and I must wait for my humourous Mistress; she may be as slippery as an Eel, for ought I know.

Rosa. Did you ever see so delicate a Man?

Elv. Oh, yes, many a one.

Rosa. I am sure you never did; it is impossible.

Elv. Ah ha, Cousin, art thou thereabouts?

Fin. Who can that young Lady be, that fix'd her Eye upon you, as if she wou'd dart you through?

Dor. I cannot imagine; she has the brightest Eye I ever saw, and a Mien beyond any of the Sex. I am resolv'd, I'll have her dogg'd; but let us not seem to mark them.

[Ex. Dorisfeo, and Finardo.]

Ros. He minds us not.

Elv. Sure I shall be so happy to have one Sight of my Love, at some of the Churches.

[All this while Bell. is kissing the Fryar's Beads, and paying great Reverence to them.]

Enter

Enter Luscinde and Hernando.

Lus. Pox on this Curtezan! she vexes me at Heart.

Elv. Ha, this is he; there's no other like him.

Rosa. Can you not guess, Cousin, what fine Gentleman that was ev'n now? *[Elvira minds her not.]*

Lus. What Shape, what Motion's there! If her Face be answerable, she threatens Death to all who look on her; she seems to observe us!

Elv. I am resolv'd to try if my Face can conquer him, who with such Force has vanquish'd me.

Lus. If I cou'd get but one Glimpse of her Face.

Elv. I'll drop my Handkerchief; sure he will take it up and give it me. *[Drops her Handkerchief, Luscinde takes it up.]*

Lus. Madam, vouchsafe a Moment but one Look.

Elv. What is your Meaning, Sir?

Lus. Be pleas'd to accept this little Service; this Handkerchief dropt from you, Madam.

Elv. From me, Sir? You are mistaken, sure; I'll search: The Truth is, Sir, mine is missing, but I think mine had not so fair a Laco.

Lus. It can be none but yours, Madam.

Elv. I'll put it up, in hopes it may be mine; but if you hear of one who has more Right to't, I live in Garden-Street, at the Blue and Gold Balcony, near the House of Don Bernardo.

Lus. He is my Father, most divine Creature.

Elv. His Father? *[She steps from him.]*

Bell. Why, *Elvira*! where are you? There are Gallants here; bless us, Temptation is approaching; fly.

Ros. Ah, Cousin, I find something—that I had not this way to give a Sample of my self! *[Aside.]*

Lus. By Heaven, she is the brightest Thing I ever saw.

[Exeunt Bell. Priest, Lay-Brother, Elvira and Rosania.]

Hern. If ever any Angel wore a Petticoat, this may be one.

Lus. The World has not a Beauty like her; I am all on Fire.

Hern. And, Sir, I can tell you some News, which may make

238 The AMOROUS BROOD

make well for you; your Father is resolv'd not to return to *Flanders*, but to marry the devout Widow *Belliza*, who undoubtedly is this Lady's Mother: what think you now of *Levin*?

Luf. Name not that paltry Thing; this Beauty came from Heaven.

Hen. And truly the other Beauty is going to Hell.

Luf. As suddenly as Lightning she struck, and as soon vanish'd, she has kindled in me a wild and desperate Flame; and I am resolv'd I will possess her, or perish in the Attempt. [Exeunt.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Belliza, Elvira, and Rosania.

Bell. CAST not your wandering Eyes on either Hand; I'll lead, pray follow one another singly; and look strait forward, thus.

Enter Doristeo and Finardo, and Servant.

Elv. Like Mules in a Draught.

Ros. Look forward thus, quoth she! wou'd my Aunt have one of us look like her?

Elv. Indeed 'tis a little unreasonable.

Bell. D'ye hear, young ones?

Dor. What would I give to have one Glimpse of this unknown Mistress! or to find who she is.

Fin. I thought your known Mistress might have been enough for you, for some time.

Dor. There's no Comparison betwixt an Adventure and a Purchase; especially where the Mistress seems the Aggressor.

Fin. Yes, for an Adventure you may have your Throat cut, for your Purchase you are safe.

Bell. Come, follow me, as I direct you.

Ros. I am ruin'd; the Sight of this young Cavalier has put me into Wildness and Confusion.

Bell.

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 239

Bell. Why you Minx! I see you there; whither do you throw your wicked Glances?

Dor. She is her Daughter, by the Authority she exercises over her.

Ros. What-e'er comes on't, he shall see my Face.

[She stumbles and falls down on her Hands and Knees. Dor. steps in and helps her up; she shews her Face as if by Accident.]

Dor. Tho' I'm sorry for your Misfortune, yet I'm glad I was so happy to have the Honour to serve you, Madam.

Ros. Your Civility deserves my Thanks, Sir, which I heartily return, and wish it in my Power to requite.

Bell. Oh Heaven! Complements, and shewing her Face to a Man! the Saints defend us! you are defiled: get you gone, Hufwife, before me; I shall set a Watch upon you: avoid, Sir, come not near.

Dor. Blame not common Civility, Madam; if I had given her a fall, you might be angry, but not for helping of her up when she was down.

Bell. Fly, Fly! *[Ex. Rosa. Elv. and Bell.]*

Dor. She is the most surprizing Beauty I ever saw, she has struck me to the Heart; *Sancho*, follow at some Distance, 'till you find where she goes in.

San. I need not do it; I know her Mother; it is *Belliza*, the Bigot Widow, that lives at the Blue and Gold Balcony in *Garden-Street*.

Dor. She shall soon hear from me, and, as I guess, it will not be unacceptable. This *Levia* will tarnish and grow dull upon my Hands. I ne'er knew Love before this Day; these killing Beams have pierced me thro' and thro'.

Fin. For my Part, I'm for good safe Wenching, without Knight-Errantry.

Dor. Thou hast a gross unelevated Fancy; 'tis Difficulty makes the Pleasure high and racy.

Fin. Well, I can eat my Venison without venturing my Neck to hunt it down; 'tis want of Appetite that requires such Circumstances.

Dor. If I could enjoy the whole Sex as easily as one Wife, there would be no Pleasure in 'em all; the whole Sex wou'd be but one Wife.

Fin.

240 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Fin. Then farewell *Levia*.

Enter Gremia.

Dor. No, I may have a long Journey to this Paragon, and must be forced to bait 'by the Way. Besides, in this Race, I have a Rival strains against me, and I'm resolv'd to whip and spur against him.

Gre. Are you so? This is fine! What will become of my Reputation; what Scandal will be brought upon me and my yet unblemish'd House; for two of you to fall out like Russians, and perhaps murder one the other, for a Damsel of my bringing up! but I'll prevent you, if I can. Oh wicked Men! upon such a Day too!

Dor. I'll hear no more teasing; yonder's my Coach attends on *Levia*; let's away. [*Exe. Dor. and Finar.*]

Gre. Oh she's a wicked Girl, and breaks my Heart with Obstinaey!

Enter Tegue O'Divelly and Lay-Brother.

But let me see; here's the good *Irish* Father; I will endeavour to interest him in my Affair—Good Father, stay, and let your Reverence attend my Story, which concerns your Function.

Teg. Out and avoyd my Presence; I will lose my Reputation, if I will be after spaaking vid dee in de Street indeed.

Gre. I desie any one to say Black's my Eye; I beseech your Reverence, come into my House.

Teg. Dy House 'is of ill Report, and day shay that young People of different Sexes meet dare for carnal Recreation indeed by dy Appointment, and Affignation, Joy.

Gre. Alas, Father, every Gentleman and Cavalier cannot marry; it is fit they should be supply'd; and I have now and then bred up one with civil Education for that Purpose.

Teg. Dou shayst vell,

Gre. But I desie all my Neighbours to say that e'er we miss our Church, or that ever I suffer any Man to come within my Doors upon a Vigil or Fast; and ne'er a Woman in *Madrid* observes *Lent* and Fish-Days more strictly.

Teg.

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 241

Teg. Dou dosht spake like unto a good pious Woman indeed; if dou dosht observe dy *Laws*, dy *Wigils* and *Embers*, dou dosht well.

Gra. I wou'd not break one of 'em for the World.

Teg. I believe dou art a very good Laady, and dosht love de Church: vel Joy, as dou shayst, every one cannot marry; and Fornicaation is venial; but vee vil pass by some *Piccadillo's*, as *Shwearing*, *Weaching*, and *Lying*, and de like, in dose who love de Church indeed. And dese young Gentlewomen handsome, dat den dosht dress up for de Occasions of de young Cavaliers, Joy?

Gra. The very Paragons of all the City; and they dance with *Castanietto's* most charmingly, and sing to the Guittar most melodiously.

Teg. By my Shoul, a shivil and a good pious Woman! and I vil go vid a good Priestht my Friend, a gallant Man indeed, and vee vil fornicate and absolve, absolve and fornicate by Turns every Day at her House; — vel I will come and spake vid dy Damshels, and instruct dem, Joy; phaat vil I shay more?

Gra. Bless your Reverence; I beseech you go with me now, and hear my Story: There is like to be Bloodshed, which I would intreat you to prevent; it is about a wicked Niece of mine.

Teg. Vel, since dou dosht observe dy *Wigils* and dy *Falsts*, and dosht love de Church, I vil go vid dee, Joy.

Gra. Thanks, Holy Father; follow me.

Teg. Now I vil bee after having a very good Strumpet, and I vil maake haste to *Donna Belliza* too.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

Enter Elvira, and Rosania.

Elv. [with a Pocket-Glass.] Well, you have found me out; I'm in Love, all over Love; but dost thou think thou art conceal'd?

Ros. Perhaps I might be in Love, if I shou'd see that gallant Cavalier often; but now I know not who he is, or whether ever I shall see him more: He is the most charming Man that e'er was seen.

Elv. Pish! He a charming Man! Oh my *Lafand!*

VOL. IV.

L

Ros.

242 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Rosa. Pish too, good Cousin; there's no Comparison betwixt 'em.

Elv. No, I'll be sworn, is there not; do not provoke me to forget my Friendship and Relation.

Rosa. Pray, Cousin, do not anger me, who am as much concern'd for one, as you can be for the other.

Enter Belliza, and snatches the Glass from her.

Bell. Bless me, ungracious Girl! are you always at your Pocket Glass? you are resolv'd to be no Stranger to your Countenance, if this be a true Intelligencer.

Elv. We shou'd know our selves, Madam.

Bell. How, Mrs. Pert! what, by a Looking-glass! this comes of your *Novelle's*; they put fine Thoughts into your Head, how to please a Man; and all dressing, patching, and curling is at a Man: the Saints defend us!

Elv. Did Saints never use Looking-glasses?

Rosa. If they did not, they were scurvily drest, I warrant 'em.

Bell. You Mrs. Male-pert, I hear you have not been at Confession this Fortnight: I will make you confess, Hussy, to Father *Tegue*, who will be here soon: withdraw, and prepare your self for it.

Rosa. Why shou'd old Fellows know the Secrets of the Young? But it must be so, I cannot help it.

[Exit Rosa.]

Bell. Now, Vanity, this is to inform you what Force and Strength your Beauty hath to conquer Men with; and if you pursue that train of Thoughts, Heaven bless us! whither do they carry us?

Elv. Sure 'tis lawful to adorn our Faces; and we had better have our own Opinions, than our Maid's in the Matter.

Bell. Yes, what d'ye think when you adorn, as you call it? But to please some Man with that, and its Appurtenances. A modest Maid shou'd hide her Beauty from the World.

Elv. To what purpose is it given her then?

Bell. I'll take care, your Jewel shall be a Prisoner in my Closet.

Enter

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Madam, *Don Bernardo*, the great Officer lately come from *Flanders*, bid me say, he has Business with you, and desires Admittance.

Bell. With me! it cannot be; alas, I have given over all Business.

Gry. 'Tis true, Madam, I assure your Ladyship.

Elv. I can tell you more; my Maid had it in a Whisper from one of his Servants, that he is become your Lover.

Bell. My Lover! Ha, ha, ha. No, no; didst thou say so, *Elvira*?

Elv. I protest, Madam, 'tis true.

Bell. Good lack, how troublesome Men are!

Elv. There's no such Inconvenience in the Match; he's rich, and a Man of Honour.

Bell. Nay, I should be loth to do any Man wrong by too hasty an Exception. What manner of Man is he? I never saw him,

Gry. A goodly, proper, comely Gentleman.

Bell. To think of me, good lack-a-day, a Widow of my long Abstinence!

Elv. Why so, Mother? you are in the Prime of your Age.

Bell. That's true; but on the sudden, when I am so ill-drest! where have you left him?

Gry. In the Drawing-Room; what shall I say to him, Madam?

Bell. Perhaps he did not mean to surprize me; say, I'll attend him soon——What manner of Glass is this?

[Exit Grycia.]

Elv. A very true one, Madam.

Bell. That's the Reason you make so much on't, ha?

Elv. 'Tis to examine our Defects; but you have none; pray give it me.

Bell. No, no, if that be the Use on't, 'tis good to Examine our Defects.

[She looks in the Glass.]

Elv. Let me hold it, Madam.

THE AMOROUS BIGOT.

Bell. Lord! how like the Image of Negligence shall I look! there's no Elegance at all in my Dressing.

[Bell. makes ridiculous Grimaces, and prinks her self at the Glass.]

Elv. I'll put your Hair in order.

Bell. Do, Daughter; we should be orderly.

Elv. You see, Madam, Glasses sometimes may be necessary.

Bell. Yes, to set out our selves somewhat, to stir up or provoke a Person to conjugal Affection; pr'ythee how do I look to-Day, humph?

Elv. Your Face is very powerful, exceeding moving!

Bell. Really is it truly! fetch my best scented Gloves, my Paffils and Pomanders.

Elv. And a little Health to lay in your Cheeks.

Bell. By all means. [Exit Elvira.]
Love to me! blessing on's Heart; to me! but I must contain my Joy.

Re-enter Elvira.

Elv. Here, Madam. [Gives her the things, and smiles.]

Bell. Why dost thou smile, Girl?

Elv. To think how little you car'd for a young Husband at my Years, that grow so warm at the approach of an old Colonel at yours.

Bell. Go to, Mistress, you're too bold; very pious: Women may fall in Love; this Man is rich, wise and grave; my House and your Honour both need a Man of Reputation to guard 'em.

Elv. Methinks a Husband should guard my Honour better than a Father-in-law.

Bell. Why, who knows but the Addresses the Father makes to me, may breed in time some good Occasion between the Son and you?

Elv. Well chanc'd, as if you knew my Heart, good Mother.

Bell. Farewell. I'll lay Red on at the Glass in my Chamber; be sure be not you seen.

Enter Tegue O Drivelly.

Teg. Shweet Laady, the Shaints blesh dec.

Bell.

Bill. Good Father, I'm busie.

Teg. Busie? phaat, vidout me? [Exit Belliza.]
I vil not bear this, no faie will I not, to put Contempt
and Indignation upon me.

Elv. What's the matter, Father?

Teg. Dee matter! docht you not see de maister? she
did slight my Salutation, and you d not spake a word to
me; and by my faie she hath put de outside of de Door up-
on me.

Elv. Indeed it is very hard.

Teg. By my Soulvation, is it. I vil go upon my Faash
in de Business vith her, and vill speak plain Words to her
very Teeth, and her Faash too; I do not care for her, if
she vil put de outside of de Door upon me.

Elv. She has great Business, for Colonel *Don Bernarde* is
come to make love to her.

Teg. Ha, boo, boo, boo, vil she taake dolt thoughts of
Flesh upon a Fish-Day indeed, phaat vil I shay? By my
Shoul, I vil make Pennance unto her, that vil make her
groan upon dish Occasion.

Elv. May a Woman not think upon a Husband on a
fasting Day?

Teg. Is not a Husband Flesh indeed? you do not take
him for Fish, do you? you must not put Flesh into any
part of your Body upon a Fish Day indeed: But I vil
spake no more, have I done so much for de Caatolick
Church, and am I thus affronted in this plaash?

Elv. Why, what have you done for the Church?

Teg. Phaat vil I shay unto you? dere is my Paaper, that
vil maake Testification upon me; and I believe I vil be
a Caardinal, or a Shaint at least, indeed.

Elv. What's this! I can't read it.

Teg. I vil reshite it unto you; it is a List of Heretick's
Names, that I did reconshile when I was in England, and
I vil speake a proud Vord unto any Jesuite's faash, dar,
shimple as I stand here, I did bring over more, than any
shix of them.

Imprimis. Of Chambermaids, dar vas made vid Child by
their

246 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

their Ladies Husbands, or their Ladies Sons. Two and Taarty.

Item, Of Cash-keepers, dat did run away vid de Money, and some broken wing'd Shopkeepers. Eighteen.

Item, Three Masters of Colleges, and six Fellows.

Item, Of Whores, eighty two.

Elv. That's a jolly Number indeed! I see, you kept ill Company, Father.

Teg. It was for deir shoules, indeed, Joy.

Item, Of Feives, de house-break tief, de street-tief, dat do's Robb upon de Pockett, de pad-teife of de Road, and de horse-teife, de Sodomite, and de Murderer; just as dey vere going to be hang'd; Nine and Fourscore.

Elv. Did you make all these good Catholics?

Teg. Yes, braave Catholics, gallant Catholics, Fait and Trott.

Item, Of ancient saut Women, dey call Bawds, taarty six.

Item, Of Knights of de post, Forty.

Elv. What are those Knights of the Post?

Teg. Phy it is a great Order of Knighthood which they have in England, but dey shwarm in Ireland.

Item, Of Cookmaids, Two.

Elv. How comes that number so small?

Teg. De Cookmaid find de great trouble in dressing de Fish, and dey do not caare for fish-Days. All dese have I reconshile, and to be thus affronted! I vil go and meditare upon Revenge, and my Nature is Vindicative. [Exit.

Elv. I long to steal into the wooing between this mighty Colonel and my Mother. [Exit Elvira.

Enter Bernardo, Hernando, Belliza, and Rosania.

Bell. Good noble Colonel, be more considerate; this is not like the Spanish Conversation.

Ber. No, Madam, I have learn'd better things in France, and in the Netherlands: We Men of War are not for Words; I love to march up close to Friends or Foes, 'tis all one to me.

Bell. By your Carriage, I know not which you take me for.

Ber. I take all for Foes, till they have yielded.

Ros.

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 247

Rosa. Hold, hold, good Man of Steel! pray keep the Peace.

Ber. This I suppose is your Trinket; *Hernando*, entertain her nimble Chops.

Rosa. Your Man! know, old Gentleman, I'm too good for his Master,

Ber. Old Gentleman! Peace, Child, Peace; had the proudest Grandee in *Madrid* call'd me Old, he had, by my Beard, ere this fallen by my Hand.

Rosa. Pray, let your Valour spare my Aunt and me.

Ber. Her Niece, ha! I will not mind her. [Aside.]

Bell. Pray be not so pert, young Gentlewoman.

Ber. This young Bud interrupts us; be pleas'd to require her Abience.

Bell. How, Sir! shall a sincere Widow of my Reputation be in Company with a Colonel alone? you have leave to speak, Sir; do you, Minx, hold your Peace.

Ber. You must excuse the Heartiness of Men of my Profession; when I charge, I love to charge home, as all *Europe* knows.

Her. Home! ay, Madam, my Master always charges thro' and thro', routs every Party, and levels all that are before him; he loves no Musick like the whistling of Bullets, and no Perfume like the smoak of Gunpowder.

Ber. I was ever given to Valour and Magnanimity from my Youth upwards, and ever lov'd to take a Fort or Citadel by Storm; therefore consider, Madam, what you do.

Rosa. He intends to make Love with Fire and Sword, Madam; have a care of him.

Ber. Again, my little Blossom!

Rosa. Stand off; what, would you fight my Aunt?

Bell. Peace, Hufwife! — I doubt not, but you are a gallant Commander, as I have heard; but what is all this Discourse to me?

Rosa. He talks of his Valour; why, they are always beaten by the *French*.

Ber. *Voto*, have a care, provoke me not; here stands the Man, that always stood, and never ran; as can witness

248. The AMOROUS BAGOT.

Alonso, Seneffe, Strasbourg, &c. my Regiment of Horse of four Hundred.

Her. Being, at least, eight and thirty effective Men.

Bell. What's all this Valour to me? [*Aside.*] He mentions not one Word of Love.

Rosa. You hear, Madam, he can praise himself sufficiently, but cannot find in his Heart to give your Ladyship a good Word.

Ber. But come, sweet Widow, what do we trifle for? [*He stands up close to her.*] I hate this pickering; Let's lay aside our forlorn Hopes, and let our Bodies joyn.

Rosa. Help, help my poor Aunt!

Bell. Sir, Sir, methinks you are too abrupt; this is not civil.

Ber. In Affairs of Love, he that shews most Love is most civil; and we cannot shew it more than by Eagerness and Haste: Treaties of conjugal Affection are always short and pithy. A Word to the wife. *Don Bernardo d'Alcantara* would make *Dona Belliza* his Spouse, and enjoy her Person incontinently: hah, Widow, sayst thou, hah?

Bell. Sir, this Roughness of your Carriage is somewhat unusual with me, but I suppose this is a fashion of Speaking you make Use of to many Ladies.

Rosa. Now my Aunt comes home to the Point.

Ber. Gunds, do you not take me for a Man of Honour? *Bernardo* is known all over Europe to be a Man of Honour: Not rake me for a Man of Honour!

Bell. I hope I may, Sir; yet Men are frail and fickle.

Ber. What; Love another besides you! You take me for a Monster, sure: I'd have you know, I'm none of those, that are all Love and no Conscience.

Rosa. Good Sir, do not beat my Aunt, I beseech you.

Ber. Sweet Prattle-basket, be quiet; Peace, little one, or I shall grow passionate. In short, *Belliza* is young, handsome and rich; *Bernardo* is rich, brave and honourable, active and sprightly, yet grave and civil.

Her. The Widow melts like Snow before the Sun.

Ber. I have summon'd you; your Flag of Truce is hung out; we have parley'd: Speak quick, do you yield

or

or no? Know, I never had Man or Woman stand long before me.

Bell. You are a valiant Man, I must confess; but your Valour does very much surprize and disorder me.

Ber. We must not loiter in Love, what we do we must do heartily.

Bell. In truth, he seems a hearty Gentleman—Are you in earnest, Sir? Sure you dare not swear what you profess.

Rosa. That's home indeed.

Ber. Yes, if your House be strong built; though swearing may seem a little uncivil at my Years; yet when my Constancy is touch'd: Let me see, is your main Beam strong? let me see: Ay, 'twill do: now have at you; By all the

Bell. Hold, hold, Sir! do not swear, I beseech you.

Ber. Not swear, when my Honour and Constancy are in Question! *Vars.* I will out-swear the deepest Gamester in Madrid.

Bell. In Professions of conjugal Love, swearing may be lawful.

Ber. By the Blood of all my Ancestors, by the unblemish'd Honour of my Beard—

Rosa. Oh horrid Oaths! you make my Hair stand an end.

Ber. Silence: By all—Heaven! who is this?

Enter Elvira.

Bell. You are free, Sir, to go on.

Ber. By all the Beards of Arragon, an unknown Star—

Bell. Daughter, ha, what makes you here?

Ber. Is she her Daughter? what ignorant Devil led me to the Mother?

Bell. You shou'd have stay'd without; I shou'd have told you all.

Ber. I am Planet-struck; this is the Beauty I must worship: A Pox on the Widow for me! I must get off from my wrong Visit with speed, before she expects me to swear again.

Bell. How are you, Sir! not well?

250 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Ber. A sudden Indisposition; I am troubled with a Fit
o'—*Madam, good Night.*

Her. What a Devil ails the old Fellow!

Elv. Sure this great Soldier has been wounded often
in the Head, his Brain seems somewhat tender.

[*Ex. Ber. and Her.*

Bell. No, Girl, his Wound's in the Heart; his Heart is
tender. Good lack! I did not think my poor remaining
Beauty had that Power.

Elv. Pray, Madam, be civil after Mischief, and bring
him to the Stairs.

Bell. You are so forward; pray keep your Distance.

[*Exit Bell.*

Enter Rosania.

Rosa. Oh, Cousin, I am transported with Joy too
mighty for me, I cannot bear it.

[*She kisses a Letter she has in her Hand very often.*

Elv. Pr'ythee don't run mad, *Rosania*; thou hast none
of the strongest Heads.

Rosa. Look there, read, read, and be happy; for every
one, who touches that Paper, must be so.

Elv. Love-madness is the same in all: let me see; this
is to me, *To the fair Daughter of Belliza.*

Rosa. Look within; the happy Messenger that brought
it said, it was for the Lady that fell down, from the
Gentleman that help'd her up.

Elv. [*reads.*] *Madam, The Adventure, as you came from
Church, though of little Danger to you; yet is like to cost me
my Life: The Wound I receiv'd by your Beauty is mortal, with-
out your help, so*

*From my House,
in St. Jago-street.*

Your Miserable,
DORISTEO.

Elv. This is short, but very much to purpose: How
came you by this?

Rosa. By an holy Woman that belongs to the Sisterhood
of *St. Clare*. I'll tell you more; he mistakes me for the
Daughter; and unless you give me leave to carry on this
Intrigue in your Name, I am a lost Creature.

Elv.

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 251

Elv. Thou art far gone, I see, poor *Rosania*; I may trust thee with my Name, thou wilt use it well.

Ros. I'll write instantly. Farewell. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

Elv. Oh dull *Luscindo*, cou'dst thou not apprehend me, or dost thou not like me? Thou, in both Cases, art unworthy of me: but I understand his Signs too well to think the latter; I wou'd he understood mine as well,

*Oh how cou'd Love in any Shape e'er be
Disguis'd so much, to make it strange to thee.* [*Exit.*]

Enter Luscindo, and Hernando.

Lus. Oh, *Hernando*, I am mad till I have discover'd my Passion to my Mistress: 'Tis plain enough she made Advances: And what a dull Clod of Earth must she think I am, who have not design enough to let her know my Love?

Her. Have Patience, Sir, some few Hours; and if your Father, who is the most vigorous Wooer I ever saw, makes not way for you, I'll do't.

Lus. How, *Hernando*? for if I find not some way, I'll storm the House, but she shall know I love her.

*Enter Doristo, Finardo, Levias, on the other side of
the Stage.*

Lev. The Sun is set, and the *Prade* is cool and pleasant; but I am all on Fire. [*To her self.*]

Dor. I never saw a finer Evening: we shall have some curious Fruits, Confections and Lemonades; will you honour me to taste them?

Lev. With all my Heart.

Dor. My Servant waits yonder: But, dear Madam, be pleas'd to add to the Pleasure of the Evening by charming me, and all the Company, with a Song to the Guittar.

Lev. If you can endure it, send for a Guittar.

Fin. We have one ready

Lus. There she is! that's her Voice. [*She sings.*]

Her. How the Devil can you think of her?

Lus. Revenge, Revenge! I am resolv'd to conquer her, then

252 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

then laugh at her. But where's the Lady *Estifania*, you promis'd should be here?

Her. At Hand, Sir; she is my Mistress, but shall be yours at present, and pray use her civilly; and d'ye hear, Sir, be sure to let me have her again untouch'd.

Luf. Pox on't, this Farce will never take; and if she discovers it, she'll triumph most unmercifully.

Her. Play you your Part, as well as I mine, and I'll venture my Life on't: Come, here's your Lady Bright, your Mrs. *Estifania*.

Enter Estifania.

Luf. Ha! she by this Light may guess at me, but can't distinguish you.

Her. Gently, Sir, this way.

Luf. My dearest *Estifania*!

[They advance near the Company as they are moving towards the Musick, Levia steps aside towards Lusindo.]

Lev. 'Tis he! he calls her *Estifania*: 'all my Arts are suddenly turn'd upon self: Hell take him, court her before my Face!

Dor. What means this sudden and this strange Distemper, Lady?

Lev. If he discovers my Disgrace, he'll turn a Rebel too. *[Aside.]* — I feel a sudden Faintness in my Spirits, pray help me to some Water from yoh Fountain.

Dor. I'll run and fetch you some. *[Exit Doristeo.]*

Lev. Sir, I beseech you keep for some strengthening Spirits; I find cold Water will be too weak a Remedy.

Fin. You shall have them instantly. *[Exit Finardo.]*

Lev. Musick, though you are in tune, I am not: There's your Cordial, jog off. *[She gives them Money.]*

[Exit Musick.]

Luf. Sweet *Estifania*, Wonder of all Widows, Mirror of thy Sex, thou brightest thing on Earth!

Estif. You find you are dear to me, who venture my Life and Honour for you. Name not my Name once more, should any one e'er hear it; and carry it to my Brother, I were lost: think on his Quality.

Luf.

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 253

Luf. Thou art dearer to me than my Life, and I'll defend thee better. My Passion now exceeds all other Men's, as thou out-shin'st the rest of all thy Sex.

Lev. Oh that I knew thy Brother!

Esti. I warrant, you have said as kind things to *Lev.*

Luf. Brand me with Infamy, if ever I consider'd her, but as a wandering Wench, a Trifle, only fit for too much Leisure.

Lev. Thou lyest, thou Villain; thy Tongue is black and rotten as thy Heart; I'll have another Hand for my Revenge on thee, but on this Serpent mine shall serve the turn.

Luf. Do you know the Quality and Tenderness of this young Lady?

Lev. I'll give her Marks to be known by.

Esti. Pray keep your Nails in; beshrew your Heart for never parting 'em.

Luf. Stand off, what will you rob her in the Dark?

Esti. Death! the Jade scratches like a Griffin.

[Luf. leads her off.]

Enter Doristeo with a Glass of Water, after him Fimardo with a Kial.

Dor. Here's the Water, Madam. — What d'ye mean?

[She snatches it, and breaks the Glass.]

Fin. Here's the Cordial

[Fin. presents the Cordial, she does she like.]

Dor. What is it has inflam'd you thus?

Lev. No Cordial can relieve me; nor Water cool my Flame; Nothing can quench it but the Traitor's Blood; 'tis no time to dissemble now: I esteem'd your Passion, but had no Power to answer it, I was so madly engag'd to *Luscinda*, the worst of Men.

Dor. I have spent my time well the while? *[Aside.]*

Lev. I frankly own, I have dissembled with you, to urge his Love by Jealousie.

Dor. A very pretty Account of all my Money!

[Aside.]

Lev.

254 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Lev. Now I detest him, and if you'll aid me in Revenge, by Heaven, you shall entirely govern me.

Dor. What can he now have done so to provoke you?

Lev. He had the Impudence to court a Lady here, even now, before my Face, and talk'd of me with scorn and hatred.

Dor. Do you know his new Mistress?

Lev. Nothing of her, but what I over-heard ere they were aware on't: He call'd her *Estifania*, and Widow; and she talk'd of her Brother's Honour, Quality, and her Apprehension of his Rage.

Dor. Furies and Hell! *Emardo*, this Description can agree with none but my Sister.

Fin. It cannot be; she is a Woman of Honour.

Dor. Woman and Honour! pish, Woman's Honour is a Bulrush.

Lev. I am infinitely oblig'd to you, that you so soon should interest your self in my Revenge. [To *Dor.*

Dor. Yes, I'll revenge: Shall he think, because I make Love to a Courtezan here of his, to wound the Honour of my Family? His Life shall pay for't.

Lev. I see you are wound up to high Resentments of my Injury; I shall from this Moment entirely love you, and for ever detest him.

Dor. Pox on this Courtezan! I cannot think on her; my Honour! We'll wait on you Home, and then revenge.

Lev. Dear *Doristev*, now I find you are a Man of Honour. [Exeunt.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Belliza, Elvira, and Rosania.

Bell. IT is not fit, *Elvira*, that we trust this impertinent Girl with any Love-Affair, for I intend her suddenly for a Monastery—Her Fortune then will come to me. [*To her self.*]—*Rosania*, quit the Room.

Ros. I go, Madam.

[*Ex. Rosania.*]

Bell. I wonder, Girl, at the Disorder of the Colonel, that my Autumnal Beauty shou'd so wound him; indeed my Coyness made your Father fall into fainting Fits; but now, alack, alack!

Elv. Sure, Madam, he is infinitely taken with you!

Bell. He is the heartiest Lover in *Madrid*, I'll say that for him; and I have him fast; and as soon as he recovers shall have a Visit. The Son may make a very good Husband for you.

Elv. I shall have no need of a Husband, having such a Father-in-Law.

Bell. Come, come, you know not how you will like him.

Elv. Too well, I know it; would Heaven that he lik'd me as well.

Enter Grycia.

[*Aside.*]

Gry. Madam, here's a Letter from *Don Bernardo*.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha; I told thee, *Elvira*, I had fired him.

[*Reads.*] You are like to have me from Generation to Generation; you first possess my Love, then it succeeded to your Daughter.

What do I read?

[*Reads.*] My Estate is your Daughter's, if she'll make her Claim, while I am in perfect Senses; which I find I am now, because I have the Judgment to love her.

Per-

256 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Perfidious Wretch!

Elv. What can be the Matter?

Bell. [Reads.] *But if she takes not Pity on me, I shall die distressed, and my Testament will not stand good in Law. Therefore let me make one Visit before I depart, in Adoration of her, who is your beautiful Image.*

Your most humble Servant *Bernardo*.

Is there no Constancy in vile Mankind?

Elv. What swift Change is in you, or in the Colonel?

Bell. Let me see; his Admittance may bring his Son into the House, who they say is a fine handsome Gentleman; who perhaps may be glad of my Person and Fortune. [To her self.]

Elv. Madam, you seem disorder'd.

Bell. Surpris'd I am, but cannot be troubled, since you are so concern'd; this inconstant Colonel has transplanted his Affection from me to you. Read that.

Elv. [Reads to her self.] Out on him, vile Apostate! and can he think I wou'd be false to my dear Mother?

Bell. Me! No, no, Girl, think not on that; *Bernardo's* rich; and if he presses for a Marriage, yield to him.

Elv. How, Madam!

Bell. It will be convenient; I will have it so; dispute not with me: I'll retire and send him his Answer; take him at first, you need no other Argument of his Inconstancy than his leaving me. [Exit Bell.]

Elv. What Miracle's this, that she can so easily part with a Lover!

Enter Rosania.

Ros. Oh Cousin, this wicked *Duenna*, this *Gryce* suspects the good Woman who brought the Letter, and has forworn'd her the House.

Elv. I have consider'd this Matter, and your using my Name may breed dangerous Consequences.

Ros. Say you so? 'tis now too late; I have settled the Correspondence; but I intend not to tell her how: I have observ'd a loose Board in our Balcony, and, for fear the Woman shou'd be discover'd, have order'd my Dear
Dori-

Dorisset to take his Letters there, and put his Answers under every Night.

Elv. Have you written to him?

Ros. I have.

Elv. Some way must be found out to retrieve this Business; the least Air of this mock-Love may ruin me with *Lufindo*.

Ros. Since you will have it so, I'll rectifie the Error, and let *Dorisset* know who I am.

Enter Teague o Dively.

Teg. Come, little Daughter! dy Mother sent me to dee, to confesse dee.

Ros. To avoid you her self, she sent you to me.

Teg. I vill maake de Heart in her Body beat, and aake for dat indeed gra. [*To Elv.*] Daughter, do you avoyd de Plasm.

[*Ex. Elv.*]

Now, little pretty Daughter, dou must approach vid Humiliation, and vid Reverence unto mee so dy Confession, and dou must give dy self up unto me, gra.

Ros. I do, Father.

Teg. Begin den, and I vill spaake unto de — fait and trot, she is a braave young Laady indeed, by my Shoul, I vould I vere aafter being in Bed vid her.

[*To himself.*]

Ros. With great Sorrow and Grief of Heart, I confesse I told my Aunt two Lies since I confest list.

Teg. Indeed dosh two Lies, vere one Offence, gra: arrah Daughter, dou must say Forty *Aves* and two *Paters*, and dou must fast tree Holy Days for daat indeed, Joy, dou shoud equivocate and maake use of mental Reservation, and keep dy Lies for shome great and pious Occasion.

Ros. I saw a fine embroider'd Petticoat, and I wisht for it.

Teg. No great Matter; yet it is a Kind of a Shin too.

Ros. But, Reverend Father, I beg Heaven's and your Pardon, I have laught at you several times.

Teg. Aboo, boo, boo, make a laugh upon me! why didst dou laugh upon me? arrah dou shalt make great Pennance for dat, dou must kneel vid dy bare Kneesh naked

258 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

naaked upon a cold Shrone, one of de longest Hours in de phole tay gra, but perhaps I vil taake off daat too. — I vill not anger her too much. [*To himself.*] Now I vil spaake unto dee. Dosh't deu not taake great Pleasure vid dosh pretty Eyes to make shweet looksh upon shome Man or anodder, I warrant you?

Ros. Oh yes, Father; and I was transported this Day at the Sight of a fine young Cavalier.

Teg. Peash den, dat is very vell, I vil insहितe and provoke her. [*Aside.*] And dou dosht desire shome Communication in Bed some Night or anodder vid him, I warrant you gra.

Ros. Not for the World, unless I were marry'd to him, and then I must confess I shou'd desire it.

Teg. But hold; I predee, dosht dou not dream shome-time of a Man, and art pleasht'd? — by my Shoul, her Eyes doth worke Fascinaation upon me.

Ros. Yes, Father, I do dream very often.

Teg. Daat is vell indeed; pha't dosht dou dream?

Ros. I dreamt last Night, that a fine young Gentleman came and took me by the Hand.

Teg. Very vell; and I warrant dee, he did shthroake dy Arme to dy Elbow, dush, dush.

Ros. Yes indeed, I dreamt so.

Teg. And he did squeeze dy shweet Hand, and kish it hard, dush? dush, dush, Joy.

Ros. Hold, hold, Father; what d'ye mean?

Teg. I do only maake Demonstration pha't dis young Man did unto dee trot. — By my shoul, she has maade great Inflamation upon me, and if she vil not agree and beat under me, I vill maake a raape upon her Body. [*Aside.*] But predee spaake, didst deu not dream shom-phat further?

Ros. Yes, Heaven forgive me, I did dream that he took me hard about the Wasse, and did kish me.

Teg. Vell gra, an dou vert not angry vid him, Joy?

Ros. No, no, I was too well pleas'd, Heaven help me.

Teg. Pha't he did taake dee about de Middle, and did kish dee, dush, dush, dush, dush, dush?

Ros.

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 259

Ros. Hold, hold, hold!

Teg. Pears, de kish of de Priesht vil absolve de prophaane kish of de Lay-Maan; vell, and he did trow dee downe upon de plaash? I vill show dee how.

Ros. No, no; I dreamt not so far.

Teg. He did; dou doubt not speak right, and I vill show dee how, by my Shoul — I vill make a Raape upon her.

[He lays hold on her.]

Ros. Help, help, help, help, ah, ah!

Enter Belliza.

Bell. Heaven! What's the Matter here? Why, Father?

Ros. Help, help, help!

Teg. O dear Daughter, help me to hold her, she is possesht or obhsesht vid an evil Shpirit.

Ros. Oh Madam, I am not possesht; he is a wicked Wretch, and if you had not come, wou'd have ravish me.

Teg. Oh help, help; how de soul Fiend dost speak vid in her, vid a hollow Woysh?

Ros. This is beyond all Impudence and Wickedness; Madam, Madam!

Teg. Listen how hollow and terrible is de woysh of de Fiend.

Bell. Avoid, Satan; a dreadful hollow Voice! Peace, Fiend, Peace.

Teg. I vill carry her into de next Room, and exorcise her. Laady, dou mayst retire, I warrant dee, I am strong enough, de Fiend begins to know me; he vill frighten dy Ladyship.

Ros. Madam, for Heaven's sake, hear; he is the most wicked Villain.

Bell. Benedicite, Avoid Satan, thou malicious Fiend; to blast the holy Man thus.

Teg. Look, look! he appears and peeps out at her Mout, indeed in de Shape of a Polecat; dost dou not see him?

Bell. Oh, yes, plain; oh what a Misery is this, and what Distraction will it cause in our Family! Don Bernardino is with my Daughter, and is to be her Husband; let him not hear this.

Teg.

260 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Tag. I will turn him out in a Moment: *conjuró te, Da-
mon.*

Bell. Get her into some Room at a Distance, where the
Fiend may not be heard; while I retire, and watch the
Colonel. *[Exit Bell.]*

Ref. Madam, Madam! are you out of your Wits? hold,
hold!

Tag. By my Shoul, I will conjure upon her.

[He struggles with her, to run her into another Room.]

Ref. Oh, help! help! ah! ah! Murder! Murder!

Tag. By my Shoul, Joy, I will not murder thee.

Ref. Oh impudent Devil!

Tag. Aboo, I have lost this brave Occasion; *[She gets
loose, and runs, he runs after her.]* now what will I do for
another? *[Exit eunt.]*

Enter Bernardo, Hernando, and Elvira.

Ber. Wonder not, Madam, at my Fierceness; we Mi-
litary Men never whine and make Love like Ladies eld-
est Sons, who have been bred out of Harms way; but
like Cocks of the Game, and are all for Dispatch: be-
sides, Madam, your Mother and I am agreed.

Enter Rosania in haste.

Elv. How now, Cousin, what Haste?

Ref. Oh Cousin! this *Tegus O Divelly* is the wickedst
Villain you ever heard of; I'll give you an Account by
and by.

Bern. Hah, my little Twig of Beauty, are you there?
But, pray, Madam, let her not stop my Course of Love;
for if it has not vent with me, tho' ribb'd with Iron, I
shall crack.

Ref. What, Love to my Cousin? Why she's a young
Lady.

Bern. Ay, Gad take me, why do I make Love to her
else? But, pray, sweet Blossom, contain that nimble
Instrument thy Tongue.

Ref. What, a reverend, white-headed, white-bearded
old Gentleman, with one Foot in the Grave, make love
to a fine young Lady?

Bern. Old! because I'm white! Why all our Family are

so

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 201

so by that time they are of Age; we are known by it, as the House of *Austria* by long Chins, thick Lips, and flaxen Hair. *Hernando*, do you back what I say.

Hern. I warrant you; if any Man out-lyes me, then I am a Baboon. — My Master, Madam, was grey at Sixteen; I have known some of 'em grey at seven: Nay some of 'em have been born Grey.

Bern. Quads! the Rogue will rum me with his Lyes; this 'tis for a Fellow to lye, that has no Discretion.

Ref. He is pure White and Red; White on his Head, with his Nose full Red, like *Asia's* Top, that still is hamming with the Snow about it.

Bern. I shall grow cholerick: Madam, for all these white Hairs, I did last Campaign, without Pole, or any thing in my Hand, leap a Moat of 20 Foot wide, over a Fauxbray.

Her. From thence to the Parapet, at the next standing Leap; next to the *Glacis* of the Countericarp; and then whipt over the Pallisade's.

Bern. Oh, Rogue, have a Care.

Hern. [*Aside.*] Pish, they understand me not: You shall see, — He took the Countericarp about his Middle, and the Bastion in his Hand, and, whip, he took the Town in a Twinkling.

Bern. A Pox on this Rogue! — why, Sirrah!

Hern. And I will not lose my Lie for any Man living. — Madam, my Master is a Man of the greatest Activity of any Man in the Army; I am sure he will put off the *Spanish* Gravity, when he runs away.

Bern. He tells you true, Madam, I was noted for it all over the Camp.

Ref. Can you creep through a Hoop, Sir?

Hern. He shall do it with any Man in Europe; I'll go see for a Hoop, he shall do it presently.

Bern. Why Sirrah! Impudence!

Hern. Or, Madam, he can leap over three Joint-Stools one upon another; you have them in the Room, Madam, you shall see that done presently. [*He goes to set the Stools.*

Bern.

262. *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Ber. Rogue, saucy Rogue! I'll cut your Throat! wou'd you have me play the Tumbler?

Her. Madam, have a care of the old Gentleman; my young Master is the finest Gentleman in the World, is desperately in love with, and must perish without, you.

Elv. Oh blessed News! But I must contain my self.

[*Aside.*

Ber. What say you to the Lady, you insolent Rascal?

Her. Are you angry, Sir, that I speak a good Word for you?

Elv. Be not offended, Sir; nothing in the World could have pleas'd me better than what he said to me.

Ber. I am glad, Madam, any thing said in my Behalf cou'd please you; your Hand upon't, Madam; is it a Match then?

Elv. You know, in *Spain* our Wills are not our own, our Parents have 'em in keeping for us.

Ros. Why, Cousin, are you mad? will you marry that Emblem of Mortality, that Death's Head?

Ber. Thou little Sprig of Envy, avoid, or I shall be furious.

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Madam, you must go to my Lady.

Ros. Is the Priest gone?

Gry. He is.

Ros. Come on then, I'll venture. [*Ex. Gry. and Ros.*

Ber. The Vigour of my Love can bear no Delay.

Elv. There must be some time allow'd me in Decency: But, Sir, since you begin to grow so particular, I must tell you a Secret which concerns us both; have you not a Son nam'd *Luscindo*?

Hern. What does she mean now?

[*Aside.*

Ber. A Son, Madam! I have a Stripling, a tall Boy; but he is very young, he is not above Sixteen.

Hern. Madam, my Master mistakes; he is but Fourteen.

Ber. I was marry'd at Thirteen, and had him before I was Fourteen.

Hern.

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 263

Hern. Sir, you were marry'd at Eleven; did not I live with you? [Bern. bites his Thumb, and makes Signs to Hern. He was marry'd before I was born. [Aside.

Ber. Curse on the Rogue!—'Tis true, Madam; but I had no Children 'till I was Fourteen.

Elv. 'Tis not for that I mention him; but if he be so young, he is very forward, and I desire you will give a Check to his Ambition of serving me.

Ber. Hell and Furies! He dares not offer you his Love sure?

Elv. Yes, he has endeavour'd to corrupt my Maid with this Heart of Ruby set in Gold: Do you know it, Sir?

Ber. No; but by the largest Whisker in Madrid, (God forgive me for Swearing) it shall cost the Owner the best Blood in his Body.

Elv. Be not rash; proceed with Calmness: If some Fool has taken his Name upon him, bid him, from me, endeavour to find the Owner, which will be no hard Matter, that I may know who has injur'd me; and if it be he, advise him to leave no more Letters under a loose Board in our Balcony.

Ber. Canons and Culverins! Have you a Letter of his?

Elv. No, I tore it in Indignation.

Ber. Voto, I helpt to bring him into the World, and I'll send him out again.

Elv. Have a care, Sir; Extremities will fill the Town with Noise, and hurt my Honour: I conjure you, let a private Rebuke serve.

Ber. Well, Madam, I'll obey, I kiss your Hands; I'll find him instantly.

Hern. Fare thee well: thou art an Angel of thy Sex.

[Ex. Bern. and Hern.

Enter Tegue O Dively, Gremia and Lusindo.

Gre. Was ever such a Tyrant! you draw a Flood of Tears from my poor Eyes, to see you use my Niece so savagely: Did ever Woman write so passionate a Letter? did ever Lady so bewail her Fault? With sobbing and Tears, upon her Knees, she ask'd your Pardon.

Teg.

264 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Teg. Dou hafst a Rock instead of a Heart indeed: I did make a Cry upon her, when I did seee her, vid de poor Leady.

Gre. How are we all oblig'd to this good Man!

Luf. Ha, ha, ha.

Teg. Phaas dostt dou make a graat laugh upon me, gra? arrah! I vill tell dee now, dou art very wicked, if dou dostt not take Pity upon de Leady, fait and trot.

Luf. *Dorisco* will pity her.

Teg. I tell unto you, she dostt not caare for dat Fellow; Joy, phaas vill I shay more? Hafst dou no Conscience, by my Shoul?

Luf. Thou wert an excellent Pimp in *Flanders*; I see thou hast not forgot thy Faculty here.

Teg. I do love to make peash indeed between Man and Man, and Man and Woman; I do not know phaas dou dostt call Pimp, indeed.

Luf. I laugh at her.

Gre. O wicked Wretch! Wilt thou not hear the good Man? So, here's the Rival! now we shall have fine Work.

Enter Dorisco and Finardo.

Teg. Peash Woman, I will spasse to him——I musht be asister speaking vid dee, gra; I vonder dou hafst no more Religion in dee, den to offer to take anodder Man's Mistress from him?

Dor. A pretty Habit, for a He Bawd!

Teg. Lay it upon dy Conscience; is not *Levia Lusindo's* Leady? phaas hafst dou to do vid her? De *Casuis* are clear in de Point; it is a graat Shin, and a graat Faable.

Dor. I am too nearly concern'd to have time for fooling——I am glad, Sir, I have met you. [To *Lusindo*.

Enter Hernando.

Luf. Have you ought to command me, Sir?

Hern. Ha, what's the Matter now?

Dor. Having wounded my Honour in so sensible a Part, you must repair it by fighting with me.

Luf. With your Favour, Sir, you invaded my Right; but I have consider'd the Matter; fighting is a solemn thing,

thing, and little Competitions about a Courtézan are not worth it.

Gre. Good Father, as you love Heaven, prevent their fighting

Dor. Sir, you have not carried your Commerce with my Sister so subtilly, that I am ignorant of it.

Luf. Your Sister! Upon my Honour, this is the first time I ever heard you had one.

Dor. I am not to be trifled with; you know not *Estifania*, the Widow, nor her Quality! You walk'd not invisibly in the *Prado*, nor did you talk so softly, but your Discourses came to my Ear.

Luf. Is that it? Ha, ha; what say you, *Hernando*?

Dor. Have you Courage?

Luf. Ha! then 'tis no time to talk.

[*They draw, Hern. comes between them.*]

Gre. Now, Father!

Teg. No, I will fly now; we Priests make de World fight, but we do not caare for it our Shelves. [Ex. Teg.]

Enter *Levia*.

Fin. Guard your self.

[To *Hernando*.]

Gre. Hold, hold, hold!

Her. For Heaven's sake, hear me; Is it true that the Lady *Estifania*, whom *Luscindo* entertain'd in the *Prado*, was your Sister?

Dor. Why am I so concern'd else?

Her. I did not think my Mistress had been so well allied; her Mother sells Fish, and she is little better than a Bulker.

Dor. Death and Hell! do you continue your Mockery?

Her. By Heaven, 'tis true: I gave her a sounding Name, to put a Trick upon *Levia*.

Lev. Oh Rascalls, Villains, Poultrons! O Coward *Doristea*, dare you not cut his Throat? Will you believe this Lie?

Gre. Hold, hold, ungracious Niece!

Lev. Avaunt, thou Bawd!

[*She flings Gremia down, who shrieks, and halts out.*]

Gre. Oh my huckle-Bone! My huckle-bone! ah, ah, ah!

266 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Dor. Sir, you are a Man of Honour, and I must believe you; I ask your Pardon for the Trouble I have given you: Pray give my Friend and me Leave to be your humble Servants.

Luf. Sir, I shall be glad to serve you; and if that can do it, I give you all my Interest in that Lady.

Lev. Ah Coward! I'll dispatch the Villain my self.

[*She snatches Doristo's Sword, and runs at Lusindo.*

Dor. Hold, hold! *Fernando*, help!—Sir, your humble Servant; I must endeavour to quiet this Lady.

Lev. Let me go, Coward, Rascal! I hate thee of all Mankind: Help! Help! Murder! Murder! [Exit.

Her. How cou'd you think on this Creature?

[*Ex. Dor. and Fin.*

Luf. I am reveng'd, and now I have done.

Her. Oh, Sir, I have the best News for you; *Elvira* is infinitely in love with you.

Luf. What sayst thou, dear *Hernando*?

Enter Bernardo.

Hern. Here's my Master; I must not be seen with you.

Luf. Now has he heard of my Visit to *Levin*, and is come with a dull-wisè Lesson. [Hern. retires.

Bern. You Stripling, I am come to tell you of a Crime, which if you have the Impudence to persist in, I'll make you the greatest Example of my Fury that ever fell by this Arm.

Luf. Is it such a Crime, Sir, for a young Man, in the Heat of his Blood, to love a handsome Wench?

Bern. Do you capitulate, Rascal? I'll make you know there's a Difference of Persons, Sirrah.

Luf. I hope I may pretend, where others are freely admitted.

Bern. How, others?

Luf. Yes, others; if you have better Thoughts of her, you are much mistaken, I assure you, Sir.

Bern. Death, you Villain! Darest thou blast the Honour of so innocent, so virtuous a Lady?

Luf. She innocent and virtuous! ha, ha, ha.

Bern. Peace, thou abominable Varlet! or I shall forget my Blood, and pierce thy Heart.

Luf.

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 267

Luf. Sir, are these Terms fit for a Son?

Ber. I doubt, to blast the Honour of my Mistress! By my Beard, thy Mother ne'er was a chaster.

Luf. Heaven forbid, Sir; if so, it wou'd be doubtful whether I owe you that Respect I pay you, Sir.

Ber. Audacious Coxcomb! Her innocent Freedom is above all Malice, which, join'd with her Wit and Beauty, has made her worthy of me, of Don *Hernando*.

Luf. What a Devil, will the old Man commit Incest?

Ber. I tell you, Sirrah, she is your Mother-in-law; I am contracted to her.

Luf. What do I hear! She my Mother-in-law! you will not prostitute the Honour of our Family, by marrying a Courtesan?

Ber. Abandon'd Slave and Liar, she a Courtesan! Earth-quakes, inundations, roaring Seas, and Thunder! thou Puppy-Dog, thou dy'st for't.

[Barn. Draws his dagger. *Hernando enters!*]

Ber. Hold, hold, Sir! your Dagger drawn upon your Son!

Ber. Let me go, Sirrah.

Luf. Sir, I beseech you, hold; there's some Mistake!

Ber. Can any thing be so plain as thy Blasphemy against *Eloise*? I will chastise thy black-mouth'd Insolence with Death.

Her. Hold, hold, Sir!

Luf. Hell and Furies! is she contracted to him? then let his Dagger pierce my Heart; but sure it cannot be.

[*Aside!*]
Ber. Abuse my Mistress *Eloise*! does your Guilt alarm you?

Luf. 'Twas *Levin* I meant; what have I to do with *Eloise*?

Ber. And what have I to do with *Levin*? shall that excuse?

Luf. By Heaven, Sir, I thought you had all this while spoken of *Levin*, the fine Courtesan, from whose House I now came; And do you think I ought not to be transported to hear you speak of marrying such a Creature?

268. *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Ber. No, no, Mr. Jackanapes, you know not *Elvira*? not you?

Luf. Not I: How, where, or when shou'd I know her? I can't guess your Meaning.

Ber. You know not this neither, which you gave her Maid, to corrupt her to your Interest.

[*He gives him the Ruby.*]

Luf. Not I; I never saw it 'till now.

Ber. Know, young Coxcomb, she has made another-guess Choice; nor you left no Letters under a loose Board in her Balcony?

Luf. I cou'd as well understand you if you spoke *Arabick*.

Ber. She despises you, bids you leave no more Letters: And if that Gem be not yours, she wou'd have you use all Diligence to find the Owner, which will not be hard to do, that she may have Satisfaction from him that has injur'd her: And I swear by all my former Achievements and magnanimous Deeds, I'll see her have it.

Luf. Thou dearest, Creature upon Earth, I admire thy Wit as much as thy Beauty. [*To himself.*]—Be pleas'd to tell her, I will never rest 'till I see the Owner; and that I resent this Injury so, that I am resolv'd she shall have full Satisfaction.

Ber. Now you say somewhat, come, prepare your self; I'll carry you to see your Mother, and you shall ask her Blessing.

Luf. 'Tis in her Power to give me the greatest in the World. [*To himself.*]

Ber. I'll carry you to her, because I'm resolv'd the Day after to Morrow you shall go to *Flanders*, while I settle here. Sirrah, *Hernando*, I have not reckon'd with you for your damn'd Lies, Rogue; but go now, and tell *Belliza* we are coming to wait on her.

Hern. I will, Sir.

[*Ex. Hern.*]

Ber. Come, Stripling, follow me; I'll get some Pastills, and stiffen my Whiskers, and so go.

Luf. I follow, Sir. [*Ex. Bernardo.*] For *Flanders*! I'll see it under Water, or, which is worse, all under the *French* King, e'er I leave my dear, my sweet *Elvira*. [*Ex.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Bernardo, and Elvira.

Ber. I Hope, my Dear, thou hast not afflicted thy self for my Absence: it seems to me an Age since I kiss'd this fair Hand: Your Mother and I have seal'd and dispatch'd; and now thou'rt mine, my Dear, when shall a *Domine* do the Office? by my Hilt and Blade, I am all on Fire for Consummation.

Elv. No haste, I beseech you, Sir.

Ber. By my Honour, but there is haste on my side: why, I am in a Fever, in a fiery Fever.

Elv. What Noise is that? [*A flourishing of Fiddlers.*]

Ber. Some Musick, my Dear, I have provided for thee; though I must confess I delight in nothing but Haut-boys, Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, Whole-Cannon, Demi-Cannon, Culverin, Half-Culverin, Musquet and Pistol, neighing of Horses, clattering of Arms, Groans of dying Men, and such magnanimous military Noises, fit for *Heroes*; yet I have provided softer Musick, befitting your soft Sex: Come in and sing a Love-Song, ye Scrapers, fit for the Occasion.

Enter Fiddlers.

Elv. Sure this vapouring old Fool must be a Coward.

S O N G.

The Fire of Love in youthful Blood,
Like what is kindled in Brush-wood,
But for a Moment burns;
Yet in that Moment makes a mighty Noise,
It crackles, and to Vapour turns,
And soon it self destroys.

270 The AMOROUS BIGOT.

But when crept into aged Veins,
It slowly burns, and long remains;
And with a full-blown Heat,
Like Fire in Logs, it glows, and warms us long.
And though the Flame be not so great,
Yet is the Heat as strong.

Ber. Love in aged Veins, you damn'd Fiddlers, you Scoundrels of Robin and Catgut! what have I to do with aged Veins, you Caterpillars, Vermine! most confounded Minstrels, I will crack your empty Noddies, and demolish your squeaking Fiddles, that you shall not be able to play before a Maypole. *[He kicks and beats the Fiddlers out.]*

Enter a Drummer.

Eliz. Methought they sung very well; what made you so passionate?

Ber. Uncivil Rogues! did I choose them to entertain my Mistress, and must they Lampoon me with aged Veins? Aged, quoth they! But come, Madam, I'll entertain you with an heroic Song of my own, and I had provided this Drum to sing to, which is better than a Theorb, or Harpsichord.

Eliz. Pray kiss my Ears with it.

Ber. I will, my Dear: strike up. *[Drum beats.]*

The Bullets are soaring, and Cannon are flying,
With a thump, a thump, thump, thump, thump;

Chew up, my Lady, never think of dying,

With a dump, a dump, dump, dump, dump.

Fall on, my brisk Bay of the Blade,

With a dud, a dud, dud a dud.

Tara, tan, tan tara, ra.

This is the Soldier's Trade.

Play the Ritornels. There's a Song, if you talk of a Song!

Eliz. 'Tis admirable.

Ber.

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 271.

Ber. I see, my Dear, thou hast Judgment: Go on.

[*Drum beats.*]

Enter Belliza.

Bell. Hold, hold! must my devout House be taken for a lewd Garrison? Thou Creature of most military Noise, be gone; must this wicked Rattling be heard in my House?

Ber. He shall go; but I take it ill you should call it a wicked Noise, which the *Hero* loves above all pitiful effeminate Fiddles.

Her. Sir, your Son waits without.

Ber. Call him in: Now, my Dear, thou shalt see thy Son-in-law; he is very young, and somewhat wild, he takes like his Father for that. He denies every thing thou dost tax him with, and knows nothing of the Matter.

Enter Luscinde.

Come, Youth, come forward, and pay your Duty to your Mother-in-law.

Bell. Is this your Son, noble Sir?

[*Bern. goes to present Luscinde to Elvira.*]

Ber. It is, Madam.

[*Belliza interposes.*]

Bell. Sir, I am your most obedient Servant; and you are welcome, and ever shall be, under my Roof.

Lus. You honour me exceedingly.

Bell. He is a most excellent accomplish'd Person; oh Heaven! how my poor Heart pants and throbs at him!

Ber. Is he not prodigiously tall of his Age? Simple as he stands there, he is but bare sixteen Years old.

Her. Madam, my Master speaks too modestly; he is but between fourteen and fifteen.

Bell. Good lack, I never saw the Fellow of him.

Ber. Rogue, will you never take Warning? Sirrah, get you out.—Indeed, Madam, I thought he had been sixteen. [Ex. *Hern.*] My Dear, this is your Son-in-Law.

Elv. I shall be proud of my Relation to him.

Ber. Let him do his Duty to you.

[*She pulls off her Glove, he kisses her Hand and puts it on.*]

272 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Luf. Madam, 'tis already a Blessing to have kiss'd your fair Hand; but I aspire at another Benediction.

Elv. You shall not fail of all that I can give you, Sir.

Ber. Fair Hand! I like not that Expression; his eager Kiss, and his fix'd Looks.—Come, Madam, give him your Blessing; I have appointed him his Business, he must be gone. [*He kneels down, she lays her Hand on him.*]

Elv. Under a loose Board, in our Balcony, you shall find an Answer this Night——Heaven bless you.

Bell. He is a sweet young Gentleman! I am enamour'd to the last Degree, and methinks he looks amerosusly upon me.

Luf. Heaven, let me contain my Joys.

Ber. His smooth Chin must be out of my Way. Come, Stripling, be gone, be gone.

Bell. Hold, ho'd, noble Sir!

Ber. No, no, be gone, be gone. [*He thrusts Luscindo out.*]

Bell. Ah me! *Elvira*, is he gone? What will become of me? I shall faint.

Ber. I have appointed him to go towards *Flanders* the Day after to Morrow: He shall go where Honour calls him, while I stay here and sacrifice to Love.

Bell. O Daughter, help me to stop his Journey, or I am a lost Woman.

Elv. Is she caught already? Well, these melancholly, devout Women are the lovingest Worms upon Occasion.—Pray entertain my Lover, while I peruse a Note, wherein I have set down the Things I must have before Marriage, and I'll endeavour to serve you.

Bell. Good noble Sir, one Word with you.

Ber. With all my Heart; a hundred, if you please.

Bell. You seem too severe to this sweet young Gentleman your Son.

Ber. Not at all, Lady; he is a pert Boy, and will be too forward, if I use him otherwise.

Elv. reads.] Dear Madam, no Passion ever equal'd mine; I adore your Beauty and your Wit, and am infinitely transported that you are pleas'd to let me know my Happiness; but all this serves to heighten my Misery, unless your Power, and your Mother's,

ther's, can prevail with my Father to stop my Journey into Flanders, which he has resolv'd shall begin the Day after to-morrow.

Enter Hernando.

Her. Sir, one of your Flanders Officers has extraordinary Business with you; he is at your House.

Bell. But why so soon for Flanders? Methinks you should be pleas'd to have him in your Sight, as I myself am.

Elv. I beseech you, let him be present at my Wedding.

[To him.]—I am sure he shall be so. [Aside.]

Ber. When he has perform'd as many brave Actions as I have done, he shall think of Peace; but now Honour calls, and he must go.

Elv. Does Honour call so soon?

Bell. I beseech you, Sir, let me have Interest enough to prevail with you for his Stay 'till my Daughter's Wedding.

Ber. No, Madam; I have Reasons to dispatch him away, which I do not express.

Lusi. My Dear, God b' we; afflict not thy self for my Absence, I'll see thee again e'er Bed-time; I kiss thy Hand Farewell, my beauteous Mother-in-law. [Ex.]

Bell. Oh I faint, I die! my dear Luscindo!

Elv. Why Mother, Madam, Madam!—this is a mighty Love-quail!—She recovers.

Bell. Ah, my Luscindo!

Enter Tegue O Dively, who stands by unseen.

Elv. How, Madam, your Luscindo?

Bell. Come, Daughter, 'tis in vain to endeavour to hide that Passion which has thus, in spite of me, betray'd it self: But 'tis wonderful to observe the Power of Love and Sympathy, and all that; but to lose this sweet young Man!

Elv. Trouble not your self; I'll bring all about yet; I spake even now of a Note; it was not what I told you, but a Ticket from Luscindo to me.

274 *The Amorous Bicker*

Bell. To you! ah me, ah me! you are another Man's Wife, will you give him to him?

Elv. Hold, Madam, mistake me not; he begs me to be his Advocate of Love to you:

Bell. Ah, my dear Child; to me, say'st thou?

Elv. He is infinitely taken with your Person.

Bell. With me, that am wholly spiritual! but this Sympathy of Lover's Hearts is a great Secret in Nature, enough to puzzle all Philosophers. But where's the Note?

Elv. I fore it, lest his Father should spy it, who is ignorant of all. Know, Madam, I am now your Mother-in-law by a double way, and will not bate an Act of my Prerogative.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, dear child; thou art an arch one, I profess: Well, go thy ways.

Elv. Take Notice then, Daughter *Bellina*, you must be at your Balcony between eleven and twelve, and *Escando* will entertain you there, while I stand Centinel at the Wicket, and watch who comes by.

Bell. Oh blest News! I am transported. [Exit.] — You make me angry, Daughter: I entertain a Man at Midnight, when I should be at my Bedside! [To her.]

Elv. Come, Daughter; I will have my Title, and use my Authority: I advise, nay, command you, as a Mother.

Bell. Well, thou art a Wag: I vow.

Elv. There's no Fear; I, your Mother-in-law, will take care of you.

Bell. Well, Daughter.

Elv. Daughter!

Bell. Mother then, since thou wilt have it so, I give my self up wholly to your Conduct.

Tig. Abou, bou, bou, vile d'eu mo, Joy? arrah, I vill put Excommunication upon dee; art dou not ashaam'd, and dostt dou not tremble to look upon me de fuathier, grae didstt dou not maake Vow unto me, never to commit Marriage, and like a piousr Widow, to give dy Estate unto de Caatolick Church? Joy. Trot, I vill maake dee know.

know it is a mortal Sin to marry, and I will give thee up unto Shaatan for dis, gra.

Bel. Heaven, what shall I say! I am confounded.

Teg. Thou dost not behave thyself gallantly, by my Shoul-waation; how dost thou dare to put the Out-side of the Door upon me, hoh?

Bel. Good Father, hear me: I would marry, to persuade my Husband to give his Estate to the Church.

Teg. Dost thou wouldst be a pious Lady indeed, Joy; but he will be after keeping thy Estate and his own too as he.

Bel. While he thinks to have Power over my Estate, he is deceived; for I have by a private Deed put it out of his Reach.

Teg. It is very laudable and pious, if thou dost convert him to a holy and good end, gra; but I will make thee groan under thy Penitence indeed, for talking of these fleshly Matters upon a Fast-Day.

Enter Rosania.

Ros. Ah, who is here?

Teg. Ah, by my Shoul, have I caught thee again in my Clutches? thou art possessed, I will exorcise thee now.

Ros. Stand off, let me go, thou Beast, thou Swine!

[Bellian speaks to her.]

Teg. Dost thou hear? the Fiend speaks in her Body, and calls a Priest a Swine, indeed. I will conjure thee; what, is the Widow gone? ah, no, she hath put thee Out-side of the Door upon me again: Daughter, swoyd thy plash, that I may exorcise.

Ros. Help, help, Cousin; I will tear his Eyes out.

Elv. Be gone, you lustful Villain; we will complain to the Fathers of the Inquisition.

Teg. By my Shoul, I will make a great Laugh upon thee; the Inquisition is for the rich Jew, and the Heretick Dog: come into another Chamber, Joy. Hold, hold, hold, thy wicked Nails. *[Rosania scratches him, and gets loose.]*

Elv. You a Priest! a Devil. Be gone.

[They tear his Hood and Habit, and beat him out.]

Teg.

276 The AMOROUS BIGOT.

Top. Murder! Murder! I will excommunicate, I vil excommunicate.

Ros. Let's follow him, and see him out. [Ex. Priest.

Ely. My Mother threatens to send you to a Monastery to Morrow.

Ros. To a Monastery! I am for ever lost.

Ely. Let's retire, and consult how to prevent it; it grows very late, and it will be time to write, and lay my Note under the Board in the Balcony. *Rosania* shall write it, that if my Mother should chance to find it, I may disown it: Fear not, *Rosania*, I will contrive thy Escape.

Ros. A thousand Blessings on thee. [Ex. *Ely.* and *Ros.*
Levia, *Gremia* in the Street; *Levia* in Man's Habit.

Gre. Will you never go home? Though you care not for your Reputation, I will not lose mine.

Lev. Again thy stale Advice, thy Reputation! thou art a Bawd, and a foolish one.

Gre. Ah me, that I should live to see this Hour! I a Bawd! Out on thee, thou art a Whore, and a silly one, to run up and down in this lewd Manner, at these wicked Hours; canst thou not be a Whore, and keep thy Reputation?

Lev. In short, good impertinent froward Aunt, either follow my Directions, or we will part for ever.

Gre. What shall I do? If she leaves me, I am ruin'd. — You know my good Nature too well, you will make me grey with Sorrow.

Lev. Come, come, be a good towardsly Aunt, and I'll pass by all; but do you hear? fail not of getting Admittance to *Belliza* and *Elvira*, and tell them the Story I have instructed you in.

Gre. You ever make a Fool of me thus. [She cries.

Lev. Too well I know now *Elvira* is the cursed Object of *Lusindo's* Love, and the Cause of his deserting me.

Gre. I see you love him still.

Lev. I hate him beyond all Aversion, and will be reveng'd, though I perish with him: Where are my Rogues? Ob, are you come?

Enter

The AMOROUS BIGOTT 277

Enter six Bravo's.

Bra. I never broke my Word in my Life; do you think I have no Honour in me?

Lev. Fire this House; the Villain will then come out, and you may dispatch him.

Bra. We will dispatch him; but no firing of a House; that were to make a Light to be caught by.

Gro. O Heaven! Will you commit Murder? I have contributed towards the making of many a Man, and cannot in conscience consent to the destroying one.

Lev. Stir not, nor oppose me; if thou dost, by Heaven, I'll have thee kill'd.

Gro. Well, well, I'll say nothing, do what you will.

Lev. Here will I stand a Statue at his Door, till he comes forth. Gentlemen, go ye and wait at the Corner of the Street, and when I whistle come. [Ex. Brav. Stand close, Aunt.]

Enter Elvira in the Balcony, with a Ticket in her Hand, which she lays under a Board, then Exit.

Elv. Go thou, dear Paper, and good Luck attend thee.

Enter Luscindo and Hernando in the Street.

Lev. Here comes Company, I shall be discover'd, before my time; let us retreat to our main Guard.

[Ex. Gremia and Levira.]

Enter Luscindo and Hernando, with a dark Lantern.

Lus. Place the Ladder here.

[He goes up to the Balcony, finds a Note.]
Oh, here's the sweet Paper! away, dispatch, and hide, the Ladder.

[Hern. carries out the Ladder, and re-enters immediately.]

Luscindo reads by his dark Lantern.

Lus. What do I read! I am transported beyond my self.

[Reads.] Joy of my Soul, The Thoughts of our Separation are insupportable; which to prevent, I have perswaded my Mother, That you wrote, conjuring; me by the Kindness of a Mother-in-law, to propose you in Marriage to her, which took as I could wish; and she has, at my Request, consented to entertain you at her Balcony at Midnight; fail not to be there with Hernando: She cannot know your Voice; your Statues are alike,

278 The AMOROUS BIGOT.

alike, and 'twill be too dark to distinguish Faces. If Hernando has Wit enough to sell his Pace, and entertain my Mother, I shall leave you free to my self at the Wicket, where we may provide for our Happiness. And if my Art succeeds not for your Stay, assure your self, I will not stick at the boldest Rascal you shall see upon.

Yours entirely,

ELVIRA.

Lus. Was there ever so charming a Creature? Ah, dear *Elvira*, each Minute is an Age, till I have got thee within these Arms. Time runs too fast for every other Man, but for expecting Lovers is too slow; dear happy Paper!

Her. We shall have you transported here, till your Father finds you.

Lus. Thou say'st right; let's in and bustle, as if we were putting up my Goods for Flanders. [*Ex. Lus. and Her.*]

Enter Rosalia in the Balcony, and puts her Nose under the Board.

Ros. Go, thou dear Messenger of Love, and fall into the Hands of him, who alone can deserve it.

Her. You need not go in; I'll bring you Word if your Father be in Bed. [*Ex. Hernando.*]

Lus. Do so. Oh *Elvira*, let me kiss this Relick, in Absence of my Saint; my Joy is too great to bear.

Enter Hernando.

Her. Your Father is fast, he snores as loud as the Drone of a Bag-pipe; an Alarm would not awaken him.

Lus. To our Business quickly; the Balcony Door opens, 'tis near Midnight.

Belliza and Elvira in the Balcony.

Bell. Will *Luscindo* never come? I profess, this is the longest Night.

Elv. Hold, hold! I hear some coming this way; it must be he and his trusty *Hernando*.

Bell. Lord! how my Heart does heave and pant! my Breath grows short, and every part of me is affected with the Passion.

Her. Is my most divine and adorable Lady there?

Bell.

Bill. Divine and adorable! I warrant him a fine speaker. *[To his self.]* Hither your own, and your Mother-in-law's Impertinency has brought me, noble Sir,

Ho! May I not have the Liberty of conversing you alone?

Bill. *[To Elv.]* Go down to the Street-Gate, and entertain *Hernando* at the Wicket; whilst *Isabella* and I confer about our virtuous Ends; and if any Company comes by, give a hem.

Ho. My dearest Saint of a Mother, who would not have trusted me with a Cat, now delivers me up, for her own Ends, to a young Man in the Dark. *[Ex. Elvira.]*

Bill. I shall never hold out without some *Alphonso*. *Mina*, I grow so chill, and quake. Hold, I hear *Rosamond's* Guittar; if she discovers me, I am ruin'd.

Ho. Thou Cordial of my Soul, art thou alone?

Bill. Yes, my Dear; but I hear some up in the House; I'll go and secure them, and wait on thee in a Moment. *[Ex. Belliza.]*

Enter Elvira.

Lus. *[At the Wicket.]* My most incomparable *Elvira*, I know not which to admire most, thy Wit or Beauty, they are both so Angel-like; thou dost so much transcend the rest of all thy Sex, that they appear but splendid Trifles, when compar'd to thee.

Elv. I know my self too well to apply this; all my Hope is, that you have Love enough to deceive your self; and since all Happiness is but Imagination, 'twill serve your Turn as well as Truth.

Lus. 'Tis so real a Blessing, and so great an Honour, that to be King of *Arragon* is a less Title than the Love of *Elvira*.

Elv. This is the foolish Dialect of Lovers, which one who is not in love would laugh at, and never think it were in earnest.

Lus. By Heaven, I am so much in earnest, that all the Happiness you have rais'd me to will prove my utmost Torment, unless you take this Opportunity to compleat it.

[He offers to embrace her.]

Elv.

280 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Elv. Stand off, mistaken young Man; I confess my loose Carriage has deserv'd this; but know, *Luscindo*, that though my Inclination was Headstrong, that by indecent Ways I sought to make my Person and my Passion known: Yet tho' I have as much Love as ever Woman had, I have as much Honour too; and the first Minute of your Attempt to lessen that, this Ponyard shall make the last of your Life and mine.

Lus. kneels.] Dearest *Elvira*, by this I find but what I knew before; That your Virtue and Honour were equal to your Wit and Beauty. I beg a thousand Pardons for my rash Offer, but beg you will not too far mistake me; for when I once have so impious a Thought as to attempt your Honour, my Ponyard should do you Justice on me.

Elv. Sir, pray rise; this Posture does not become you to me.

Lus. Should my Love to you have the least Mixture of Dishonour in it, I should hate my self as much as I love you.

Elv. May I believe you?

Lus. Upon the Honour of a Cavalier, the compleating of the Happiness, which I desired, was our instant Marriage; a Man can no more love *Elvira* with Dishonour, than he can love Heaven, and be vitious; it were a Contradiction.

Elv. Then, my dear *Luscindo*, I ask thy Pardon; here take this chaste Embrace, and with it Heart and Soul; I am thine, nor is it in the Power of Fate to alter me.

Lus. Hold, Heart; my Joys come now too thick upon me.

Elv. But oh, *Luscindo*! I fear that all mine, and my Mother's Arts, will prove vain to procure a Respite of your Journey.

Lus. Then I am lost, unless your Love be strong enough to carry you to the Noble Resolution of—

Elv. What Resolution? Can you doubt my Courage?

Lus. The Resolution of making an Escape, and flying to some distant Place.

Elv.

Elv. Your Faith, so plighted as it is, leaves no room for doubt, in such a Heart as mine; I am resolv'd to run all Fortunes with you.

Luf. My Saint, my Angel, let me adore thee.

Elv. Come, come, talk like a Mortal, and consider of our Escape.

Her. So, I have conn'd enough, and have all my piteous Love-sick Language ready. Let me see, Suns, Moons, Stars, Planets, Lightning for the Eyes: Roses, Cherries, Crimson, Scarlet, Tyrian Purple, for the Spanish Wool upon the Cheeks: Snow, Lillies, Milky Way, for the Skin: Rubies and Coral for the Lips: And Gums, Pearls Oriental for the Teeth: Sun-Beams and golden Tresses for the Hair that's sandy: Fire, Flames, fry, burn, Wounds, Pistols, Daggers, Halters, for my self; and there's an end on't.

Enter Belliza in the Balcony.

Bell. I have secur'd all, and am return'd, Noble Sir; and if you please you may proceed.

Hern. My most venerably amiable, and amiably venerable *Belliza*, I am come to lay my Heart before you.

Bell. Most transcendently generous, and generously transcendent *Luscindo*, I must thank you for the Passion which you bring.

Hern. A Pox on't! I do not know what to say to her. Let me see, I'll make Love in Rhime, out of Heroick Plays; 'tis even as natural here as upon the Stage.

Dearest Urfa Major,—which signifies a Bear. [*To himself.*]

*I am so dazzled with your radiant Eye,
That like the silly, and unheedful Flye,
(As sweetly the Heroick Poet sings;)
At that bright Flame I've sing'd my advent'rous Wings.*

Ha, that runs well enough.

Bell. My Noble *Lindamour*, I find you are an arrant Courtier; now you cannot see my lustre in the Dark.

Her. Can it be dark, dear *Urfa*, while those Eyes
With such fierce Beams my feeble Sight surprize?

Yow

282 The AMOROUS BIGOT.

*You shine so brightly, that the vigilant Fowl,
Sacred among th^e Athenians, call'd the Owl,
Keeps in his silent Cloyster with the Bats;
And conscious of the Light, the sullen Cass
Farbear to Caterwaul, forget their Passions,
And sail their several scratching Assignations.*

Bell. He has a bewitching Tongue, but comes not to the point.

Luf. Here's Company coming; at Ten to-morrow Night I'll not fail to have a Coach in the Back-lane. Joy of my Heart, farewell.

Elv. My Life, my Soul, farewell: Hem, hem.

Bell. Good luck, she calls; I must be gone.

Luf. *Hernando*, here let us retire.

Enter Dorisfeo, Finardo and Sancho.

Dor. My dearest Friend, I am infinitely oblig'd to you for your Assistance.

Fin. Not at all; it is the duty of a Friend.

Luf. Who are these? they go towards the Balcony: 'Sdeath! he is going up; I'll stop his Proceedings.

[Dor. gets up, on his Man's Shoulder, and takes the Note from the Balcony.]

[Reads.] *Life of my Soul, my Mother threatens me with a Nunery as soon as it is Light, and except you come and rescue me, I am lost to you and all the World; for you are all I value in it.*

Yours wholly,

ELVIRA.

Luf. Let me draw, and see who this Traitor is, and punish his Insolence. *[He opens his Lanthorn.]* Ha, *Dorisfeo!*

Dor. What Lanthorn's that? let us retire.

Enter Levia and Gremia, with six Bravo's:

Lev. This is the Villain: fall on.

[They fight: Dorisfeo, Finardo and Sancho, come in to Lusinda, and they beat the Bravo's off.]

Gre.

Gram. Ah, ah, murder! murder!

[She runs about squeaking.

Evo. Ah, cowardly Dogs!

[Both heave

Dor. Hah, *Lusindo*, I am glad it was in my Power to assist you against these Villains!

Luf. Sir, I must confess, I owe my Life to you. [Aside.] let me see if I can fairly discover this Intriguer. What lucky Accident brought you hither? [To him.

Dor. You are a Man of Honour: I shall have need of your Assistance: *Elvira*, the Daughter of this devout Widow here, is my Mistress; and has left a Letter, by Appointment under a loose Board in her Balcony, to let me know, that as soon as it is Light, her Mother intends to force her to a Nunnery, and conjures me to rescue her. I may have so gallant a Man's Sword, which I know you will not deny me; there's the Note.

Luf. Oh Heaven and Earth! it is her Hand, the same with my Note! O Devil! can so much Beauty have so much Falshood? Draw, and defend your self; you saved my Life, but have now forfeited your own: this *Elvira* is my Mistress, whom if you resign not to me, you must die.

Dor. Your Mistress! resign or die! Nay, then have at you. *Sancho*, stir one Step, and I will cut your Throat.

[*Lusindo and Doristeo fight, and Finardo and Hernando: Lusindo and Hernando disarm the other two.*

Luf. Take your Life; I now am even with you.

Dor. Accursed Fortune!

Hern. Take your Sword, and say you are beholden to me.

Enter Bernardo in his Night-Gown, with Servants and Flambeaux, and Spanish Drums.

Ber. What clashing of Swords and fighting has been here?

Dor. Let us retire from these Lights.

Ber. Ungracious Boy, is't you? whom have you fought with? what had you to do here? I'll pack you away to Flanders.

Luf.

Luf. I must confess, I was somewhat late taking leave of my Mistress, and as I was coming Home, I found a Gentleman, and two with him; he climb'd the Balcony, and not knowing but it might be to violate the Honour of your Mistress, *Hernando* and I fell upon them, disarm'd them, and gave them their Lives at present.

Ber. Voto, Voto, Diabolo! why did you give them their Lives? let's follow, and murder them.

Luf. They are fled out of Distance; but I know the Gentleman, whom I will go to in the Morning, and make him promise under his Hand to make no more Attempts, or I'll cut his Throat.

Ber. Damnation! you foolish Boy, why did you give him his Life? Shall any Villain live, who attempts the Honour of *Don Bernardo's* Mistress?

Luf. I gave him his Life, because I ow'd mine to him; for just before, I was set upon by half a dozen *Bravo's*, and he fought gallantly, and relieved me.

Ber. How, *Bravo's*! what a Devil's this?

Luf. Let's in, Sir, and we'll consult what's to be done.

Ber. Come on; I am in a Mist, I know not what to think on't.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Elvira, and Rosania.

Rosa. IF ever Life or Liberty were dear to thee, if ever Love enter'd thy tender Breast, and thy *Luscindo* has Possession there, pity my sad Condition. Must I be buried while alive with Melancholy and Green-sickness'd Nuns? your pious Hypocrites and Chalk-eaters? and lose for ever my dear *Doriseo*? Upon my Knees I beg thy Help;

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 285

Help; if ever thou hadst Compassion in thee, shew it now.

Elv. I will, my dear *Rosania*; fear not; I will prevent thy going to this dreadful Nunnery.

Rosa. There is but one way left: thou art intrusted by my Aunt with the Keys of the House; I have appointed *Dorisco* to be ready this Morning; let me out, and I shall owe my Life, my Love, and all the World to thee.

Elv. I am intrusted, and wouldst thou have me false to that Trust?

Rosa. 'Tis to be true to Love, the greatest Power upon Earth; oh, be not false to that.

Elv. I must consult my Conscience.

Rosa. Oh, look not, dear *Elvira*, to succeed in any of thy Wishes, if thou desertest me now.

Elv. I will not quit thy Interest.

Rosa. There is no way left but this, which, if thou shouldst deny me, I am for ever miserable.

Elv. How knowest thou *Dorisco* is not wicked, and may violate thy Honour?

Rosa. I know first, that I will part with my Life before I yield my Honour; besides, he has the Reputation of a gallant Man.

Elv. Well, I will strain a Point for thee, and let thee out; and wish thee all the Happiness fond Lovers can imagine.

Rosa. Millions of Blessings fall on thee, my dear, dear *Elvira*, Author of my Life and Liberty; haste, haste, lest my Aunt, or the *Duenna*, should surprise us! Farewell, my dear, dear *Elvira*.

Elv. Adieu, my dear *Rosania*; [*Elvira unlocks the Wicket, and lets Rosania out.*] Thou art very near thy Happiness; I would I had as little Difficulty: but let it be never so great, I am resolv'd to surmount all, for my dear *Lusinda's* sake.

Enter Belliza.

Bell. What do you up so soon?

Elv. My concern for you, Daughter, would not let me rest: I came out of my Chamber, thinking I had heard the Door open; did not you hear something?

286 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Bell. Yes: which made me come out of my Chamber. Now I see I am deceived.

Elv. We were deceived; the Door's shut, and I have the Keys in my Pocket.

Bell. Well, this *Joseph* is a charming Person; he has bewitched me with his Tongue, my Eyes have never come together, dear Daughter.

Elv. Again Daughter!

Bell. Dear Mother then, take care of me, or I am lost in the Flower of my age. Hah, what knocking's that?

Elv. I know not: If some body has caught *Isabella*, and brought her back, both she and I am ruin'd. *[Aside.]*

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Madam, yonder is the *Irish* Father, with a grave old Gentlewoman at the Door, desires Entrance; your Ladyship has the Keys.

Elv. Here they are. *[She gives Grycia the Keys.]*

Bell. What can this mean?

Elv. I know not. *[Exit Grycia.]*

Enter Tugue O'Divelly and Gremis.

Ty. Good Morning, Daughters; the Saints bless ye; here is a good pleasant and reverend Lady, that would be after speaking viddy Father's Child and dine even der gra arrah: She is a gallant Lady, and lovet de Church, and is very devout indeed, a Lady of great Rank, and

Bell. Would your Ladyship have ought with me?

Gre. Are you *Donna Belliza*?

Bell. I am.

Gre. Your Ladyship's most obedient Servant: And is this your Daughter, Madam?

Bell. It is.

Gre. I am your Ladyship's most humble Servant to command.

Ty. Do you not see now, she is a great Lady of great Solidity, of much Breeding, good Behaviour, and Fortitude and so?

Bell. I see.

The AMOROUS BIGOT: 8287

Gro. You are then the Mother, and she the Daughter? good: I have somewhat to impart to both your Ladyships, which concerns me and both of ye.

Tag. She is a fine-spoken Lady as any in *Madrid*, no dispraise, I tell you Joy.

Gro. There is nothing so dear, so precious in the World to a Lady, as her Honour and Reputation; very well; and my Concern for this is the Occasion of my waiting upon you now: do you conceive me?

Elv. Not I, Madam, truly.

Gro. Go to: I have a Niece, whom I have educated from her first Budding, till she is become mature, as I may so say, and ripe for gathering; good.

Bell. She has a fine Tongue truly!

Tag. Did I not shay she to dec, gra?

Gro. In this Niece did I place all my Joy, having brought her up to all the Rules of strictest Virtue; right; do you understand me? Now this Niece, d'ye conceive me, is one of the greatest Beauties in *Madrid*; d'ye see? well.

Elv. What is her Name?

Gro. *Henrietta de Sylvia*.

Tag. Ahea, by my shoul, she is aafter telling a great ye indeed.

Gro. Now there is a Neighbour of your Ladyship's, one *Don Bernardo*, and he has a Son named *Luscindo*, very good; as fine a Person as the Sun e'er shind on, a Parson, d'ye understand me? but to go on.

Bell. Whither does her Discourse tend? pray Heaven he be not inconstant.

Gro. Now this *Luscindo* is a Man of shining Honour, by his Deeds and Arms; d'ye conceive me now? what does me this *Luscindo*, I say, what does me he do?

Elv. What does this impertinent Creature drive at?

Gro. I say, what does me he but prune himself, and strut before her Window with amorous Countenance and Mien? Very well: dogs her when she goes to Church, whispers in her Ear at Mass; d'ye see: serenades her every Night. Good now; what does me she?

Tag.

288 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Teg. She has a rare silver Tongue, fait and trot, she doth talk gallantly, by my shoulwaation.

Gre. I say, what does me she? alas, good Ladies, you cannot but conceive, that we of the frail Sex are liable, and so forth, d'ye understand me? Good, my Niece, my poor frail Niece, alack, alack! I cannot speak for Tears.

Bell. My Mind misgives me; I am miserable; I scarce dare stay to hear the fatal Story. [*Aside.*]

Gre. I say, what does me my Niece, but become amorous of this young Person? well, gives him a Meeting, signs a Contract, as he to her; and since he has left her for this young Lady, and has the Impudence to own his new Passion. My poor Niece lies distracted, tearing of her Hair, bound in her Bed.

Bell. Ah, ah, ah!

Elo. Oh, savage Monster, I'll not bear this vile Affront; he tells it so naturally it cannot be feigned.

Teg. I will maake Testification upon Oat, dat all dis is true and shartain, fait and trot, gra.

Bell. Ah, ah, *Luscindo, Luscindo!*

[*Belliza falls into a fainting Fit.*]

Gre. Ah me, help, help my Lady! cut her Lace, cut her Lace; get some *Arsa fetida*, blue Inkle, or Partridge Feathers, and burn under her Nose. I hope I did not occasion this.

Teg. By my shoul, I vil sling shome holy vater in her faash, and cross it, and it vil maake Cure upon her,

[*He pulls out a Bottle of Holy Water, and sprinkles some upon Belliza's Face, and crosses, and mutters.*]

Dey call dese Fits, but by my shoul dey are de evil Spirits dat vill get in at de mout, if vee do not taake great caare of dem.

Bell. Oh, vile *Luscindo!* but Heaven has justly punish'd me for leaving my Beads for the vanity of Love: Oh, holy Father, 'tis you must give me Comfort; I wholly resign my self into your Hands, and will ever give my Heart to heavenly Matters, and retiring from the World.

Elo. Retire, Madam, into your Chamber.

Bell. I will; follow me, holy Man. [*Ex. Bell. and Teg.*]

Gre. I am sorry to find I am the cause of so much Distur-

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 289

Disturbance in this good Family, but I thought I was as well concern'd for the Love to my Niece, as in Honour to you, to let you know of *Luscindo's* Contract; and so I kiss your Hand.

Elu. Farewell Madam.

[*Exit Gre.*]

O vile *Luscindo*! thinkest thou that I can be content with a false Title to thee, with a Heart that's mortgaged to another? I will revenge this base Indignity by instant Marriage with thy Father this Morning: Oh, false, false *Luscindo*!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, Bernardo's House.

Bernardo within.

Ber. Why, *Diego*? Sirrah, Drone, Bear, Dormouse, Ape, Rogue! by my Beard, I think an Earthquake would not wake thee: Why Sirrah, are you in a dead Sleep?

He enters in his Morning-Gown, and Diego to him.

Diego. Oh, oh, I was, Sir, till you were pleas'd to call me to Life; but to a wearisome one, if you will not suffer me to take out my Sleep.

Ber. Thou would'st out-sleep the seven Sleepers: 'Tis broad Day.

Diego. I see that as well as you, Sir, and better too; for my Eyes are younger.

Ber. Lazy Rascal, the Rising-Sun upbraids thy Sloth.

Diego. I am sure he went to Bed before me.

Ber. But Sirrah, leave your prating, and tell me, did I not hear the Wicker open?

Diego. How can I tell whether you heard it? you can resolve your self much better of that than I.

Ber. Peace, thou Son of a Strumpet! what have you a Mind to be witty? I am confident I heard it: This lewd Boy of mine has been abroad all Night; I shall never rest till he be in *Flanders*. Sirrah, go see if my Son be in his Chamber, and bring me Word. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Luscindo, Fernando and Diego.

Lus. Tell my Father, we have been packing up my Goods for *Flanders*.

290 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Diego. I will, Sir.

[*Exit Diego.*]

Luf. Is't possible *Elvira* should be false? How can it yet be otherwise? this Note to *Dorisco* is too plain a Proof to leave me any room for Doubt. Was e'er Misfortune yet like mine?

Her. There must be some Mistake, it cannot be.

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Sir, there is a Letter for you from my young Lady.

Luf. For me?

Gry. Yes, Sir. *Hernando*, which is *Don Bernardo's* Apartment?

Her. Go in there.

[*Exit Grycia.*]

Luf. Hah! this is another Hand.

He reads. *You may spare your self and Friends the Pains of coming to carry me away; your Falshood and Unworthiness shall be revenged by my instant Marriage with your Father, nor will I ever see you more in any other Quality than that of your Stepmother.*

Elvira.

Ha! what means she by my Falshood? This may be her Mother's Hand; they are afraid this dishonourable Falshood with *Dorisco* should take Air, and her Mother would marry her instantly to my Father: I will go to her, and do whatever Jealousie and Fury may prompt me to.

Enter Bernardo, Grycia, and Diego.

Ber. Ho there! call all my Servants, bid 'em be ready for my Wedding, which is to be out of Hand this Morning. O my sweet *Elvira*! Now Youth, Stripling, now you shall see my Wedding;—and let the young *Corcomb* break his Heart: What care I? [*Aside.*] Bid all my Servants come in to me, and Sirrah, *Diego*, bid my Apothecary come; I will have a strengthening Cordial to enable me to carry my self like a Man of Honour.

[*Ex. Luf.*]

Her. What good will that do? she will soon find you out.

Bern. God take me, if I pay down a lusty Fine, she shall be content to bate of her Rent. Dye heart? let me

VI do have

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 291

have Musick, and do you get me good Kettle-Drums and Trumpets; I will have Pomp as well as Dispatch: Away, let all the rest of my Servants come to me.

[Ex. Bernardo, Hernando and Servants.
Gremia and Levia in the Street, Elvira in the Balcony,
unil'd, and standing close.

Elv. I'll watch him coming out of his Father's House, and see how my Letter works on the perfidious Man. Who's yonder? the old Lady with a young Gentleman? I suppose he is the Brother or the Kinsman of her injur'd Niece.

Lev. I am extremely pleas'd that your Story caus'd such Distraction in the Family: Now you are a good Aunt.

Gre. Ay, too good for you; how can I be rewarded?

Elv. Here he is: Can there be Falshood in that charming Person?

[Enter Luscinda in the Street.

Lev. Here comes the Villain: Stop, Hell-Hound, stop!

Gre. Oh Heaven! what now will her Madness prompt her to?

Lev. Now look me in the Face.

Lus. Take it away, I like it not.

Lev. Audacious Wretch, take that.

[She gives him a Box on the Ear, Gremia steps between.

Lus. A fair Lady's Hand can give no Affront.

Elv. What, a Coward too! nay, then all must be true I have heard of him. I'll see no more, I am distracted: Would I had seen a Basilisk when I saw thee. [Ex. Elvira.

Lus. If you give not over, I will expose you to the last Degree of Infamy.

Lev. Poor Fool, I'll have thy Life, or make Madrid too hot for thee.

[Levia and Gremia retire.

Lus. Whither will my Despair hurry me? Now to my cruel and my false Elvira.

[Exit Luscinda.

Enter Elvira in Belliza's House.

Elv. Unhappy Creature! to what Miseries have my too fatal Eyes betray'd me? Had I never beheld this false Luscinda, I had rested, and undisturb'd enjoy'd my quiet Sleeps; and all the wonted Calmness of my Soul; but

292 *The AMOROUS BIGOT.*

Love, vile Love, disorder'd all my Frame, and had no sooner taken Possession here, but I must turn him out again. But, Oh! What sharp Convulsions must I suffer, ere I dispossess this most distracting Inmate!—Oh Heaven! what's this!

Enter Lusciando with his Dagger drawn.

Lus. Ah, Madam, fear not me; I can commit no Violence on you: This is to execute whom you condemn: Your cruel Falshood and your Tyranny might do it soon, without the help of this.

Elv. My Falshood, vilest of Men! How dare you accuse me of a black Crime which I detest and scorn, as much as I should thee, who art so evidently false, that thou hast forced me, in a just Resentment, to execute my self, and bury all my Youth in thy loath'd Father's Arms for my Revenge.

Lus. I false! Witness ye Saints in Heaven, how I am injur'd: Had a blest Angel said this, I would have pronounced it a false and evil Spirit: but *Doristeo* has confess'd your Falshood, shew'd me your Ticket, at which I fought with him, and being sever'd in the Streets, I kept your Billet to upbraid your Falshood with, which here behold. And I suppose you have found this *Doristeo* false, and fling your self upon my Father.

Elv. *Doristeo*! ha, ha, ha!

Lus. Am I become your Scorn, as well as your Aversion? then 'tis time to fall.

Elv. You do not, Sir, from me, deserve a serious Answer, that bring a Heart already vow'd to another, *Henrietta de Sylvia*: You find you are discover'd. I am to blame in holding this long Commerce with so perfidious a Man as you.

Lus. By Heaven, and all the Powers above, I never once heard of her Name 'till now; but you can write, and make a Sacrifice of me, the most passionate and faithful Lover your Beauty e'er shall gain, to *Doristeo*.

Elv. Though you deserve not any Satisfaction, yet in Vindication of my Honour I do avow 'tis not my Hand.

Lus. Nor this? *[Shewing her other Note.*

Elv.

Elv. Nor that.

Luf. 'Tis well you had your Confident to write, that whensoever you pleas'd, you might disown it. Falshood to the Height! Then this is yours.

Elv. It is, and you deserve it from me; and I resent your Injury so much, I have condemned my self to Misery, perpetual Misery, for my Revenge. Ah! think then how I could have loved.

Luf. Could you? By Heaven and all its Powers, I am not false, nor ever heard the Name you mention'd.

Elv. Did you not even new part with her Aunt, and a young Gentleman, who I suppose is of her Kindred? But what can I expect from one so mean, as could receive a Blow?

Luf. O Heaven and Earth! I am the vilest Wretch, the basest Miscreant, if that young Gentleman be not one *Levia*, a famous Courtezan! The other Person is a Bawd, her Aunt. This Courtezan unfortunately cast her Love on me, and has, for my Neglect and Scorn of her, pursued my Life.

Elv. Father *Tegus* introduced her Aunt to my Mother and me, and vouch'd her for a Lady of Quality, and all she said for Truth.

Luf. Did you once know the Vileness of that Priest, you would as soon believe the Devil.

Elv. I know he is a Villain. [*Aside.*] His Story looks like Truth; indeed I cannot on second Thoughts believe that he could take a Blow from any Man. I fear I have been too rash, and am undone.—— To my own Honour this is due; the last Night's Note, to you, was written by my Cousin *Rosania*, that if my Mother found it I might disown it to her. That to *Doristea*, was from, and for her self; he fell in love with her, took her for the Daughter, me for the Niece; and *Rosania* has carried on her Correspondence with him in my Name; and this the Powers of Heaven can witness is all true.

Luf. O Heaven, what fatal Accidents have hurried me even to the Briak of Ruin? Low on the Earth, and at your Feet I will for ever lye, 'till you shall pardon me

my base Suspicion that you were false, and will believe me true.

Elv. Rise, Sir; I do.

Lus. Then am I happier than all the prosperous Monarchs of the Earth. I was plung'd into the lowest Gulf of Darkness, and now am rais'd to visit Light again.

Elv. Hold, not too fast; I see no Prospect yet of a clear Light, but Clouds and Storms about us. Our most unfortunate Mistakes have carried me so far as to make the Engagement to your Father, and I can see no way to break it.

Lus. How, *Elvira*! Those fatal Words contain my Sentence. Since you can be so unkind as now to think of quitting me, to make my Father happy,

And give that Heart to him, engag'd to me,

This fatal Instrument shall set you free.

Elv. Hold, dear, and more than ever dear *Luscindo*, I am entirely yours; nor Fate, nor Time, nor Death shall sever us.

Lus. Let me for ever hold you within these Arms, and let our Love, like to a broken Limb, grow stronger.

Elv. We have no time for Raptures; no Escape can now be made; the Streets are full, and we shall soon be forced from one another.

Lus. It remains that we must do what cannot be undone, and find a Priest to join us instantly.

Enter Teguc.

Elv. Here's one at hand; I must confess, a wicked one.

Lus. Most opportunely come. I'll make him do it. Father, let us withdraw; we have some Business to consult your Wisdom in.

Teg. Come den, I will do phat I can for your Fauder's Child, Joy; and I will employ all my Wisdom upon you, gra.

[Exeunt.]

Bernardo in his House, with his Servants, in the Barber's Hands.

Ber. Are all my Servants ready to wait in their best Accoutrements?

Diego.

Diego. They are without, Sir; and *Herrando* is gone for a Priest, and Musick and Kettle-Drums.

Ber. This a joyful Day, and I will celebrate it with all the Pomp I can: Come, Washball, refresh my Countenance, and take off the superfluous Crop; but as thou lovest thy Ears, or Nose, that bolt-sprit of thy Face, prophane not my inviolate Whiskers: For every single Hair thou shalt diminish there, I will lop off from thee a Member, Sirrah.

Barber. I warrant you, Sir, I know the value of a Whisker in *Madrid*.

Ber. C om Snip Snap, begin.

[He puts his Clap and Clash on.]

Enter Leviz.

How now, Springall! who art thou?

Lev. Pardon, Sir, my abrupt Intrusion. I doubt not but you are so much a Cavalier to protect a Gentleman in Distress.

Ber. I am as much a Cavalier as any Man; my manifold Atchievements witness for me, the World rings of 'em; and one thing, sprig of Honour, I tell thee, no Man in *Madrid* has more *Castilian* Blood running in his Veins than I.

Lev. I am happy to fall into the Hands of such a gallant Man.

Ber. Thy Story, Lad, thy Story: thou art as safe here as in the Castle of *Milan*.

Lev. I'll tell it, Sir, in whisper and in Short.

Ber. Stand back all.

Lev. I have been several times of late dogg'd and assaulted by *Bravo's*; and by the Confession of one of 'em, whom I took, I found that they were hired by a young Lady of your Neighbourhood, *Eloira*, Daughter to *Dona Belliza*.

Ber. How say'st thou, Stripling?

Lev. And which makes me apply my self to you, they say your Son *Luscindo* joins with her in the bloody Business; and except you can take him off, and get him to prevail

prevail on her, one time or other I must fall a Sacrifice to their Fury.

Ber. Diabolo! *Elvira* and my Son!

Lev. By Heaven, 'tis true; the Fellow is here ready to testify it; but did you know me, my Honour would pass with you.

Ber. But hold, Stripling; why should they pursue your Life?

Lev. You are a Man of Honour, and have promised me Protection, and I'll hide nothing from you; the Truth is, *Elvira* is my Mistress, I have enjoy'd her, and she has sacrificed me to *Lusindo*.

Ber. Hell and Damnation!

Lev. How barbarous Usage, and your Generosity, will clear my Honour for revealing this; they thinking that they cannot enjoy themselves in freedom while I live, endeavour to dispatch me, and but last Night.

Ber. Last Night! Furies and Devils! this must be true. I thought he had not known her.

Lev. I saw him this Morning sneak into the House; she let him in, and there he was even when I enter'd here.

Ber. Where's my Sword? Come Youth; by *Beelzebub* and all his Host of Devils, thou shalt see 'em both fall by this Arm; come along.

Barber. Shall I take my Clothes off?

Ber. Damn thee, Nit.

Diego. Will you not put on your Clothes, Sir, Sir?

Ber. I'll cut thy Throat, Dog; follow me all.

[*Ex Omnes.*]

Enter Belliza, Elvira, Tegue O. Divelly in Belliza's House.

Bell. Oh this good Man has fix'd my wandering Mind, And set it all on Heaven, and things above;

How had I given the reins to Vanity,

That I should suffer Love to enter here,

And juggle out Devotion? Holy Father,

I am resolv'd to expiate my Crime,

The remnant of my Life, within a Cloyster.

Ah, what a sound Comfort shall I find!

Daugh.

Daughter, I am glad that thou art resolv'd so soon to marry; and I will leave my House to thee.

Tag. [*to Elvira.*] She thinks not that I am after making *Luscindo* and you one; and now I have revenged her Contumely upon me, in putting de out-side of de Door upon me. Daughter, when thou dost die, thou wilt be a gallant Saint indeed.

Elv. A brace of Hypocrites well met.—Is this wicked Woman here?

Enter Gremia.

Gre. Oh, Ladies, upon my Knees I humbly beg your Pardon; I apprehend the Mischief I have caused; I was wrought upon by my wicked Niece to tell you a Story, every Word of which was false: *Luscindo* is unblemish'd.

Bell. How! is *Luscindo* true?

Elv. Yes sure, but you are resolved for a Monastery.

Bell. Who tells you so? that was on Supposition of his Falshood.—*Luscindo* true! then I am happy. [*Aside.*]

Elv. Did not you say, all was true?

Tag. 'Twas for a pious end that I spake it.

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Oh, Madam, I am undone, ruin'd! Mrs. *Rosanna* is fled, gone out of the House, and no where to be found.

Bell. Oh Heaven! I am undone! I should have sent her this Day to a Monastery. Ah, who is here?

Enter Bernardo; Levia, Hernando, and Servants holding him; his Sword drawn.

Ber. Let me go, Dogs, Rogues, Villains, Caterpillars!

Bell. Call my Men-servants to help to hold him.

[*Grycia goes out, and Men enter with her, who lay hold on Bern.*]

Ber. Where is this Strumpet *Elvira*; and this Son of a Whore *Luscindo*? They shall both fall a Sacrifice to my Fury. Let me go.

Bell. Hold him fast, he is distracted.

Tag. He is possesht; let me alone with him, Joy.

Ber. Are you there, foul Creature?

298 The AMOROUS BIGOT.

Tag. Benedicite, dere is shome Holy Vater in de faith of dee.

[He sings Holy Water in his Face.]
Conjuro te demonem, Beelzebub, Satanam, per

Cesare, Camestres, Festino, Baroco, Darapi;
Telapton, Disamis, Datifi, Bucardo, Ferifou.

Ber. Let me go, Dogs; and first I will exorcize you, Rascal.

[He beats the Priest, knocks him down, and stamps on him; who all the time roars out the Exorcism. They lay hold on Bern, the Priest gets up, and goes on in exorcizing.]

Bell. O Heaven! he is possess'd, and has committed Sacrilege upon the good Man.

Enter Luscindo.

Bell. Oh my dear *Luscindo*, art thou here?

Lus. Hold, hold! what is the Matter? unhand my Father.

[They let him loose.]

Ber. Ungracious Rascal, have at thy Heart. Let me go. Oh Villain, had you and that Strumpet *Elvira* none to put your vile Affronts on, but on me? Must I marry your Wench, and one that was a Whore to another before?

[He runs at him with his Dagger. Hernando stops him.]

Bell. Oh save my dear *Luscindo*.

Lus. If any Man but my Father said this, it should be his Death.

Ber. How now, Ruffian!

Tag. Let me come; he is possessit, I tell dee. Exorcize ee.

Lus. Stand by, Fool.

Tag. Fool! I tink dou art possessit too. Joy, and I must exorcise dee; to call a Priestht Fool, an be, aboo, boo, boo.

Ber. There's a young Gentleman can tell; and you, base Wretches, pursue his Life for't.

Lev. 'Tis all true.

Elv. Hold, let me speak; If you presume that I am such a Creature, you freely will resign me.

Ber.

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 299

Ber. Relinquish thee to the Devil; but think not I'll sit down with this Affront; I'll be patient for a Moment.

Enter Rosania and Dorisco.

Bell. This is all false, the ancient Gentlewoman has confess'd it; and my *Luscinda*, my dear *Luscinda's* true. Oh vile Girl, art thou there?

Rosa. Yes, Madam, I am return'd, but with another Guardian, my *Dorisco*.

Dor. I am come to wait upon you with my Wife; and since your denial cannot undo what is already done, I beg your Consent.

Bell. I'll never give it while I live.

Lev. Hell and Furies! have I lost him too. *[Aside.]*

Dor. Pardon me, dear *Luscinda*, for my Mistakes, and impute them to our evil Fortune. You are a Man of Honour, and I beg your Friendship.

Lus. You have shewn your self a Gentleman, and I shall take it for an Honour to be call'd your Friend.

Ber. I'll slit your Wind-pipe, and spoil your Compliments, Sirrah.

Elv. Your fatal using of my Name has caused such mischievous Mistakes, as did go near to ruin me.

Bell. Now, dear *Luscinda*, we are free.

Elv. Since you are pleas'd to resign me, my Husband *Luscinda* will own me with all my Faults.

Bell. Ah me, ah me! Father, stand by me.

Lus. Own thee! yes, while I have Life and Motion, as my greatest Happiness. Were this a Man, I'd send his Soul into another World; but 'tis a Woman, a malicious one, and a Whore.

Lev. Heaven's Curses on ye all; here take my Life, and I shall thank you for it.

Lus. Keep it to be a Torment to thee.

Lev. Most violent Love and invincible Impotence possess thee, and continual Rage and Jealousie her; and so with Curses on ye all, farewell. *[Exit Lev.]*

Ber. Devil! what has my Rashness brought me to! I could kill the Dog; but let me think on some firm and lasting Vengeance. I have it.

Bell.

300 The AMEROUS BIGOT.

Bell. Oh Father, I wholly now give my self up to a cloyster'd Life.

Teg. Daat is my good Daughter.

Ber. If you can forgive your poor Soldier; *Bernardo*, who finds that you alone are worthy of him, I return to my first Love, and am ready, dear Widow, to consummate, without more delay.

Bell. What says he? Are you in earnest?

Teg. Out, phat dosht dou do now? dou vilt not hearken to the tempter, gra?

Ber. Lady, I seldom kneel; but in this Posture, I humbly beg you to receive me.

Bell. To shew I am in Charity with all the World, and can forgive, I receive you as my Husband.

Ber. A thousand Blessings on thee, my dear Widow. Sirrah, Young Rogue, I will get every Year a Child these twenty Years, and make thy Heart ake.

Luf. I wish you Joy, Sir.

Eto. Much Joy, Madam.

Bell. Go, perfidious Wretch, thee I will ne'er forgive.

Teg. Hold, hold! I do forbid the Banes; dou vert espous'd unto de Church first, and dat does *dirimere contractum, & irritum reddere sponsalia*.

Luf. Well said, Priest, with false Latin!

Ber. Sirrah, Priest, if you forbid the Banes, I will cut your Throat. Do you hear? You, that were my unlawful Pimp, and joyn'd me to many Whores in *Flanders*, shall now be my lawful Pimp, and join me to one Wife in *Madrid*, or, by Heaven, I will exorcise you with a Vengeance.

Teg. Vel, vel, shay no more, Joy; I vill do phat dou speakest.—By my Shoul, I vill pronounce de Words of de maarrriage without intention, and den it is no maarrriage, and all deir posterity vil be aafter being Bastards, as all de School-men say; and, by my shoulwaation, dere is a trick for dem.

[*Aside.*

Luf.

The AMOROUS BIGOT. 301

Las. Now, dear *Elvira*, may our mutual Love shine
clear, without one Cloud upon it. Heaven, let me but
possess my dear *Elvira*,

And I renounce all earthly Joys beside:
Thus Fortune kindly does for Love provide:



EPI



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Mrs. Bracegirdle.*

Methinks I hear some Ladies, nicely wise,
 (I do not mean the Virtuous, but Precise)
 Cry down us Spanish ones, and call us light,
 Who entertain our Lovers at first Sight.
 But, Ladies, think, were you like us confin'd,
 Alas! you'd soon be of another Mind.
 You, at the first fair Game before your Eye,
 As fiercely as uprodded Hawks, would fly:
 Though Nature largely does for us provide,
 Yet all its beauteous Store we're forc'd to hide,
 Which, but by dangerous Stealth, is never spy'd.
 You can your Faces every where expose,
 And throw your piercing Darts against the Beaux:
 But we are wiser yet than you; for we
 Ne'er wait a second Opportunity.
 You shall for Months your amorous Glances cast,
 And bring it but to Scandal at the last:
 We never spread our loving Nets in vain;
 We soon come to a Point, and ease the Pain.
 Your Beauties you so oft in publick show,
 That Gallants of your Faces weary grow;
 So that before you're known, you are enjoy'd,
 And Sparks, before they come to taste, are cloy'd:
 To feed their Pride, not Love, some have a Train
 Of flut'ring Slaves, to grace their stately Reign;
 Their sickly Appetites are so diseas'd,
 They make Men jealous, and themselves not pleas'd:

We're

EPILOGUE.

*We're seldom seen, and but by those we like:
And when the Iron's hot, ne'er fail to strike.
But though we're wiser, you are happier still;
As if we had no Souls, we have no Will:
For our tyrannick Country thinks it fit,
To Kindred or to Husbands we submit.
Whene'er we are discover'd by ill Chance,
A Life is forfeit for a single Glance:
Your Sisters or your Daughters safely stray,
And with a Groom or Parson run away:
On this Affront the Kinsmen never think,
But, as they use to do, hunt on and drink.
For every Favour a poor Spanish Wife
Bestows on her Gallant, she ventures Life:
The wanton English ones need never fear,
By their good Men they're ever held most dear,
And none such Hands over their Husbands bear:
The Husband none so closely does embrace
As the sweet Gallant, who supplies his Place.*

Well——

*Though on the Stage we Spanish Women be,
Elsewhere we can use English Liberty.
Now for the Poet, I ha' nought to say,
H'as cast himself upon you, and ye may
Do what ye please, or save, or damn his Play.*



THE
SCOWERS

A
COMEDY,

Acted by Their

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXX.

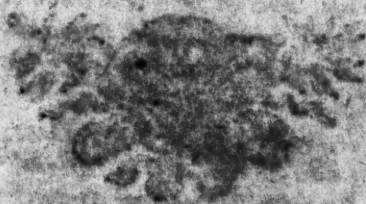
THE

SCOWERS

COMEDY

As performed by the

WESTMINSTER VALENTS



Printed in the Year MDCCXX

PROLOGUE

SCOWRERS! Methinks I hear some Ladies say,
How shall we bear the Lowliness of this Play?
The Author begs the Title may not fright,
Of what he does to virtuous Ladies write.
Others for Guilt may blush, or Rage look pale;
And, as they us'd, maliciously may rail.
Tho' he exposes Vice, the Play's so clean,
The nicest shall not tax it for Obscene:
Though some have been so ticklish in the Mind,
They could find Rawdy, which he ne'er design'd.
Nor can he think he gave the least Occasion,
Wanting their Vigour of Imagination;
But they their Evils had in their false Report,
And frighten'd whom he most would please, the Court.
To you he appeals, the Witty, Fair, and Good,
Whose sovereign Pow'r can never be withstood;
To all the Audience he bid me say,
He of the Gout lay-in, and of this Play:
Not long contain'd his poetick Fit,
The other Grief he cannot part with yet,
But give him Ease, and let who will have Wit.
Your kind Indulgence sure he ought to gain,
Who for your Pleasure writes, in spite of Pain:
You have been kind to many of his Plays,
And shou'd not leave him in his latter Days.
Though Loyal Writers of the last two Reigns,
Who us'd their Pens for Popery and Chains,
Grumble at the Reward of all his Pains;
They would, like some, the Benefit enjoy,
Of what they vilely labour'd to destroy.
They cry him down as far his Place unfit,
Since they have all the Humour and the Wit.
They must write better &er he fears them yet.

Till

PROLOGUE

Till they have shown you more Variety,
Of natural, unfeign'd Comedy, than he,
By you at least he should be priz'd to be.
Till then may he that Mark of Bounty have,
Which his Renown'd and Royal Master gave;
Who loves a Subject, and contemns a Slave:
Whom Honour, in spite of bellish Flies, design'd
To humble Tyrants, and exalts Mankind.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. Rant, Father to Sir William.

Sir Will. Rant, {

Wildfire, {

Tope, {

Whackum, a City-Wit and Scowrer; {

Imitator of Sir William.

Bluster, { his two Companions; Scoun- {

Dingboy, { drels.

Sir Humphrey Maggot, a foolish Jacobite {

Alderman.

Ralph, Sir Will's Valet.

Jasper, Mr. Rant's Valet.

Lady Maggot, Wife to Sir Humphrey Mo- {

ther to Eugenia.

Eugenia, {

Clara, {

Priscilla, Governess to Eugenia and Clara.

Bettice, My Lady's Maid.

Abigail, Sir William's House-Keeper.

Raughy, {

Mavis, {

Two Whores.

Glazier, Vintner, Drapers, Fiddlers, Tradesmen, Duns, Con-
stable, Watchmen, Butler and Footmen.

Mr. Rynaston.

Mr. Mountfort.

Mr. Williams.

Mr. Leigh.

Mr. Bowman.

Mr. Fraeman.

Mr. Cudworth.

Mr. Bright.

Mr. Bowen.

Will. Peer.

Mrs. Leigh.

Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Bransgale.

Mrs. Cory.

Mrs. Richeson.

Mrs. Osborn.

T H E



THE SCOWRERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Sir William Rant in his Morning Gown,
and Ralph his Man.*

Sir WILLIAM.

AM plaguy qualmish this Morning; we
drunk fwingly last Night; what did
we do? tell me the History.

Ralph. Must every Morning be spent
in asking Questions? 'tis a fine Life;
you'll sin over Night, and I must come

to Confession next Morning.

Sir Will. Sirrah, know I will have no Wit nor Wis-
dom from you.

Ralph. I don't know what you call Wit, but certainly
Wisdom will never agree with that hot Head of yours,
Sir.

Sir Will. You solid Lump of massy Phlegm! there is
no such Blessing under Heaven, as a hot Head.

Ralph.

Ralph. 'Twill cost you and your Companions dear before you part with it; the Devil's out in you, you are always the Transgressor, and I never fail of being the Penitent.

Sir Will. Sirrah, the Inside of thy Loggerhead will endanger the Outside, if thou begin not thy Narrative immediately; some Action in the Forepart of Night I remember, but the latter Part is all Darkness to me: Yet it runs in my Head we had a Fray.

Ralph. And don't you feel it in your Shoulders? I am sure you've Reason, to have I.

Sir Will. Where was it?

Ralph. Why, here, in *Covent-Garden*. You would needs have a Skirmish with some drunken Bullies, awkward, roaring, blustering Rascals: And Brigadier *Stokes* with a Detachment of Quarter-Staves and rusty Halberts fell in Pell-Mell, and routed both Parties.

Sir Will. That damn'd Quarter-Staff Rogue would be universal Monarch of the Night: We must confederate and humble him. But what Execution was there? Whose Skull crackt? whose Lungs pierced? or who lustily bruised?

Ralph. One of the Bullies has a good lussy Flesh-Wound, the other are a little hackt; but all of them were carryed Captive to the Round-House, where they have solaced with Ale and Brandy all Night long: Two of your Footmen with bloody Coxcombs were likewise in Limbo: Two or three of the Watchmen have slight Hurts, which they are ready to swear are mortal; But your Friends, Mr. *Tope*, and Mr. *Willshire*, are escap'd unhurt, save a little dry Beating, which indeed we seldom fail of.

Sir Will. An Evening very handsomely spent! I am glad the Bullies are maul'd. I would rejoice as much to run an *English* Bully through, as an *Irish* Rapparee. The City ought to pay a certain Number of Bullies Heads for a Tribute to the Government, as the *Wish* did Wolves; but let my Footmen ransom'd.

Ralph. They are bail'd by your Taylor, and dress'd by your Surgeon, and are ready to be drunk and scower again, Sir; but that was not all, that happened last Night; 'twould

It would take a Volume to write the History of your Actions one Week.

Sir Will. We should be diligent; I love an Active Life; but what more?

Ralph. Why, in your Retreat homewards, you pick'd up a Strumpet; I must needs say, not very handsome, nor over well dress'd, nor extremely sober, nor extraordinary clean; and made me put her to bed in your own Bed; I thank you, Sir.

Sir Will. Well, thou art a faithful Bawd.

Ralph. Bawd, Sir!

Sir Will. Yes, Bawd, Sir; what a Devil, dost thou think I keep thee for thy neat Parts? Indeed thou art a little stout.

Ralph. Any Man but my Master should find I were a great deal so, if he talk'd thus to me.

Sir Will. Well, well, Sir; but where is the Where?

Ralph. I believe where she should be, at the civil Recreation of Hemp-beating.

Sir Will. Pox on your Impertinence! How got she out?

Ralph. Why truly, Sir, after you had taken your wonted Nap in your Chair, recover'd a little, and came to your Bed-Side, you put'd at the Sight of her, ask'd her how she had the Impudence to bring so ugly a Countenance along with her under your Roof: To all Entreaties were inexorable; you tore her out of the Bed, flung her Cloaths out of the Window, and made me turn her naked out of the House.

Sir Will. 'Twas a very impudent thing of an ugly Jade to come hither.

Ralph. She pick'd up her Cloaths, but was in great want of a Tiring-Room; and most certainly fell into the Enemy's Hands.

Sir Will. Well, and have I never a Wench this Morning?

Ralph. Here have been five or six; they all said they'd come again.

Sir Will. Pox on 'em, come again! but into whose Hands may they fall before they come again? I hate even a Rose after it opens in the Morning, and is ruffled by the Wind.

Ralph. Your provident, prudent, and pious House-keeper has lodged two who came last Night, for Peace sake, in two several Apartments of your Seraglio, not knowing which of them you would vouchsafe your Handkerchief to.

Sir Will. She has done wisely: I will have them both: Who are they?

Ralph. Mrs. *Haughty* and Mrs. *Mavis*.

Sir Will. Oh pox! they'll never draw together. But go into my Closet and fetch me a Bottle of Spirit of Clary, and a lusty Glass. [Exit *Ralph*.] Now is my Father, I warrant, grieving in the Country, bewailing my lewd Courses: To say Truth, I cannot but love him, he has been very indulgent to me; but methinks he should have the Conscience to remember his own youthful Gambols: *Tope* tells me he knew him almost as lewd a Fellow as my self. But the worst of all is, I am in Love, most desperate, most abominable Love, and the worst of all Love, I am afraid, honest Love.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Here's your Spirit of Clary.

Sir Will. Set it down, and see what confounded Noise that is without. [A great Noise of talking and knocking without.] The Devil take 'em! must I be always interrupted in my Rest or my Pleasure? A Man had as good be a great Man as a Drunkard at this rate. [Exit *Ralph*, and suddenly Re-enters.] Well, what's the Matter?

Ralph. The Noise you are pretty well us'd to; an Assembly of Duns, Whores and Bawds, as there are every Morning at your Levee.

Enter Tope and Wildfire.

Sir Will. Hail, hail, my dear Companions of the Night, *Jack Tope* and *Tom Wildfire*.

Tope. My dear Knight, my dear *Will*. Rant, thou art the Prince of Drunkards and of Scowrers; thou art a noble
Sca-

Scavenger, and every Night thou clearest the Streets of Scoundrel Bullies, and of idle Rascals, and of all Ale-Toasts and Sops in Brandy.

Wild. And the Taverns of Tradesmen and of sober Rogues of Business, who should be at their cheating Callings, or watching their Wives at home.

Sir Will. I am glad to find you so hearty, and that ye suffer'd so little in our last Night's Rout.

Top. I will not wear, like a Bully, my Arm in a Scarf as a Sign of Battel past, when perhaps the Wound is no bigger than that of a Lancet in letting Blood; I have seen Danger in my Life Time.

Wild. Yes, and felt it too, to my Knowledge.

Top. Pub, this is nothing; why I knew the Hectors, and before them the *Mums* and the *Tisyre Tu's*; they were brave Fellows indeed; in those Days a Man could not go from the *Rose Tavern* to the *Piazza* once, but he must venture his Life twice, my dear *Sir Willy*.

Sir Will. Yes, and the Wine was better, and the Women handsomer; you old Fellows are always magnifying the Days of your Youth.

Top. Old! Gad take me,—hem, hem; here's a Body sound Wind and Limb.—Old! quoth he. Indeed I have drank off two Generations, and intend to drink off three more yet. Why, I wench'd, drunk and scow'd with thy Father, *Will*: He was a pretty Fellow in his Youth, and I thought he would have come to something; but he marry'd and run into the Country, left our noble Cause, and grew a very wise, discreet, virtuous Country Job-bernoll.

Sir Will. Why, you debauch'd with my Grandfather.

Top. I knew him in his Ebb: But thy Father, *Thm*, was a sober Sor, a consumptive Scoundrel, and we could make nothing of him; he marry'd like a Puppy, and grew most pitifully uxorious; but the Comfort, few of that Sort get their own Children: Thou art not like him at all.

Wild. Thank Heaven, I never remember him; Providence took care of me in good time.

Sir Will. Here, *Ralph*, fill. Gentlemen, a Health to my Mistress in a Brimmer of Clay.

Tope. I desire Mornings-Draughts; besides, Spirits will bring you from two Pound of Beef, to two poach'd Eggs; trust an experienc'd Drunkard, thou wilt not live out half thy Days, if thou tak'st these low'd Counsels of drinking in a Morning.

Wild. But we will live out all our Nights.

Tope. I have bury'd two hundred Mornings-Draught-Men of my Acquaintance.

Sir Will. You may well kill 'em, if you drink not fair with them; but thou hast kill'd as many Evenings-Draught-Men too. Never Hero in Romance kill'd more in his Adventures.

Tope. Their Deaths be upon their own Heads, I preserv'd my self: Why I have been walking two flours in the Park.

Wild. The Deaths of those Men lye upon his Conscience, and he cannot sleep.

Sir Will. No, no, he wants the dear Balsome of his youthful Blood, that balmy sovereign Juice that sends kind Vapours up to rock the Brain: Here, I will have my Mistress pledged.

Tope. Thy Mistress! ha, ha, ha; why, every one in a Petticoat is thy Mistress, from humble Bulker, to exalted Countess.

Sir Will. No, I am particular, damnably particular; Why, I am fallen in Love.

Tope. In Love! What a Devil! That is, thou hast a plaguy Mind to some Wench; I have known thee have that to many a Damsel, but when thou hast gotten her, thou never fail'st to leave either her, or a Child by her, to the Parish.

Sir Will. Why, those kind of Ladies come to the Parish at last, and the sooner they take care of them the better; it is a good settled kind of Life. But this is a Lady of Quality.

Tope. A pox of a Whore of Quality! they are ten times more troublesome, and not handsomer than poor Whores.

Sir

Sir Will. A Whore! this a Saint

Will. A Saint! ha, ha, ha, a world of Saints there are in these Days, but very few honest.

Sir Will. I can scarce forbear to worship her, and call her Nymph, Divine, Goddess.

Top. Nymph! Divine! Goddess! Ha, ha, ha; Language for a young coxcomby Chaplain to his Lady's Waiting-Woman.

Will. Love! Faith I could never believe there was any such Thing: I have had a furious Appetite to a new Face, like a greedy Stomach to a new Dish; but I never made a very full Meal, but I with'd it off again.

Top. Love! Why, what a pox! I have had as many Whores as any of you; but I never had one whom I car'd if she were hang'd or no.

Sir Will. Oh base, gross Appetites, of ill-natur'd Fellows!

Will. Oh thou Flower of Civility, and good Nature! I never knew you, or any Whore-Master, but minded himself, and never car'd what became of the Woman; why pr'ythee don't we ruin all we have to do with?

Top. Some few keeping Coxcombs indeed are undone by them; but that grows much out of Fashion; because, keep what you can, particular Whores will soon grow common ones.

Sir Will. Hence all such prophane Thoughts; this is a Lady, who has all the Beauty and Virtue of the Sex.

Top. Pish! Sex, say'st thou? I warrant she is not over-stock'd neither, if she has; but Beauty is frail, and Virtue is more frail, *Will.*

Sir Will. Away with your babbling; *Tom*, here's to her; take a Glass.

Will. Come, *Fack*, her Health.

Top. God, nor I! I would not drink the Queen's Health fasting, nor I; charge a Bill upon me, and I'll answer you in a couple of Brimmers of Claret at *Locker's* at Dinner, where I have bespoken an admirable good one for you; but my Wine shall always have something to feed upon.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Here are a Company of Letters; some are waiting for Answers.

Will. From Whores, all Whores.

Sir Will. Hah! they are so; some in Distress, I suppose: Like a true great Man, I will put Petitions in my Pocket, and never read 'em.

Ralph. Sir, the Duns are very noisie, and will not be kept out.

Sir Will. Obstinate Rogues, that will sling away their precious time so!

Ralph. But there's a pert dapper Fellow, whom I know not, he will not be deny'd.

Sir Will. Let him in first. How now! who are you?

[Ralph lets in a Glazier.]

Glaz. An please your Worship, I am a Glazier, and have an humble Petition to your Worship; your Glazier dyed within this Hour, the Bell now goes for him; and I humbly desire I may succeed in your Worship's Work.

Sir Will. Thou art a very pretty Fellow.

Glaz. I waited for this happy Occasion, and hoped for't, so I made him drink like a Fish, and treated him with Brandy. The Man indeed was an honest Man; but alack, alack! he had little to do for a long time, 'till your Business and your Friends, Sir, brought him into request: He has had a fine Time under you; for your Worship, I understand, has to Sash-Windows an utter Aversion, Sir, when you are in Beer.

Top. A very pretty discreet Fellow!

Glaz. Why, Sir, he bore Offices, maintain'd his Wife with all Things about her, and now dies well to pass; and for all may thank your Worship. Now if your Worship will let me have the Place, I shall see that all the Parish, when you please to break their Windows, shall have as good Goods as any Man can furnish them with.

Sir Will. Let me see, this Place must be worth Money.

Ralph. Let me speak with you; I can do your Business.

Glaz.

The SCOWRERS.

317

Glaz. I will, Sir; but, Sir, do they sell Places now a-days?

Sir Will. Oh, no, no; Heaven forbid! Thou shalt have it for nothing.

Glaz. Thank you, sweet Sir.

Ralph. Hum, hum, hum.

[*Ralph holds his Hand out behind him, the Glazier puts Money into it, and goes out.*]

Glaz. Ay, Sir; there, an please you.

Ralph. A pox on him! a thirteen Pence Halfpenny! but I'll after him, and squeeze the Sponge, I warrant him.

Sir Will. Come, let in the Canaille, the Rabb'e of my Anti-Chamber, my Duns, &c. Now will I behave my self stately, impudently, and do no Man's Business but my own.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir *Humphrey Maggot* has sent Word he'll wait on you ere you go out.

Sir Will. That's the coxcomby Alderman, that marry'd my termagant Aunt; her First Husband was my Father's Brother by the second *Venter*. She has this Dolt under Correction, sweet Princess; and has forc'd him out of *Mark Lane* to live in *Soho-Square*. I warrant, some old Lecture from my Daddy. Let the Duns enter.

Enter eight or ten Duns.

Sir Will. Now, Rogues, Rascals, Vermine, Caterpillars, Duns, come on; I will use you so like Duns for plaguing me with so many daily Visits, I say, I will use you so like Duns.

Enter Sir Humphrey Maggot, and observes them.

Tope. That is, send them away without Money.

Sir Will. You silly impudent Puppies, to come to me for Sums fit for Haberdashers of small Wares to pay, ridiculous, petty Sums! come up to bulky ones, either in valuable Goods or Money, fit for a Gentleman's consideration, and Security may follow.

Sir Humph. Here's a Spark! thank Heaven, I have kept my Nephew at the Inns of Court, whom I bred up, free from his lewd Acquaintance.

Sir Will. Why, I never pay a Bill till it be as long as an account in Chancery, you Rogues, Dogs!

Duns all together. Why, we ask but for our own, Sir; I hope a Man may ask for his own, Sir. My Goods were my own, Sir, my own. Very fine! a Man must not ask for his own. Rogues, for asking for a Man's own?

Sir Will. And, Rogues, I will make you know this House is my own, which I will signify to you by this Foot which is my own, and by this Cudgel which is my own.

[Sir William kicks and cudgels them out.]

Duns. Fly! fly! Murther! Murther! A Man may not ask for his own, his own. Murther! Murther! For my own! Help! Murther! [In running out they run down the Alderman.]

Sir Humph. Gad forgive me, Help! Help!

Sir Will. Oh Sir Humphrey, I cry you Mercy; I was at my Morning-Exercise, disciplining my Rogues, my Duns.

Sir Humph. Duns, Sir Will. Rans? let me tell you, Duns may be very honest Men.

Sir Will. Hum; so your Citizens are apt to think, but we Gentlemen believe no such Matter. But come, I know you have some wise Lecture from nowin Daddy, or some such Business; come, out with it. I stand fair.

Sir Humph. Poor Gentleman! My Heart bleeds for him, you make him miserable with your Extravagant lewd Life; he writes me Word you got the Parson's Daughter with Child, when you were at home last, and now she is near her time she names you for the Father; this is the strangest thing that ever was.

Sir Will. Not at all: it had been strange, if she had gotten me with Child. The Parsons are lusty, lazy, well-fed Fellows, and will be too hard for the Lany, if we don't take Letters of Reprisal upon them.

Sir Humph. Save us, Heaven! I would not have my Nephew Whitcham acquainted with you for the World.

Sir Will. Nor I with him, Sir Nump; I keep somewhat better Company: you have seen my Friends here.

Sir Humph. Yes, and heard of them too; the Nation Rings of 'em, my Lady my Wife and your Aunt, is perpetually grieving and sighing for you.

Sir

Sir Will. Ha, good Lady! Nuncle, look to thy City-Forehead; there are those who can graft and inoculate.

Sir Humph. She has kept her two Daughters (she had by your half Uncle) in the Country these five Years for fear you should come to her House and bring a Scandal upon them.

Sir Will. But they are now in Town, to my Cost I find it. (Aside.) Oh that dear sweet *Eugenia*! she has killed me.

Will. Pox on this Blockhead! he grows tedious; to your Cue: Has Monsieur *Casinat* given the *Vaudois* such a bang?

Top. Undoubtedly; there's a World of News in Town.

Sir Humph. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, I beseech you hold! News, say you? Have a little Patience——Sir William, here's a Letter from your Father, I have had it ever since the last Post, and you have not been at home 'till this Morning. But pray, Gentlemen, what News is there of Master *Casinat*? I love News extremely; I have read three News-Letters to Day; I go from Coffee-House to Coffee-House all Day on purpose. I talk'd with as pretty a Man, of a News-Writer, as any in London, and of as next Parts, as bold a Fellow, he cares not what he writes. But he knew nothing of the *Vaudois* this Morning.

Will. They are soundly beaten, almost all cut off.

Sir Humph. Heaven be praised; they are dam'd Presbyterian Fellows, and hate the Church; for my Part, had I my Will, I would put all the Fanaticks in Christendom in pitch'd Shirts, light them, and let them blaze like City-Funerals. But hold, is it true that Prince *Waldeck* is dead of a Fever?

Top. Oh yes, and he got it with scowring at the Canal at *Bingen*.

Sir Humph. Goodluck! *Teckely* and the *Cossacks* upon the *Ukrain* have totally routed Prince *Louis* of *Baden*, and cut his Army all to Pieces. Well, this *Louis* is the bravest King!

Sir Will. The old Gentleman is very prolix.

Reads.] *Lead Courses—great Affliction—* hum: *Have I been so kind?—*

Very well!

Reads.] *Your wicked Extravagance will kill me.*

Ha, ha, ha; kill! not these twenty Years; if Heaven takes no better care of me, I shall be in a pretty Case.

Reads.] *But this Action of the Parson's Daughter—*

Pray Heaven the old Man got her not himself, for her Mother was my Mother's Woman. Pish, pox, this is stuff; I would the old Gentleman would spare his Pains.

[*He tears the Letter.*

Sir *Humph.* Oh impious! What, tear your Father's Letter!

Sir *Wild.* Yes, when they are nothing to the Purpose: I sent to him for a lusty Sum of Money, and he sends me a Parcel of wise Counsel that is not worth a Farthing.

Sir *Humph.* But, Sir, the other News you were speaking of.

Wild. Why, 'tis most certain *Catinat* has laid a Bridge over the *Rhine*, and secured his Passage into *France*, and another over the *Mosell* to secure his Passage into *Italy*.

Sir *Humph.* Well, that Master *Catinat* is a very pretty Man, he'll soon destroy the Presbyterians, and burn that Antichristian Town of *Geneva*. Oh this *Louis* is a glorious Prince! What would I give to see him! I believe I might have a Pass to go over to be touch'd for the Evil; he must needs do it rarely.

Sir *Will.* Well said, old Grumble! have you no wise Advice from my Aunt? she will have you under Correction, if you deliver it not.

Sir *Humph.* Poor Lady, she grieves that you should drink and rear, and beat the whole Town, and spend your Money upon ugly Whores. But pray what News of *Bu-*
du?

Enter Mrs. Mavis and Mrs. Haughty at two several Doors.

Ralph. Now they are both gotten up, Wars will ensue.

Sir *Will.* Hold, hold, Nuncle; ugly Whores, say you?

be

be you Judge, who keeps the uglier Whores, my Aunt or I?

Haughty. Oh Impudence! another in the House! oh, oh!

Mavis. Oh Devil! I cannot endure this; oh, oh!

[They both fall in two Chairs in Fits.]

Sir Humph. Gad forgive me; look to the Gentlewomen, look to the Gentlewomen!

Sir Will. Now, my dear Friends, let's go quickly, now, now: I love to leave Whores in Fits mightily.

[Ex. Sir Will, Tope, Wildfire and Ralph.]

Sir Humph. Gad take me! Hold the Gentlewomen, bring some cold Water and Flower, burn some blue Inkle and Partridge Feathers; 'tis my Lady's Medicine.

[Two lusty Fellows hold them.]

Haughty. Is the Villain gone?

[Aside.]

Mavis. Is the Rogue fled?

[Aside.]

Haughty. Oh you Flirt, I'll pluck your Eyes out.

[They fight and tear one another.]

Mavis. I'll tear you Limb from Limb.

Sir Humph. Gad forgive me! Help! Help! part them, they are incens'd; why, Ladies, Gentlewomen! keep the Peace, I charge ye in the King's Name, I am of the

Quorum.

[They part them.]

Enter Abigail with her Spectacles in one Hand, and the Lady's Calling in the other.

Haughty. Oh Impudence!

Mavis. Thou common Thing!

Haughty. Go, Jezebel, go.

Mavis. Avoid, Paint and Wash!

Haughty. Go, pitiful Creature.

Mavis. Creature! Creature in the very Face of thee.

Haughty. The Town knows what thou art.

Mavis. What am I, Joan? What do they know of me?

Abig. In truth you are to blame, to disturb a civil well-order'd Family thus; well, were it not for good Books that comfort me, I could never bear such Exorbitances.

Sir Humph. Ha; the Lady's Calling! a very Matronly Gentlewoman, truly!

Ably. But those godly Books quiet the Conscience mightily.

Sir Humph. Ha! good Soul!

Haughy. Let me come at her.

Mavis. I'll tear her Throat out.

Haughy. Bawd, Bawd!

Mavis. Thou art old enough to be my Mother!

Haughy. Let me come at her.

Mavis. Let me come at her.

Ably. In truth, Ladies, you are much to blame; cannot you be civil? take them away separately.

Haughy. Where, Where, Where, Where?

Mavis. Where, Where, Where, Where!

[They hate them out at several Doors. Sir Humphrey takes the House-keeper under the Arm, and leads her out.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Priscilla, Clara and Eugenia.

Brif. **W**HAT Account shall I give of my Charge and Guardianship? my Lady sends you out under my prudent Conduct, as I may say, to look after Com-modes and Top-Knots, with a flat Injunction not to see this lewd Place, the Park.

Eug. Did she so, old Mumpkinus?

Prif. And you, in Contempt of her sovereign Power, and my lawful Authority under her, presume to come hither; what shall I do? what shall I say?

Clara. Can Flesh and Blood forbear this sweet, this most delicious Place?

Prif. Flesh and Blood! Yes, it is a Place fit for the carrying on the Designs of Flesh and Blood indeed.

Eug. And what dost thou take us for? Spirits, Woman?

Brif.

Pris. Come, come, Gentlewomen; my Lady is a wise Woman: This is the Exchange for Lovers: Here they meet, and if they absent themselves are lookt upon as broken; any worse, it is the Rendezvous of Fornicators and Adulterers.

Clar. 'Tis the Rendezvous of all, who have Sense enough to love the delicatest Place on Earth.

Pris. But I have a Secret to tell you, it concerns you, Madam *Clar.*; I have found from Sir *Humphrey*, your Father-in-Law, that he has made a Match between his Nephew Mr. *Whitcomb* and you.

Eug. The Devil he shall! There's a mechanick Thing! there is not such an odious Creature as a City-Spark.

Pris. Don't you trouble your self, his Uncle says you are not sober enough for him.

Clar. Nor I Fool enough for him, I thank Heaven; a filthy City Wit! those Fellows are as lewd as the Gentlemen every whit, only more impudent, foolish and ill-manner'd.

Eug. Dear *Clar.*, thou art in the right; when a Man is lewd with a *bon Grace*; there's something in it, but a Fellow, that is awkwardly wicked, is not to be born.

Pris. He wicked! Why he is a Student of the Laws of Court, Madam *Eugenia*.

Eug. Well, you had a great Secret for my Sister, and I have one for you: In short, we are both resolv'd not to endure any longer the intolerable Yoke of Arbitrary Power, under which we have so long groan'd; if you will comply, one or both of us will provide for you.

Clar. And preserve you from making Night-Caps or footing Stockings in a Garret, the piteous Remnant of thy decrepid Life.

Pris. Oh Times and Manners! Will you break loose from all Government? I shall be undone; what will my Lady say, if she knows that you saw your Cousin *Rand* here Yesterday?

Eug. Matter no more under thy Gums, old *Sybil*; I did see my Cousin Yesterday, and I hope to see him this Day, and every Day of my Life: keep your Distance;

we, that are resolv'd to cast off my Mother's Tyranny, will no longer suffer thy Insolence.

Pris. What will become of poor me?

Clar. We are true *English* Women, Co-Heirs of two thousand Pounds a Year, and are resolv'd to assert our Liberty and Property.

Eug. Does my Mother think she shall mew us up any more, at her Jointure-House, old Doe-little?

Clar. Amongst poor innocent Country Things, who never stir beyond the Parish, but to some Fair.

Pris. Did she not bestow good Breeding upon you there?

Eug. Breeding! What, to learn to feed Ducklings, and cram Chickens?

Clar. To see Cows milk'd, learn to churn, and make Cheese?

Eug. To make clouted Cream, and whipt Sillabubs?

Clar. To make a Caraway Cake, and raise Pye-crust?

Eug. And to learn the Top of your Skill in Syrrup, Sweat-Meats, *Aqua mirabilis*, and Snail-Water?

Clar. Or your great Cushing in Cheese-Cakes, several Creams and Almond-Butter?

Pris. Ay, ay, and 'twere better for all the Gentlemen in *England*, if their Wives had no other Breeding; but you had Musick and Dancing.

Eug. Yes, an ignorant, illiterate, hopping Puppy, that rides his dancing Circuit thirty Miles about, lights off his tired Steed, draws his Kit at a poor Country Creature, and gives her a Hich in her Pace, that she shall never recover.

Clar. And for Musick, an old hoarse Singing Man, riding ten Miles from his Cathedral to Quaver out *The Glories of our Birth and State*, or it may be a *Scotch Song* more hideous and barbarous than an *Irish Cronan*.

Eug. And another Musick-Master from the next Town, to teach one to twinkle out *Lilly burlero* upon an old Pair of Virginals, that sound worse than a Tinker's Kettle that he cries his Work upon——We'll ha' no more on't; we are come up to *London* and common Sense, and we despise thee and thy Works

Clar.

Clar. Keep Distance.

Eug. Avoid, thou that think'st, because thou art old, thou must be wise.

Clar. Avaunt, we'll have no more to do with thee.

Eug. Attend.

Clar. Obey.

Eug. Be under good Discipline.

Clar. Be a towardsly old Governess.

Eug. We are free from this Minute.

Clar. Never more to hear thy wise Advice.

Eug. Thy old Sayes, and foolish Sayings.

Clar. We will pare our Nails on any Day of the Week.

Eug. And do what we will upon *Childermas-Day*. Oh my dear Sister! How happy are we to come to this most blessed Town, and these most heavenly Walks!

Clar. This Paradise of the World!

Eug. Oh this Cousin of ours! he is the prettiest Man my Eyes e'er yet beheld.

Clar. But sure, *Eugenia*, thou art mad.

Eug. Yes, I am mad, stark mad in love with him, and will be mad.

Clar. Thou art mad indeed; in love with so wild a Man?

Eug. Wild! Never trouble thy self for that, my Dear! I warrant thee, I'll tame him; the wilder the better.

Clar. This is stark staring Madnes; why, this lewd Cousin of ours, they say, has had all the Women in Town, that are to be had for Love or Money.

Eug. Say'st thou so, my Child? then will my Conquest be the greater, and I shall triumph over all them he has had, and he will be the more likely to be constant to me whom he never had.

Clar. A short Triumph 'twould be; 'till he can meet with another weak enough to be taken.

Eug. I would not give a Farthing for her that cannot secure the Conquest she has made: I will have him; and I am mistaken, if he be not as fierce upon me, as I am upon him.

Clar. Thou art a mad Girl; I would not fall in Love with a wild Fellow of the Town, if he would jointure me with the *East-Indies*.

THE SCOWRERS.

Eug. I could not, would not, but have fallen in love with this wild fellow of the Town, to have been Mistress of all the Gold and Jewels in both India and

Clara. Heaven defend me!

Eug. Thou art only fit to be Spouse to some Lady's Darling, who has been cocker'd with Cawdler by his Lady Mother, bred under a very humble civil Tutor in the House, who is always in most profound Awe of his Pupil; from whence to the University he goes, where Divines (for the great Respect they have to some Divings in his Gift) flatter and indulge him in what he thinks fit.

Clara. You are very merrily dispos'd.

Eug. From thence the Fox comes home, and sets up his Rest upon Horses, and Dogs, rides for a Place, grows a most furious Nimrod, and hunts perpetually.

Clara. Will the Latium of your Tongue never be down?

Eug. Come, let's walk, and see if we can spy this same dear, dear, wild, very wild Cousin, come along.

[Enter Eugen, and Clara.]

Pris. Mercy on me! the World's turn'd topsie turvy! My Lady will kill me: She is a very Fury, and when provok'd, nor Man, Woman nor Child can stand in her Way.

[Exit: Priscilla.]

Ester Whackum, Bluster and Dingboy.

Whack. My dear Regars! Dear Dogs! Bluster and Dingboy! You are the bravest Fellows that ever scowrd yet!

Blust. Dear Squire Whackum! If ever there was such Scowring in High-Holborn since 'twas built, may I never taste Nantz Brandy more at Midnight.

Ding. The Nation will ring of us; such Exploits! such Achievements! Not a Window left in all the Inns of Chancery; those Hives of Attornies, those Salt-Breaders, those litigious Rogues, the Sons of Court-Hand, Copy-Paper and green Wax.

Blust. Not a Tavern Window in all the Street has a Quarrel in it.

Whack. Then how we scowrd the Market People, overthrew the Butcher-Women, defeated the Pippin-Mer-

chants,

chants, wip'd out the Milk-Scores, pull'd off the Door-Knockers, dawb'd the gilt Signs!

Ding. But a pox on't! we were confoundedly beaten by the Hollish Constable and his posse of Scoundrel Dogs.

Bluff. That most damnable inflexible Pig, that bound us over this Morning, must be toss'd in a blanket.

Ding. Sit in the Nose, and suffer other Operations not very agreeable to him.

Whack. No, let's be brave, but not too brave. I'll pay for the Windows and all; my Head's broken; but no Matter, I'll not be dismay'd. Well, never Men laugh'd and fear'd more: This lame Flipp and Punch are rare Drinks.

Ding. Nay, I'll hang for't, if there be a Knot of better Laughters in England.

Whack. We'll laugh with e'er a Gang in England for a thousand Pound. Why, Laughing's all the Joy of a Man's Life.

Bluff. Then we have scower'd so magnanimously these three Nights, that we were taken for Sir William and his Company.

Whack. Sir William? no, no; oh Sir William is the finest, compleatest Gentleman that ever wore a Head.

Ding. There are others, Squire, that shall be nameless.

Whack. Oh no, never talk on't: There will never be his Fellow. Oh had you seen him scower, as I did, oh so delicately, so like a Gentleman! How he clear'd the Rose Tavern! I was there about Law-Business, compound-ing for a Bastard, and he and two fine Gentlemen came roaring in the handsomeliest, and the most genteely turn'd us all out of the Room, and swing'd us, and kick'd us about, I vow to Gad, 'twould have done your Heart good to have seen it.

Bluff. I faith did he? Ha, ha, ha.

Ding. Brave Fellows! Ha, ha, ha.

Whack. Ay, was't not handsome? ha, ha, ha. And in a Minute's time clear'd the whole House, and broke all the Windows, beat the Woman at the Bar and swagger'd by themselves. Ha, ha, ha.

Bluff.

Bluff. Ha, ha, ha.

Ding. Ha, ha, ha.

Whack. Peace, peace! hold, hold! Here he comes with his brave Friends. Stand by and observe. Look you there, look you there! there's a fine Person! There's a compleat Gentleman!

Enter Sir William Rant, Wildfire and Tope.

Bluff. A good pretty Man!

Ding. The Man's well enough; but Squire *Whackum*! I say, for all that.

Whack. O fie, fie; pretty Man! well, he shall be my Pattern, while I live, an't please Heaven. You shall see him; oh if you did but hear him swear and curse, you'd be in love with him! He does 'em so like a Gentleman, while a Company of ye here about the Town pop out your Oaths like Pellets out of Alder Guns. They come so easily, so sweetly from him, even like Musick from an Organ-Pipe!

Sir Will. What, do they lay more upon us than we did? Who the Devil should these be that scower so to be taken for us?

Wild. Puh, pox! these must be some Scoundrels, that prophane our noble Actions with vile bungling Imitation.

Tope. A Man wou'd think we need no imputative Wickedness.

Sir Will. These Mushroom Scowrers had best see they do it handsomely, and bring no Disgrace upon us, or we may chance to whip some of 'em thro' the Lungs, about that Business.

Whack. Do you hear, *Bluffer* and *Dingboy*! Oh if Fate, and my own Industry, could ever make me like this dear, this gallant *Sir William*, I were at the End of my Ambition.

Wild. 'Tis a hard thing to scower naturally, and handsomely.

Tope. Every Puppy, now-a-days, presumes to set up for a Drunkard; but there are more good Qualities requisite to a Drunkard than to a Minister of State, or a
deep

deep Divine. I'll pick up Fellows fit for great Men every Hour in the Streets, but a Drunkard.

Sir Will. Well said, *Fack Tope!* thou art in the right; he must be of Mien and Person not ungraceful, of pleasing Speech, sharp must his Wit be, and his Judgment solid.

Wild. He must be cheerful, easie, and well temper'd.

Tope. He must be well-bred, have seen the World, learn'd, knowing, and retentive of a Secret: He must have Truth and Courage.

Sir Will. In short, he must be just such a Fellow as thou art, if it be possible; while all thy Contemporaries have either dyed, or left off, and grown sober Sots, thou still persevere'st in generous Lewdness.

Wild. He is only to blame a little, to brush up the Ladies so much, when he's an ancient Gentleman, and knows his own Ability.

Tope. Pr'ythee, Stripling, trouble not thy self with what I can do; I can make Love enough to make a Husband or Gallant jealous, and that's as good as any thing thou canst do.

Whack. Look you there now! Well, all *Europe* cannot shew a Knot of finer Wits and braver Gentlemen.

Ding. 'Faith, they are pretty smart Men.

Blust. The Gentlemen, I must confess, are pretty Gentlemen; but Time shall try. I'll say no more.

Sir Will. Gentlemen, I have an Adventure will separate us for a while; but this shall be our Rendezvous.

Wild. 'Tis not fit for a Gentleman to be without an Adventure in this Place, *Fack Tope!*

Tope. Pox o' your Whores! I come here to venture for a good Stomach to my Calvert Salmon, and my Turbot; your lazy Fellows lose the Pleasure of the Park; you shou'd be here in a Morning, and observe crouching Spaniels hastning to some great Man's Levee, whom they wish hang'd; and lean, assiduous Knaves of Business running, from Office to Office, to get all they can under the Government; they hate.

Wild.

Wild. How many Villains, that with the Government destroyed, yet crowd for Places in it!

Sir Will. Such Rogues can do the Government no harm, if they be kept out. But *Topo*, If thou grow'st politick, and troublest thy self how Matters go, thou art too solid for a Drunkard, and must knock off.

Topo. I knock off! Gad I scorn your Words, I'll bury two or three hundred of you. Hem, hem, I'll scower in the Mall now, if you will, without the Help of Spirit of Clary, fasting, and in cold Blood; come on, fall on; I need no Provocations to Lewdness.

Sir Will. Hold, hold! a Sait! A Sait! Each part, and cruise about.

Wild. Adieu for a while.

Topo. Awhile! a peck o' your damn'd Caterwauling: Think on the Durbott and the Calvert Salmon at Looker's.

Sir Will. Two a Clock be the time.

[*Ex. Sir Will. Rant. Wildfire and Topo.*]

Whack. Let's follow at a distance, and observe 'em. They are the bravest Blades, and purest Wits in Chiffon-dome.

Ding. But hark you, Squire; by their Discourse, even now, they seem to be Whigs.

Whack. Darn'd Whigs, methinks!

Whack. I am afraid, they are a little Whiggish; really, 'tis a thousand Pities, they have kept ill Company.

Enter Sir Humphrey Mallet.

Codsme, here's my Uncle! Great Souls, contain your selves.

Sir Humph. How, Nephew! What, you are never to be found in your Chamber of late: How will your Studies go on at this rate?

Whack. I was not well this Morning, and came to take a little Air.

Sir Humph. Air, say you? Is there not as good Air in Westminster-Hall? Yes, and a profitable Air, some find it. I went thither expecting to find you upon a Clicker, civilly taking Reports, I think they call 'em.

Whack. In good time, Sir.

Sir

Sir Humph. In good time! Come, mind your Business, I have made a Match for you with my Wife's second Daughter; the first is a Mad-cap, I'll have nothing to do with her; but the second for my Mony. I have agreed with her Mother that you shall give 5000 £.

Whack. I am for the eldest, she is for a mad Fellow: She will fall in love with me, and I'll marry her for nothing.

Sir Humph. How! What Companions are these?

Whack. Students of the Temple, Sir, hard Students, very hard Students.

Sir Humph. Students of the Temple? They look like Students of White Fryars.

Whack. Have a care what you say, Sir! Your Words will be actionable; they study hard all Nights, lye rough, and seldom go to bed.

Sir Humph. Have they read the Year-Books?

Whack. Read all; all.

Ding. The Devil o' Bit: read, quoth he?

Bluff. Year-Books? I never read any Thing but Gazettes, those are the Week-Books.

Sir Humph. Well, Gentlemen, d'ye hear any News? I hear the Pope and the King of France are agreed.

Ding. We hard Students never mind News; but that's very good.

Sir Humph. Hold, I see one that owes me Mony; stay, I'll come to you here and tell you more; I hope, we are all honest.

Whack. Oh, ay.

Sir Humph. Do you and they come dine with me then.

Whack. A pox on him! he has hindered us observing these fine Gentlemen; let's walk, we shall lose them.

[*Exeunt Whackum, Dingboy and Bluffer.*]

Enter Lady Maggot, after her Tope.

L. Mag. Are there no Gallants left? poor gentle Love is now neglected, and all Mens Heads lye towards Ravery and Bunness. I have walk'd the whole Length of the Mall alone, on purpose for an amorous Adventure, and

and met none; nor have had any observe me, except this old, red nos'd, batter'd Drunkard; and yet my Shape and Habit are enough inviting; besides some Jewels, which I seem to conceal, and yet take care to expose, shew my Wealth and Quality sufficiently.

Enter Sir Humphrey.

Top. What solitary Adventure is this? she is rich laden; I'll lay her on board with my two Pounders and my Patcereros.

Sir Humph. That must be my sweet Duckling—I know her by her pretty Waddle in her Gate—besides, I have had a Sight of her Rump-Jewel: I know it—my Dear, my Chicken, I know thee well enough.

L. Mag. Unlucky Omen, for a Lady to be pick'd up by her own musty Husband first!—How now, what old Fellow art thou?

Sir Humph. Come, Chicken! don't think to bob thy own Dear; don't I know that Jewel?

Top. Ha! This is the Alderman's Wife; I'll cuckold him, that's certain: I have not cuckolded an Alderman these seven Years. If honest *Jack Top* should live to be kept in his old Age? Hab!

L. Mag. Well Sneak-Goose, what then? What do you come poking hither for?

Sir Humph. Come, Chicken, I'll take a Walk with thee.

L. Mag. With me! I'faith, but you shall not; when did you ever see a Lady of my Quality walk with her own Husband? Well, I shall never teach a Citizen Manners. I warrant, you think you are in *Moor-Fields*, seeing Haberdashers walking with their whole Fireside.

Sir Humph. Pr'ythee, Chicken, be appear'd.

L. Mag. Chicken! You are very familiar; what, you would have the World believe you jealous?

Sir Humph. Who, I jealous? Heaven forbid.

L. Mag. Besides, a Lady of my Quality, that have so many great People of kin to me, to be seen with a pitiful Mechanick Alderman! I have disgrac'd the ancient

noble

noble Family of the *Rams*; enough already in marrying you. Be gone, I say, out of the Park.

Sir *Humph.* Well, Chicken, thou wilt have thy own way; be not offended; no more, I am gone.

[Exit Sir Humphrey.]

Tops. So, now have at her; pray Heaven she be found: — She's of Quality — hah! may be ne'er the sounder for that neither — Hail, solitary Damsel! by thy pensive walking I find thou art in Distress; and being a true Knight Errant, I come to offer thee the Succour of my Person.

L. Mag. Not in so much Distress neither.

Tops. These Vizards have all gotten a Road of talking pertly and impudently; they learn it of the Beaux; come, I know what 'tis thou want'st; I am ready to pay a Bill at fight.

L. Mag. What, do you think I have a Mind to drink a Bottle or two?

Tops. No, thou perverse Creature; thou know'st my Meaning well enough; if thou wilt have me speak broad I can bear it, have at thee.

L. Mag. Hold, hold; methinks you seem to be an ancient Gentleman.

Tops. Ancient! Gad take me, I am tough and well season'd! All this last Generation were but half gotten, and have the Rickets.

L. Mag. Do not grow troublesome.

Tops. Troublesome! Sweet-Heart, be not foolish: Ah! thou know'st not what's in me.

L. Mag. Yes, I suppose, last Night's lewd Dose, and two Bottles this Morning: That an old Gentleman with one Foot in the Grave should be thus lewd!

Tops. Ounds! I cou'd find in my Heart to kick her; she has provok'd my Choler more than ever she can raise my Love. But I will dissemble; a Whore she is, my Whore I'll make her, that I may revenge the Indignity, and use her scurvily. — Come, my Dear, thou dost not take me for a Milk-sop, to accept of one denial? — Have at her?

— Women

Women, there to be controll'd

Scoop to the fountain and the bold!

Knocking Old Gentlemen, belov'd!

Top. Old again! You Women are for the young Strip-
lings, that French, and spur a short Race like Citizens on
Monday in the Park; but we solid Dicers are for the
whole Game; come, come, I know what you come
for; and you shall not go without it. — I'll carry you
to a Friend's Lodging — and if gad I'll, I'll — no more
to be said.

L. Mag. You are a sawcy old Fool, and I'll have you
kickt.

Top. Come, come, you shall go; no matter for that.

L. Mag. Help! help! help!

Enter Wildfire.

Wild. A Lady in Distress! — Do you want my Assistance?
I am at your Service. — How now, Jack! What, Ra-
vishing?

L. Mag. I see you are a Man of Honour; a thousand
Thanks for delivering me from the Assaults of this libi-
dinous Goat. — He is the finest Gentleman I ever saw!

[Aside.]

Wild. So fine a Lady shall never want any Service I can
do her.

L. Mag. Sweet Sir, really your Manner is so obliging.

Top. These damn'd young Fellows, like Dutch Capers,
will snap up all Adventures; they have the better of us at
cruising, we have no Game to play at but ready Where,
ready Mony.

Wild. You do me too much Honour.

L. Mag. O I am charm'd with him *[Aside.]* — You
have so infinitely oblig'd me, that, Sir, I assure you I
shall be always proud of it, and hope to see you at my
House in *Soho Square*.

Wild. You make me blush at my little Service: Alas,
that Gentleman may say what he will; he puts on a rough
Outside, but he is a very harmless Man to a Lady as can
be.

Top.

The SCOWRER.

235

Topo. Pr'ythee, now, I see her Face, take her, and make your best on't.

L. Mag. Was there ever so rude a Person?

Wild. You know where you are, Sir?

Topo. What, Sir?

Wild. Pr'ythee, *Jack Topo*, dissemble a little; there's a Trick in't, it shall turn to thy good.

Topo. Pox on her! I care not if she were hang'd.

L. Mag. Sir, I beseech you, engage not your Person in my Quarrel; if any Hurt should come on't, I should for ever hate and curse my self.

Wild. Not, on my Honour——this is *Maggot*, the Alderman's Wife; she has two pretty Daughters come to Town, and great Fortunes; besides, tho' she is declining, she is but a little on the other side of the Hill, and looks well and lusty.

L. Mag. Sir, I fear you are meditating on Revenge upon that old Ruffian; I shall wish I had never been born, if I shou'd engage so fine a Gentleman in Danger: for that Reason, let me desire the Honour of your walking with me while I am in the Mall, and afterwards, if you please, to protect me to my House; I shall there be able to make in some measure a return for this signal Favour.

Wild. I am your Slave, Madam, wholly at your Disposal.

L. Mag. Oh lucky Adventure! This was the happiest Moment of my Life. [*Aside.*] Who's here! my Daughter's Governess?

Enter Priscilla.

Caitiff, what dost thou from thy Charge? Where are my Daughters?

Pris. My Charge! they have broken loose from me, and defy'd me, and you too: They forc'd me to the Park; here they are taken up by a wild Fellow, who bids his Footmen seize on me, and toss me in a Blanket.

L. Mag. Oh vile Wretch! I'll strangle thee, I'll tear thy Windpipe out; Where are they? speak, speak, speak!

Pris. Hold off your Hands; you choke me, I can't speak.

L. Mag.

L. Mag. Where, where, you old Judas?

Pris. At the further End of the Mall.

L. Mag. Forgive my indecent Passion, and let me beg your Assistance—follow, Beldame.

Wild. I wait on you, Madam;—This was a happy Opportunity. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir William Rant, Eugenia and Clara.

Clar. Dear Sister, let's go; I tremble every Joint. Oh if my Mother should see us!

Sir Will. Dear pretty Cousin, know thy Power, and defie the Tyranny of thy Mother.

Clar. The only Man my Mother has perpetually warn'd us of.

Sir Will. Ha! I am glad of that, she could not possibly have contriv'd better to bring us together. [*Aside.*] But, dear *Eugenia*, thou sweetest Creature that the Earth e'er bore! Consider thy own Confinement, and my Misery: There is not in a Dungeon such a Wretch, as I should be without thy Kindness.

Eug. What, you take me for a poor weak country Thing, as ready to be caught as any Fool you ever ruin'd yet? I'll make you know I am above your Arts:

Sir Will. You are to me what'er you please to be; but I to you must be the truest, and the heartiest Lover, that ever Beauty was too hard for yet.

Eug. You talk as if you were serious; can you imagine this will pass? How smoothly you rehearse it!

Sir Will. Tear out my Heart, and thou wilt find thy Image there.

Eug. Fustian! Rapture! said to a hundred tawdry Things in a Week! Can you think me so mad to fling my self away upon so notorious a lewd Creature? 'Tis a certain Ruin to be seen with you.

Sir Will. I am struck in a Moment; you have already converted me: I will be as remarkable in my Penitence, as ever I was in my Wickedness; Parsons shall write Books of it, and preach upon it, while I am living.

Eug. A very pretty Piece of Raillery!

Sir Will. Raillery! By Heaven and Earth!—

Eug.

Eug. Nay, nay, no swearing; your Bead-Roll's long enough already, you shall have no Sin added to it upon my Account.

Clar. Sister, dear Sister, let's be gone.

Sir Will. All the Sins I ever shall commit, will fall upon you; I shall run mad, stark mad, most furiously mad.

Eug. What madder than you have been?

Sir Will. My former Life will be thought an Anchorite's to what will follow, if you refuse me. I am resolv'd to use all the Ways that e'er were try'd to gain a Woman, — and did the World depend on me, I'd ruin all before I'd lose you.

Clar. Oh fearful! I dare not hear him any longer.

Eug. Softly, good Sir; he that dares make Love to me must undergo a Task too hard for you.

Sir Will. Name it; there's nothing too hard for such a Lover.

Eug. I must have my weekly Tribute of Sonnet and Madrigal, full of Sacred, Divine, Nymph and Goddesses.

Sir Will. It shall be done.

Eug. And my daily Offering of humble and disconsolate Billets-doux about the Lustre of my Beauty, the Light of my Eyes, &c.

Sir Will. And this,

Eug. I must have all former Women sacrific'd to me, and he must not dare to look upon another besides me.

Sir Will. All, all, if I had ten thousand.

Eug. All lewd Company must be deserted, and Wine abolished, save three Glasses at a Meal, and he must be the Pattern of Virtue for the whole Town; consider now, and tremble.

Sir Will. All this shall be done; I have considered, and will consider no more, nor think, nor live any longer than I shall call *Eugenia* mine.

Enter Lady Maggot, Wildfire and Priscilla.

L. Mag. Oh Heaven! They are here with my Nephew, the lewdest Wretch that ever breath'd this wicked Air; but hold!

VOL. IV. P. *Clar.*

Clar. What delicate Man is this? He is a most surprising Creature: Heaven! Would I had not seen him!

[*Clara looking about spies Wildfire first.*]

Wild. What Angel's this? I ne'er saw Beauty 'till this Minute. She has struck me under the left Pap.

Clar. Oh, my Mother!

L. Mag. Do you start, you Baggages? Were it not in the Park, I'd make you such Examples of my Rage — come along — I'll rout you out of this Place. Go, go packing through *St. James's House*: I'll bring up the Rear. Follow 'em, you old Gipsy, Governess. Nephew, how dare you commit this Outrage, this Insolence upon me! Avoid my Presence, and never more come near me or my House.

Wild. This new Beauty has fir'd me, and blown me up.

Sir Will. Look thee, my Termagant, Masculine, He-Aunt, if thou usest me or my Cousins thus, I will scowre, and roar thee out of *Soho-Square* into *Mark-Lane* again: And that will break thy Heart.

L. Mag. I will consider of that. — Sir, if you please, let me still hold the Honour of your Company; haste, haste!

[*To Wildfire.*]

Sir Will. Why, how now, Tom!

Wild. Peace, Will, peace! I'll keep my time. I

[*Ex. Wild. and Lady Mag.*]

Enter Tope.

Sir Will. What a Devil! has Tom Wildfire taken up my Aunt?

Tope. How now, Knight Errant! have you done adventuring for Surgeons Work? 'tis almost Dinner time; I long for Brimmers; did you see who went off with your Aunt! is she given to stumble? Will she take a Stone in her Ear

Sir Will. She comes of a good Strain by the Males; but come along with me; we'll make 'em a Visit. What Rogues are these?

Enter Whachum, Ding, and Bluff.

They have don'd and star'd at us ever since we came in-

to the Park; one looks like a tawdry Spark of the City, and the other two like Bailiff's Followers.

Whack. Sir, I understand, Sir, that you are Sir William Rant, Sir.

Sir Will. I am; what then?

Whack. Nay, no Offence; my Name is Tim. *Whackum*, Alderman *Whackum's* Son deceased, and Alderman Maggot your Uncle-in-law's Nephew.

Sir Will. It may be so.

Tope. What would this Puppy be at?

Whack. I have seen your Person before, and admir'd you; I have seen you scowre so rarely, Sir, I have had a mighty Ambition for the Honour of your Acquaintance; for my part, Sir, I am a very mad Fellow as any wears a Head, and I conceive, Sir, you love a mad Fellow.

Sir Will. A very pleasant Rascal!

Whack. I have heard, Sir, that you delight much in drinking, whoring, scowring, beating the Watch, breaking Windows and serenading, and the like, Sir.

Sir Will. Was there ever such an awkward Rogue, to make a Man out of love with Lewdness?

Whack. Now if there be madder Fellows about the Town than I, and my two Companions—Why, we have been bound over to the Sessions three times this Week. I suppose you may have heard of our roaring about *Holborn, Fetter-Lane, Salisbury-Court, &c.*

Sir Will. Yes, I have, Sir; and you are most gallant and magnanimous Fellows.—Now all's out, *Jack Tope*, we will so swinge these Rogues. Here's a Fellow of this Nuncle's Breeding.

Whack. Now, good noble Sir, if you please to honour us with your Acquaintance, I vow to Gad, Sir, I shall be as proud, Sir, as proud, Sir, as—

Sir Will. Sir, 'tis much to my Advantage, and I embrace the Honour most greedily.

Whack. Well, here's the finest Gentleman that ever beat a Constable, let him be whom he will; Sir, Sir, I am most infinitely overjoy'd, be pleas'd to know my Friends;

Godsooks, they are as gallant Fellows as ever walk'd the Streets at Midnight.

Sir Will. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

Ding. Your most obsequious Spaniel.

Bluff. Your most humble Trout.

Top. Trout! Pox on him for a Blockhead! is that Fellow a Trout?

Sir Will. Be pleas'd to know my Friend.

Whack. Sir, I am no Stranger to your Worth, and Magnanimity; now, noble Sir, if you and your Gang will compleat this Honour, and sup with us to Night at the *Beer and Harrow*, behind *St. Clement's*, where we intend to begin our Frolick; it may be, Sir, you may see Scowring that will not be amiss.

Sir Will. We will, be sure to bespeak a good Supper.

Whack. Damn me, I am overjoy'd, Sir; if we join together, we'll carry all the Town before us; your Servant, sweet Sir, I'll be sure to bespeak Supper; do you love a huge Shoulder of Mutton and Oysters, and a couple of fat Capons in the first Place?

Sir Will. Ay, ay, very well. At Eight let it be.

Whack. Come, *Dinghey* and *Bluffer*, I am transported, I have much ado to forbear buzzing in the Mall.

[*Exeunt Whackum, Bluffer and Dingboy.*]

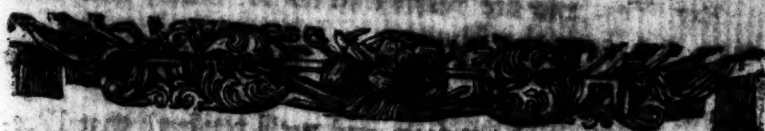
Top. Did you ever meet such nauseous Rascals? They will convert more than the drunken *Spasian* Slaves.

Sir Will. Whet thy Rage, and let us make Examples of 'em; now will I tease my haughty Aunt, and confound my foolish Uncle.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I

Enter Wildfire, Lady Maggot, Eugenia, Clara and Priscilla.

L. Mag. SO, you young rebellious Sluts, I have you safe—
I'll teach you to go to the Park.

Eug. So you do, by your own Example.

L. Mag. Yes, Husbands, I am experienced, and Proof
against Temptation, by my known Virtue and Wisdom.

Clara. And we doubt not but our unknown Virtue and
Wisdom, as you call it, will defend us too.

L. Mag. How now, Mrs. Milk^{op}, are you grown pert
and refractory?

Prisf. She! she is as bad as t'other, every whit.

L. Mag. There's none so bad as thee, old Puss. Thou
filthy, toothless, wormeaten old Maid, I'll maul thee, thou
Witch of Endor.

[She beats and kicks her.]

Prisf. Murther! Murther! Murther! Will you throttle
me?

Wild. I cannot live without my pretty Creature: What
Charms are these! What do I feel!

Clara. Oh Sister, the Sight of this Man has ruin'd me:
I never shall recover it.

Eug. Ah! Art thou there, 'faith, recover it! Why, who
would put a Stop to Love? Give Reins to it, and let it
run away with thee.

L. Mag. Oh! prodigious and amazing! Did they say
all this?

Prisf. Yes, that they did, and ten times more, so they did:
What would you have me do? They said, they would
throw off your Tyranny, and have no more to do with
you.

L. Mag. Oh, Heaven! Is this true? Did you say so,
young Rebels?

Eug. Yes, and are resolv'd to do so. Sister, take Courage, and speak thy Mind.

Clar. We were not made to be mew'd up like the Hawks in moulting time.

Eug. We were born free, and we'll preserve that Freedom; we have learn'd more Wit than to call Self-Defence Rebellion.

Wild. Brave mettled Girls! I grow mad in Love, and will break out into a Flame. [*Aside.*]

L. Mag. Most amazing impudent Girls! I'll tear your Eyes out.

Eug. Offer to use us thus one Moment longer, and I will chuse my Uncle *Ram* my Guardian,

Clar. And I am resolv'd to do the same.

L. Mag. Most incredible Impudence! Let me come at em.

Wild. I beseech your Ladyship. [*He takes Eugenia and Clara by the Hands.*] If you be unkind as you are fair, I am for ever miserable [*Privately to Clara.*]

Clar. Heaven! What do I hear!

L. Mag. Sir, I humbly demand your Pardon; I must confess, the Disorders of my Family have transported me into an indecent Passion, which a Lady of my Quality should not have expos'd to a Person so gallant and well-bred as your self.

Wild. Pardon me, Madam,

L. Mag. But you shall find, noble Sir, that she who can to Extravagance be sensible of Affronts and Injuries, can with as much Zeal and Ardency resent the generous Favour you have loaded her with.

Wild. Madam, you make me blush with——

L. Mag. And I'll assure you, Sir, there is not a Person living, who can be more grateful to a Person; that obliges any Person, than I shall shew my self to your noble Person.

Eug. Hey! What Riddle's this?

Clar. Oh, *Eugenia*, pity me: I am ruin'd! lost to all the World!

Eug.

Eug. But to him, and him, and only him.
L. Mag. You young rebellious Sluts, go to your Chamber; I'll come to you, and discourse these Matters calmly with you.

Eug. We'll obey. [Exeunt *Eugenia* and *Clara*.]
L. Mag. You *Cacropia*, when they are in their Chamber, lock the Door upon them and keep the Key, or I will strangle thee, thou old wither'd she-Baboon.

Pris. Hey ho, hey ho, what shall I say, what shall I do! [Ex. *Priscilla*.]

Wild. I am finely drawn in! Must I come at the Daughter by the Mother? My Conscience ne'er will serve me, that's certain: She's furious too; what the Devil shall I do to keep her off? I'll try great Civility and Respect to her.

L. Mag. Now, noble Sir, I beseech you, please to retire where we shall have a fitter Place and Opportunity, more apt to express my grateful Resentments.

Wild. For Heaven's sake, Madam, put not a Value upon nothing; you have those Charms, those Graces, and that Wit and Beauty, that all the Services of my Life would be too little to express the Passion which I have for you.

L. Mag. Oh Lord, Sir, for me! A Person that — I beseech you, Sir, let us retire, since I have something to impart to you, in which I willingly would not meet an Interruption.

Wild. I am yours, and only yours. [Ex. *Wild.* and *Lady*.]
 Enter *Priscilla*.

Pris. So, now they are sure; I have 'em under Lock and Key, I warrant 'em.

Enter *Sir Humphrey Maggot*, *Whachum*, *Bluster* and *Dingboy*.

Sir Humph. How now, old *Priscilla*! Where's my Lady?

Pris. With a Gentleman who came to visit her, in her Chamber; he is a Stranger, I know him not — But I'll take care she shall not be surpris'd. [Aside.]

Sir Humph. Tell her I am here; bid 'em hasten Dinner, and bid the Butler bring some Hock for a Whet; we in the City can't eat without several Whets in a Forenoon.

Whack. I whet so often when I am there, that at last 'tis a Blunt.

Sir Humph. Well said, Nephew; you shall see your Mistress presently.

Enter Butler with a Bath.

Come, here, fill a Glass. May I crave your Names again, Gentlemen?

Bluff. Mine is *Bluster*.

Ding. And mine is *Dingboy*.

Sir Humph. Brave Names for bold Pleaders at the Bar.

Whack. They plead at the Bar! Ha, ha, ha: They may hold up their Hands there, but never hold up a Breviate to point at a Judge with. [*Aside.*

Sir Humph. Come, Nephew, all of us chocken, chocken to an absent Friend, ha, hum; you know — no more to be said. [*They clasp their Glasses.*

Whack. Bluff. Ding. With all our Hearts.

Sir Humph. Well, Things will come about again. Let me tell you, we shall be upon a right Bottom once more.

Bluff. I am glad to hear you say so: Your Worship's as wise a Man —

Whack. As wears a Head in the City.

Ding. As wears a Pair of Horns there. [*Aside.*

Sir Humph. Look you, the King of France will have the greatest Fleet in the World at the Needles by February.

Whack. But those French do so burn Houses, Churches, Barns, Men, Women and Children, that I am afraid they'll do a great deal of Hurt.

Sir Humph. Ay, that's to their Enemies; but they are our Friends; did not the Grand Lion declare so? and that he lov'd the Church, by that brave and gallant Person, our Friend Admiral Bagnio?

Whack. Oh, ay, all he does is out of Kindness to us, and the sincere Friendship he has for his Kindred, I'll tell you; but we say here, that the Turks are beaten.

Sir Humph. Pish, not a Word; alas, we never have any Truth. A worthy Roman Catholick, whom I rely upon, told me, that this same Duke of Goy lost his whole Army,

Army, and ran away by himself to the Emperor, and the Duke are now in Possession of that Bridge and Town, and County of what do you call 'em, of Essex in Moldavia; and Turkey and the great Bashaw have coop'd up the German Army. Give us another Whet. *[Exit Lady Mag.]*

Whack. Come on.

Sir Humph. Here's to the Duke, the Pope, and King of France; we are of one Side now.

Bluff, and Ding. Come on.

Sir Humph. We hear all Lies: I warrant, you think Cork and Kinsale are taken; no, no, no, not a Word: but come, we shall have my Wife or somebody come to interrupt us; let's retire into my Smoking Room, and we'll discourse freely of these Affairs. *[Exit]*

Enter Lady Maggot and Wildfire.

Wild. Oh, Madam, the great Tenderness I have for your Ladyship's Honour chills my Blood.

L. Mag. 'Tis generously spoken, most noble Sir; though I am perfect Mistress of my own House.

Wild. Oh, Madam, the Danger affrights me from the chief Happiness I wish on Earth; never Man had such a Passion as I have — for her Daughter. *[Aside.]*

L. Mag. So generous a Passion I cannot but think an Honour to me; but I must have all go in the Platonick Way henceforth. I shall make bold to call you my *Simpson*, and I beseech you to accept of this Ring.

Wild. Dear Madam, you confound me.

L. Mag. Dear Sir, it must not be refused; I vow'd never to part with it but as a Pledge of my Affection, and you being the worthiest Gentleman I ever saw —

Wild. You undo me with your Favours — this may be of Use, as I will make it. *[Aside.]* — I long to have the Honour of your Ladyship's Conversation at my House, where I may fully express the violent Passion I have.

L. Mag. Sweet Sir! *[A Flourish of Fiddles.]* Ha, what Noise is that? Some Rogues, Fiddlers are come to welcome my Daughters to Town; I'll leave you for a Moment, Sir, to see if they be safe. *[Exit Lady Mag.]*

Wild. What a Prize would this be to a young Fellow,

who wanted a Keeper, who can part with such a Ring for a bare Promise, which I am sure I never will keep?

Enter Sir William Rant.

Sir Will. What, is there no Body in the House? Hah, Tom; what, will nothing serve you but my Family? but she is by the half Blood.

Wild. Upon my Honour, *Will*, thou art in the wrong; I have no Design upon thy Aunt's Person, but I hope to make her my Instrument for stealing one of her Daughter's Persons.

Sir Will. How, one of her Daughters!

Wild. You know I have a good clear Estate: I saw your two Cousins by accident, and am so devillishly in love with one of 'em, that I'm resolv'd, if I can, even to marry her for one good Night, though I were sure to be hang'd next Morning.

Sir Will. As for the Honour of my Aunt, dye with her when you will, and I'll be no more concerned than other Sparks about the Town are for their Sisters; but for my Cousins, know I am in love to greater Madness with one of 'em, and if yours happens to be her, I am sure that both of us shall not live.

Wild. Thou know'st, *Will*, I am not capable of Fear; if it be my Fate to be in Love with the same, I can bewail it, but can never alter.

Sir Will. Keep me in Doubt no longer; in this Case, a short clearing of the Matter's best.

Wild. You are in the right, and it must out; it is—

Sir Will. Which?

Wild. The youngest.

Sir Will. My dear, dear Tommy, let me hug and kiss thee; go on and prosper, I'll assist thee.

Enter Lady Maggot.

L. Mag. Mercy on me, who's here? Are they such dear Friends? What will become of me! Yet sure he's a Man of Honour; he has too fast hold on me, and 'tis too late to retreat.

Sir Will. Oh my sweet, my honour'd Aunt, your humble Servant; it is a common blockheaded Trick to serenade

and

and disturb People at Midnight; I am come to serenade you at Noon, and have order'd my Dinner to come hither: I come a House-warming.

L. Mag. Unheard-of Impudence! Thou most audacious Fellow, thou only Blemish of our Family, did I not forbid thee my House? Must thou bring Infamy where it never entred?

Sir Will. Look thee, Aunt, if thou wilt be civil and well-bred, I will kiss thy Hand, make Legs, and use thee like an Aunt; but if Wars must ensue, I will roar and scowre thy House, that thou might'st lye as quietly in a besieged Town, with Bombs and Carcasses flying about thy Lodging.

L. Mag. Avaunt, thou Devil incarnate; I'll order thee.

Sir Will. Nay then, enter my Friend *Jack Tope*, all my Singers, and Fiddles, and my whole Equipage *De boys*.

Wild. Fear not your Person. I'll protect it.

L. Mag. You shall not expose your own for it, most generous Sir; I'll order him, lewd Wretch.

Sir Will. Come, enter.

Enter Tope, Sir William's Servants, and Musicians.

L. Mag. Help! Help! Here, Mr. Alderman! Mr. Maggot!

Sir Will. Strike up, my Lads.

[*They all roar and sing, and play the Tune of, Let the Soldiers-rejoyce.*]

Tope. Come on my Boys, halloo! Come, Lady, give me thy Hand; dance and frisk about.

L. Mag. Hang the old Coxcomb — Hold, bold, bold; Mr. Maggot, Mr. Maggot!

Enter Sir Humph. Whach. Blust. Ding. and Butler, with other Servants.

Sir Humph. Hah! Gad forgive me, who are here!

Sir Will. Oh honest Alderman, nown Nuncle, i'faith we are come to roar a little with thee, and we have order'd our Dinner; we come a House-warming.

L. Mag. Oh thou tame Beast, wilt thou hear them speak? make a Warrant, and send them to the Gatehouse, or Newgate.

Sir

Sir *Humph.* Oh Nephew, have a Care of him; let's retire.

Sir *Will.* Look you, Mr. Alderman, I have secured the Pass; If you will be a good towardsly Uncle, and take Advice by me, it shall be most profound Peace, and great Civility; but if you will provoke me, I'll make you spend your Time very uneasily.

Whack. Oh rare, *Bluster* and *Dingboy*, here will be gallant Sport, to our Hearts desire.

L. *Mag.* Oh pitiful Nincompoop! What, dost fear him?

Sir *Humph.* Good Chicken, have a little Patience.

Top. Consider, Madam, Patience is a great Virtue for a Lady of your Years.

L. *Mag.* My Years! I spit at thee, thou old musty Rascal: my Years! Oh thou cowardly Wittal, is thy wise Nephew a Coward too! I will thunder in their Ears.

Sir *Humph.* Nay, let thee alone, thou art a notable Girl.

L. *Mag.* Be gone, you Villains, lewd Rascals.

Sir *Will.* Strike up; out-noise her!

[*They roar, and sing, and play, and leap about, and so do Whackum, Bluster and Dingboy.*]

L. *Mag.* Rascals, Vagabonds, Ragamuffians, Slaves, Dogs, Scoundrels!—hold, hold, hold!

Sir *Will.* Hold, hold; shall we come to Articles of Peace?

Whack. Oh Gallant! O rare Sport! by Gad, they are the finest Gentlemen in Christendom.

Sir *Humph.* Mercy on me, Nephew! Did you sing and rejoice with them?

Whack. Gad take me, Sir, 'tis such a pretty Tune, Flesh and Blood could not forbear.

Top. Alderman, I will swinge thee with Brimmers, and make thy old mouldy Aldermanship more drunk than ever any of the huzzaing, roaring, loyal Rascals were, who would have given up the City Charter.

Will. I beseech you, Madam, dissemble a little Patience; they shall give a severe Account, upon my Honour.

L. *Mag.* Well, you have Silenc'd me, and in some Measure appeased me—since you say you intend only a civil

Musick

Musick, Confort, and a Dance, what would you more? I am tame.

Sir Will. I must have both my Cousins; it is my Intention to welcome them to Town.

L. Mag. Out of my House, you shall be hang'd first; bring Infamy upon them! they are far enough off.

Sir Will. Ralph, secure the Passes, and let no Body out; send for my precise House-Keeper, and instruct her as I bid thee.

Ralph. Yes; I must do it.

Sir Will. Come, my Lads, march and roar; I will search every Room in the House, but I will have her.

[Ex. Sir William and Fiddlers, &c.]

L. Mag. Oh thou sneaking, old Fumbling Fool! get thee out, thou Coward, Maggot, Insect, Nistworm!

Sir Humph. Why, Chicken, Chicken, Chicken.

L. Mag. Get thee out, I say, and send for a Constable, and send them to Goal.

Wild. Come along, Madam; I'll protect you, and appease them: Put on a little Patience, and I'll warrant you, all shall be well.

Whack. Huzza, my dear Rascals! Here's a Day! Here's a happy Day! Let's hug and kiss one another; oh my brave Midnight-Boys! What a Night shall we have with this rare, this excellent, this most accomplished Gentleman! Oh, I could kiss the Ground he goes upon.

Blust. Now we are leagu'd, we'll govern all the Town by Night.

Ding. We shall be styl'd the High and Mighty Princes of the Night.

Whack. Shall our dull Loggerheaded Magistrates think to rule the City, with old decrepit Fools in Rug-Gowns and furr'd Caps? no, let them govern by Day; but, God take me, we honest Fellows will swagger by Night, Boys; Ha, Rogues! have at them, hey!

[Enter Sir Humphrey.]

Sir Humph. What shall I do? Look, my Nephew and his Companions rejoice as much as any of 'em.

Whack. Hold; my Uncle!

[To them.]

Sir

Sir Humph. Students of the Law, quoth he! Rakehells, damn'd Rakehells! — pray come, and retire with me!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Will, Eugenia, Clara, Lady Mag. Wild, Tope.

All the Musick and Servants singing and roaring, &c.

Sir Will. Madam, this is to save the trouble of a *Habeas Corpus*, to free my Cousin from illegal Imprisonment.

L. Mag. to Wild. Well, I will have Patience, Sir; but to Morrow into the Country they go, and shall never come into this wicked Town, till their Husbands shall think fit to bring 'em.

Wild. You will do well. [*To her.*] but I shall take care to prevent you. [*Aside.*]

Tope. We Knights Errant, Lady, are bound by our noble Order to succour distressed Damsels, and free them from enchanted Castles; and to maul Giants, and more fell Creatures, your Viragos, Madam, your Viragos, hah!

Sir Will. Now, my pretty sweet Cousins, let me have the Honour to entertain you with Musick, as your welcome to Town; this is a Forenoon Serenade.

Bag. Sir, 'tis a Favour we must think our selves oblig'd for; after Bag-Pipers, blind Harpers, and Country old-fashion'd Virginal-Masters.

Clara. And, which is worse than all, the full Cry of a country Cathedral.

L. Mag. Very well, very well, Baggages! I'll order you. [*Aside.*] Let 'em begin, *Sir Williams*.

Sir Will. Now you are my good Aunt; I love and honour you, now I have brought you to Reason; come Gentlemen, begin.

Tope. Where's my Alderman? my dear Alderman? I must have him here; I will fetch him. [*Ex. Tope.*]

Re-enter with the Alderman, Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy.

Wild. If you do not contrive suddenly to get your Aunt out of the way for a Moment, that I may speak to my Mistress, I am ruin'd. I'll tell you the Reason.

Sir Will. I warrant you; after the Dance, expect. I have a way:

Musick

Musick and a Song.

Eug. 'Tis admirable Musick!

Clar. And well performed!

Sir Humph. I charge you, Nephew, avoid this Company, as you would Bears or Tygers.

Whack. Avoid 'em! no, I'll hang first; good Nuncle, I intend to throw off your Yoke immediately; our scowring cannot be long conceal'd.

Top. Pox! I hate these melancholy, foolish, Love Madrigals, with damn'd Imitation of the *Italians*; quavering and Division; one jolly drinking Song is worth a thousand; you shall let me have my Frolick; sing me a *Chanson de boire*.

A drinking Song.

Hah, this is right; ay gad, there's some Mettal in this! a Pox of *Phillis* and *Chloris*! This is my Frolick.

Sir Will. 'Tis very well, *Jack*; now strike up for a Dance, and by that time Dinner will enter.

Top. Come along, my Lads; hem, hem; now, Madam, you shall see who's old; I will be Master of the Revels, and couple ye: Here, Alderman, you shall dance with my Lady; no parting Man and Wife; ne'er dispute, Gad, it shall be so: Here, *Will*, here's a Lady for you.

[He gives her Eugenia.]

Tom. Wildfire, here's a Lady for you. *[Gives him Clara.]* And for my self, I have a pretty young Jade in my Eye; here, come out, come, I say; I'll seague thee away, I faith. Strike up, strike up, Men of *Rosin*. Old! Gad take me, I'll see who's old now.

Sir Will. Why, thou art a Youth, a Lad, *Jack*, in thy prime.

L. Mag. Oh thou old fumbling cowardly Fellow, to bear all this! I'll order thee, old Numps.

Sir Humph. Gad forgive me, what a sad Life shall I live with my Chicken?

Top. Strike up again.

Whack. What a Pox, they make nothing of me; but I'll make something of my self, they shall find.

[They]

[*They dance; Whachum jumps and struts and dances awkwardly with them.*

A dance.

Sir Will, Now, Tom, watch; my Lady will follow me. Madam, I beg the Honour of one Word in the next Room.

[*Sir Will. draws Eng. to the next Room,*

Eng. I will, if it be only to tease my Mother.

Tap. Come, my little Rogue, let us retire: Alderman, I will lye with thy Maid, and make thee drunk, and that will be a good Day's Work.

Sir Humph. Go, you are a Wag; 'faith, you are.

L. Mag. Oh Impudence! My vile Nephew run away with my Daughter! Along with me, old Fool, with your Nephew and his Friends; come, come.

Sir Humph. Well, Chicken, well. Come along, Nephew and Students.

[*Ex. Lady, Sir Humphrey, Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy.*

Wild. Madam, your Opportunities are so few, and like to be fewer, that it were an unpardonable Sin to let one slip; your Mother intends to send you in the Country by Violence to Morrow Morning; you see, Madam, I dare not address to you before her.

Clar. Sir, you oblige me in this Notice; but my Sister and we will prevent it.

Will. I humbly beg the Honour of serving you; never Man had such a Passion as you have raised in me, a Flame that will ruin and destroy me; your Person nothing can deserve, but my Estate is plentiful without Incumbrance.

Clar. Pardon me, Sir, that I am so free with you; you are a wild Man of the Town, and I would as soon commit my self to the Mercy of the Sea, in a Storm, as in to your Hands.

Wild. I should not presume to be thus daring to mention Love, at first Encounter, but that the Difficulty is like to be so great of seeing you; and I must let you know it, if you refuse me, I must perish; and I dare prophesy, you'll be unfortunate.

Enter Priscilla, and goes out presently.

Pris. Are you at that sport? This shall go to my Lady.

Clar.

Clar. 'Tis better to be unfortunate than foolish.

Wild. Whatever I have been, the World shall never make me wild again, unless your Scorn should make me desperate; and then what Fury it may drive me to I know not.

Clar. Nor have I Reason to be concern'd; 'twill be no Fault of mine. — Why does the Custom of our foolish Sex oblige us to lying? I see no Prospect of any Thing but Ruin; I am resolv'd never to join my self to Lewdness, and yet his Person charms me into Madness; oh Misfortune!

Wild. I shall, with all the World, except your self, on fire, if you despise me. *[She weeps.]*

Enter Whachum sneakingly.

Curse on this Rascal! I could willingly cut his Throat.

Whach. Madam, your most obedient Servant. Sir, under the Rule, she is my Mistress.

Wild. Damnation on this Loggerhead!

Whach. I'll tell you in your Ear, her Father has made a Match for me and her, and I am to give her Mother good for her; ha, hum.

Wild. 'Tis very well.

Whach. Ay, but you are a Man of Honour; to tell you truth, I am for the Eldest; she loves a mad Fellow like me.

Wild. Now, Madam, consider: your Father-in-Law has made a Match, and your Mother has sold you for good, to this Puppy; but he says he is for the Eldest, she loves a mad Fellow like him.

Whach. Sir, let me tell you, 'tis somewhat uncivil to tell Words that I spoke under the Rule; I trusted to the Faith of a gallant Scowrer.

Wild. Thou art a mighty thick'd-skull'd Coxcomb, and I have a great Temptation to twerk thee by the Nose.

Whach. Gad save me, he is a very gallant Gentleman.

Enter Lady Maggot holding in Eugenia by the Hand; Sir Will and Pril follow.

L. Mag. Oh outrageous Impudence! You Acal one Daughter out of my Presence, and another makes love to her I left; I'll blow up the House, before I'll bear this.

Wild.

Wild, spying my Lady. Pr'ythee come on your self, you sneaking City-Wit, and make Love to your Mistress your self; do you think to put me upon it?

Whack. What a Devil does he mean! *[Aside.]*

Wild. You are the bashfullest Fop I ever saw; pr'ythee stand up, hold up your Head, and speak your Mind.— Oh, Madam, I humbly kiss your Ladyship's Hands; your Kinsman here has been putting me upon saying fine Things for him.

L. Mag. I'm overjoy'd to find you the same Man of Honour I thought you; but my Nephew, Sir William—

Wild. Madam, I never keep him Company!

Enter Tope, Alderman, Bluster and Dingboy.

Tope. Come on, my Lads; all you that are not given to Morning's-Draughts rejoyce; enter Dinner in State; come in Fiddles; I am Sewer, and will march in the Head of it. Enter Venison, Turbott, Calvert, Salmon, and the rest; and let the lusty Bearers of the swinging Hammer come; do you, Friends, bring up the Rear.

L. Mag. Well, I will dissemble, till I get these Rascals out of my House. *[Aside.]*

Whack. Oh my dear Rogue, here will be Sport! Here will be a glorious Day! *Bluster and Dingboy,* that old Gentleman is a very pretty Gentleman!

Tope. Now strike up, and march along, Boys.

They march out with Dinner, singing and roaring, and old Tope at the Head of them.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Eugenia and Clara in their Chamber.

Eug. **H**ERE will be fine Work to Day; the Alderman will be tipsy'd, as he calls it, my Lady Mother will be outrageous; but it seems she intends us for the Country to Morrow.

Clv.

Clar. And has sold me for 5000*l.* to the Alderman's most impertinent Nephew.

Eug. And no doubt has made as good a Bargain for me, but we will defeat her Ladyship: And for that end I withdrew with thee, to consult about our Deliverance.

Clar. I have no Prospect of Deliverance; let me stay here, or go into the Country, I must be for ever miserable: I am in Love to Madness, to utter Madness.

Eug. No sure, it cannot be; did not I hear a certain young Lady say, she would not fall in love with a wild Man of the Town, tho' he could jointure her with the *East-Indies*?

Clar. Oh, *Eugenia*! 'tis against my Will; I sooner would have chosen to have been blasted with Lightning: Love struck as fiercely through my Heart, and as little could I resist it: But pr'ythee do not triumph over my Misfortune.

Eug. Misfortune! Why, Love's the greatest Blessing upon Earth; Life is nothing but a Shadow, Love is the Substance: Methinks, I should be nothing but a moving Cled without it: Besides, he loves thee as furiously too; what would'st thou have?

Clar. Not him, of all the World.

Eug. Nor I the other, till I see a full Reformation in his Life and Manners; if they think us worth that, they will soon shew the Change, if they do not, sure we shall have the Sense to think them not worthy of us.

Clar. These wild young Men, like Tinder, soon take Fire, and as soon 'tis out again; they'll never change, nor has Love left me any Sense but of my Misery—

[*She weeps.*]

Eug. Poor *Clara*! What, do'st weep? poor Girl, thou art a maudlin Lover: this comes of Romances; I could never wean thee from 'em: for my Part, I am resolv'd to keep up my Spirit, come what will.

Clar. Pr'ythee do not laugh at me, to be a Jest, is the vilest and most miserable of Conditions.

Eug. And that thou wilt deserve, if thou wilt not do any thing towards thy own Freedom; thou art like those
un-

unreasonable craven Fellows, that would do nothing towards the Deliverance of England, and yet would have all the Benefit of the Change; nay, would keep those that did, out of the Government.

Clar. Pr'ythee don't draw a Simile upon me; I am resolv'd to do any Thing Reason or Honour will allow.

Eug. In the first Place, you resolve to chuse my Uncle *Rams* your Guardian?

Clar. I do.

Eug. Secondly, to be rul'd by him? He is a just, virtuous and honourable Man, of great Humanity.

Clar. I will wholly surrender my self to him.

Eug. Thirdly and lastly, thou wilt take the first Opportunity of honourably and prudently running away?

Clar. I will.

Eug. Thy Hand upon't.

Clar. Done.

Eug. Now let my Brain work; what, has our Jaylor been at the Door?

Clar. 'Twas very silently.

[*Pris. unlocks the Door, and lets in Whachum,*

Eug. Are you there, old Mrs. Turnkey?

Pris. Yes, and you are like to be there, I can tell you, while I am so.

Whach. Ladies, I am your most humble Footstool to command; we have had a smart Bout out with these Gallants; to say the Truth out, they are as fine Gentlemen as e'er the Sun shin'd on.

Eug. But how came you to enter here, sweet Sir?

Whach. Sweet Sir! good! [*Aside.*] — By your Lady Mother's Command, dear sweet Madam; I have an Affair to communicate to you, Madam Eugenia, but it must be in private; your Ear, sweet Madam.

Clar. You need not whisper; I'll into the Closet.

Whach. Now, Madam Cousin, if I may be so bold; but I hope to be nearer of Kin to you.

Eug. What, you have bought my Sister for 5000 l. I hear?

Whach.

Whack. Yes that I have, of your Lady Mother; but, as Gad save me, I think my Lady's too dear, she is a very Jew, she has no Conscience; and, to tell you the Truth, Madam, as I am an honest Man, betwixt you and I, I don't like the Bargain; I had rather buy you, Gold to Silver.

Eug. To tell you Truth, I don't like that Bargain.

Whack. You are a Wag, Madam; but I am for your airy, brisk, gay, wild, young Pilly, such as you are; there's your Lady for my Money; and if you will be rul'd by me, we'll have thee 5000*l.* and mump my Lady. Faith, what say you? ha, hum.

Eug. My Lady shall have no 5000*l.* there I'll be rul'd by you.

Whack. Sweet Madam, I kiss your Hands; come, come, I know your Heart, as well as if I were in you, as the Saying is; come, you love a brave mad Fellow such as I am; Imigs, I am one of the maddest Fellows about the Town, I sing, roar, serenade, bluster, break Windows, demolish Bawdy-houses, beat Bawds, scower the Streets, and the like, as well as any he that swaggers in the Town; ha, Lady.

Eug. A very pretty ingenious Fellow!

Whack. Ay, Madam, I am all Frolick; how many Knockers of Doors do you think I have at home now, that I twisted off when I scower'd? guess now.

Eug. 'Tis impossible to guess.

Whack. Why, above two hundred; ha, hum; is not that very well? O my Conscience, this Morning I beat twenty Hissing-Women, spread their Butter about the Kennel, broke all their Eggs, let their sucking Pigs loose, flung down all the Peds with Pippins about the Streets, scower'd like Lightning, and kick'd Fellows like Thunder; ha, ha, ha.

Eug. Very well.

Whack. Ay, wasn't not? ha, ha, ha; I wip'd out all the Milk-Scores at the Doors, nay, I went about serenading with six Fiddlers in a Dung-Cart. Ha, ha; there was a Frolick! ha, ha; there's a mad Fellow for you, an you talk

talk of a mad Fellow! 'tis true, Sir *William* and his Companions are pretty Men, very pretty Men! But I would you saw me scower.

Eug. You a mad Fellow, and talk of scowring! Why don't you break open the Door, and beat our old sawcy Governels, for locking us up?

Whack. Ha, now you put me in mind of it, I vow and swear, I'll do't presently, for I love and honour you; and if you don't look upon me, I shall hang my self.

Eug. No, no, but you are in a pretty fair way for another to do it for you.

Whack. Well, Madam, but I'll shew you what a mad Fellow I am; this Night I'll scower *Soho-Square*; 'gad, you shall see such Scowring, 'twill rejoice your Heart.

Eug. Can you drink hard?

Whack. Oh, bloodily; if you could but see me at the *Pope's-Head*; no merry Gang can be without me, there I laugh, and roar, and sing, and am exceeding witty, the purest Company! never stir, they swear I have more Wit than any of the Poets.

Eug. That may very well be, by the late Plays I have read; but all this while we are Prisoners.

Whack. Odfookers, that's true. Here, where are you, you damn'd old she-Jaylor? I'll break open the Door.

[He bounces at the Door.]

Pris. What means this Uproar?

Enter Priscilla.

Whack. Com on, Mrs. Tawdry! Old Trigrimate! I will make thy dry Bones rattle within the old tann'd Hide of thee; I'll swinge thee, Mother Damnable! What, dost thou lock up these pretty Ladies, Drab, Pole-Cat?

[He hales and turns her about, and kicks her; she flies at him and scratches him.]

Pris. Help! help! Murther! Murther! Oh you young impudent Fellow, I'll tear out your Eyes.

Whack. Why, how now, Hag! Dost thou scratch?

Enter Clara.

Old Puss, thou art grown into a Cat already, and shortly wilt

wilt take the Degree of a Witch upon thee; have at thee;
do you provoke me, you damn'd Puss?

[He beats her, and she scratches him.]

Pris. Murther! Murther! Murther!

Enter Lady Maggot.

L. Mag. Heaven and Earth! What Outrage is this?
Some Trick of yours, you wicked Sluts.

Whack. Oh, she has scratch'd and blooded me all over;
for ought I know, I may lose the Use of my Face.

Pris. O Madam, he has call'd me filthy Names, abus'd,
and beat, and kick'd me, for locking these pert unruly
Creatures up.

L. Mag. Death, you young Rascal! Dare you abuse my
faithful Servant for obliging me? You stupid Coxcomb,
for keeping your Mistress from running away from that
ugly Phiz of thine? get thee out of my House, I'll order
thee for a City-Puppy; be gone, be gone.

[She pummels him with her Fan and Fist as he runs.]

Whack. Hold, hold, hold! — was ever such a Vix-
en? Hold.

L. Mag. Come, Baggages, you were of the Party;
come, come; I'll endure these Things no longer.

Eug. Nor we neither.

L. Mag. How?

Clar. Nor will we be for a Country Journey to Mor-
row.

L. Mag. Will not?

Eug. and Clar. No, will not.

L. Mag. The World, this House, and my Brains are
turn'd topsie turvy. The Plagues of this one Day alone
are able to distract me. *Priscilla*, thou hast done well;
haste and lock 'em up again, I'll try a pluck with ye.

[Ex. Lady Mag. and Pris.]
Pris. I warrant 'em, I'll keep them safe.

Eug. Let's into our Closet, and consult; we will escape
before our Country Journey yet.

[Exeunt Eugenia and Clara.]

Enter

Enter Sir William and Wildfire.

Wild. O Will, this Cousin of thine has so bewitch'd me, that I begin to hate Lewdness already.

Sir Will. Faith, I have not such a relish for it; methinks, as I have had; but not a word to old *Tope*.

Wild. When he finds us out, the Rogue will play the Tyrant most insolently.

Sir Will. He'll be worse to us two than *Doll Common* to *Face* and *Subtile*. But something must be done to deliver these pretty Rogues; to morrow at Nine in the Morning, is short warning.

Wild. Manage matters so, that we may appear Enemies when your Aunt comes to us; and that, with what I have already protested, will beget such confidence of me, that I'll undertake to secure her early in the Morning.

Sir Will. I have laid a Design, which I hope will take, to free them; but if Stratagem will not do, Force shall.

Wild. That may be dangerous, and hinder us for ever. Here she is—I assure you, Sir—

Enter Lady Maggot.

You shall not carry this off; I paid my Word to protect your Aunt, and I shall require a strict Account of this At-front you have put upon her.

Sir Will. What a Devill! Are you concern'd for the Honour of my Aunt? What, do you lye with her?

Wild. What say you, Sir?

[*He offers to draw.*]

L. Mag. Hold, hold! out thou filthy Fellow! Thou foul-mouth'd Brute! Thou very Spirit of Lewdness and Scandal! Shall I, who am most notorious for Virtue and Prudence to the whole Town, be blasted by thy contagious Breath?

Sir Will. Far be it from me to think such a thing; but I might justly, for your Sake, suspect his Vanity.

L. Mag. He is a Man of Honour, and a worthy Gentleman; I would I could say that of thee. But, sweet Mr. *Wildfire*, if you should engage your self in a Quarrel for me, I should never enjoy my self while I lived.

Sir Will. No, Madam, I'll not engage with him; what, mine

mine own Aunt! My dear Aunt! I Love and Honour thee.

L. Mag. Love and Honour thee, quoth he! 'Pray Love and Honour me, and civilly get out of my House.

Sir Will. I will; but by this Hand, I will Serenade and Scower thee most confoundedly.

L. Mag. Sir, I must have your Word not to Quarrel. You see what his lewd Heart is apt to suggest, upon your beginning One; I shall suffer in my untainted Reputation; besides, the exposing your dear Person will endanger my Life.

Wild. You are infinitely gracious.

Enter Tope, leading the Alderman drunk.

Tope. Oh, Madam, are you there? here is your Alderman safe and sound, I deliver him to you; pray give me a Note under your Hand for the Receipt of him.

Sir Humph. I'fack, Mr. Tope, you are a Wag; ay, I'fack, a very Wag.

Tope. I could make as pretty a Magistrate of him, if I had but the breeding of him, as ever slept upon a Bench yet. Old, Madam! *I'fack Tope* old, Madam! hah.

Sir Humph. Oh Chicken, Chicken! my dear Chicken, I'll so moule thee.

L. Mag. Confusion of *Babel*! what has this Day produc'd? I shall run mad, mad, staring mad. [*Aside.*

Sir Humph. Why, Chicken! I say, Chicken.

L. Mag. Why, Buzzard! I say, Buzzard; get you gone, you drunken Owl.

Tope. Nay, Alderman, what, are you a Flincher? does the Hen crow? come, t'other Brimmer.

L. Mag. Out on thee, old Satan! thou vile Tempter! would'st thou most wickedly seduce a Man from the Loyalty and Obedience he owes to his lawful sovereign Wife?

Sir Humph. One Brimmer, dear Chicken; it shall be thy Health: never stir, I'll buss thee, my pretty Chicken, I'll buss thee.

L. Mag. Buss me! oh Insolence! get you out, I say, be gone; ha, what, dare you stay?

Sir *Humph.* Sweet Chicken, now do but hear me.

L. *Mag.* How! Is it come to this? Nay, then I'll make you go; do you rebel?

[*She strikes him with her Fan, and thrusts him out by the Nape of the Neck,* [Exit.

Tope. Good, good! ha, ha, good! hey brave Matrimony! Oh rare Matrimony! Oh gallant Matrimony! Most comfortable Matrimony! Oh delicate Matrimony! Oh sweet Matrimony! Oh heavenly Matrimony! Where are you, Flinchers? I have been fain to carry on the work of the Day; you have been as dull as a couple of old gelt Ma-Riffes.

Sir *Will.* Why, *Jack*, thou art the Heroe of the Age.

Wild. There's not a Youth in Town comes near thee.

Tope. Hem, hem; Old, said ye? hem, hem.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir, here's a Letter from your Father, came just now by the Post.

Sir *Will.* Some wise Advice again, I warrant; but how does my Hoose-keeper and the damn'd Governess agree?

Ralph. The old Draggon swallows Sack as greedily as an *Essex* Calf sucks Milk. She was call'd away once; but we are safe now, and hope to bring her to Reason.

Wild. How are the rest of the Family?

Ralph. All, every one, as drunk as ever you were, Sir, except two Maids of my Lady's. *Whinchum* and his two Friends are hipt away; but *Whinchum* had beaten the Governess, and she scratch'd him most wickedly before he went.

Sir *Will.* Go about thy Business.
Now what says Daddy?

[Exit *Ralph*.

[*Sir William goes to the Candle and reads.*

Reads.] I cannot tell how to express the Sorrow I conceive for your obstinate persevering in such lewd Courses——Pish, the old stuff over and over; I'll sacrifice thee to the Flame: 'Tis better than being put under Pyc-crust. [He sets it on fire. Hold, hold! What a Devil's here?

Reads.] I have order'd five hundred pound, which——
[He puts it out again.] Gad, I had made fine work on't indeed!

indeed!—Which is to be paid to my Banker in Lombard-street, for some Uses of mine not to be dispenc'd with, and therefore am out of Money at this time.

Wild. This is pleasant, *Jack*; it goes to't now.

Tope. As sure as ever Martyr did in *Smithfield*.

Sir Will. Paid away, quoth he? paid to a Banker? Oh plague of a Banker! go on, go on; burn in the Devil's name. [*He sets it on fire again.*] Ha! Death and Hell! what's this? I am undone; no, 'tis legible.

[*Puts it out again very hastily.*

Reads.] Yet I have sent you a Bill of 250 l. to receive, which you will find at the bottom of my Letter. Ounds, I am undone! hold, hold! O 'tis legible! Faith, 'twas a narrow 'scape, 'twas just a going.—This won't do, but thou art a good Dad; 'tis a pretty Stop-gap 'faith, Lads; we'll have Dad's Health in a brimmer.

Tope. In two, *Will*, at least.

Wild. Thou art resolv'd to be a finisht piece.

Tope. I hate Owl-light; I would either be dead sober, or dead drunk. I hate to have one keep a pother, to make me gamefom for another.

Sir Will. Thou scorn'st to be an odious Trimmer in drink. But pr'ythee, *Jack*, what if we three should resolve once to go to bed sober, in a Frolick?

Wild. 'Faith, *Jack*, let us e'en try how it will agree with us.

Tope. What a Pox do you mean? are you mad? stark mad? I go to bed sober! what, to hear Chimes, Bell-men, and tell Clocks all Night, and be Flea-bitten like a Nurse-Maid? I think the Devil's in you; what, is this Fool in Love too?

Sir Will. Ten times more than I.

Tope. Why, you brace of Baboons! what melancholy dull Puppies does Love make of Fellows? A Pox of your Love. Love! 'tis a silly boyish Disease, and should never come after the Chicken-pox, and Kib'd-heels.

Enter Lady Maggot.

L. Mag. Now, *Sir William*, I hope you will be so civil to leave my House, and take that old Sinner with you.

Sir Will. Yes, Madam, and that young Sinner too.

Tope. Old Sinner! Gad, as good a Sinner as your self.

L. Mag. I must secure him, for fear of a Quarrel.

Tope. Quarrel! no, no, there shall be no Quarrel; but we will have him along with us.

Wild. There is no Remedy; but your Ladyship shall hear from me the first Minute I can get loose from them, or free from their dogging.

L. Mag. I shall either be at home, sweet Sir, or at my Lady Wagtaile's, at Ombre, within two doors.

Wild. This noble Present of yours be the Token.

Sir Will. Farewell, my most dearly beloved and highly honoured Aunt.

Tope. For Serenading and Scowring have at you, sweet young Lady.

Wild. Your most humble Servant, Madam.

[*Exeunt Sir Will. Tope and Wild.*]

L. Mag. Your most obliged humble Servant, dear Sir!—Oh he is the sweetest Person, the most charming Creature! but for the other two, Vengeance light on them; they have put me by the happiest Opportunity. [*Ex. Lady Mag.*]

Enter Ralph and Sir William's House-keeper Abigail, leading in Priscilla drunk.

Pris. Dear Cousin! I am heartily glad, d'ye see, of your Acquaintance: 'tis pure Sack! one Cup more and then; I would not be disguised for the World.

Ralph. Here, sweet Madam, drink it off; it makes you look so lovely in my Eyes, I am ten times more Enamour'd.

Pris. You are very obliging, sweet Sir.

Abig. He will be an excellent Match; my Master has given him his Life in a brave Farm.

Pris. Alas, I marry! Nay, not but I must confess, he is a pretty young Man, &c.

Ralph. Humph; sweet Madam, t'other Cup, I beseech you.

Pris. Ha, ha, ha; well, you have a strange way with you.

Ralph. Oh let me kiss those pretty Eyes!

[*She drinks.*]

Pris.

Pris. Go, get you gone, you good-natur'd Toad.

Abig. But, Cousin, my Master is resolv'd to increase your Fortune, that you shall live like a Gentlewoman, and he intends you 1000*l.*

Pris. Truly he is a fine Gentleman; and if I can with a safe Conscience; — well; no more to be said. [*She nods.*]

Abig. I'll send you a Divine.

Pris. No, no; I can drink no more.

Abig. I'll send you a Divine, to satisfy your Conscience.

Pris. No, not a drop more; good night, good night.

[*She falls fast asleep.*]

Abig. Do you see now, you simple Fellow? you have over-drunk her, and made her commit a great Sin, and spoil'd all.

Ralph. Old Nab, thou art a Fool; I will pick her Pocket of the Key, and release the Ladies, and leave them to their own Discretion. Ha, this must be it.

[*He picks the Key out of her Pocket.*]

Abig. Go, go quickly, and I'll hasten home.

Ralph. And I to the Bear and Harrow after my Master, where I doubt not but I shall venture a broken Head at least.

[*Exeunt Ralph and Abig.*]

Enter Mr. Rant, Father to Sir William, and his Man

Jasper.

Mr. Rant. What's the matter in this House? The Porter's drunk, and can't speak; no body to be seen about the House: Nothing but Chairs, Stools, Tables flung about, and every corner strew'd over with empty Bottles: I wish the House is not robb'd.

Jasp. Here's an old Gentlewoman in her Cups.

Mr. Rant. How! what Confusion has been here? Some very extraordinary Accident has been in this House. This is the Dragon employ'd to watch my Nieces. Go out, and bring what Servants you can muster, Butler, Under-Butler, and Groomis; let us see if any one in the Family can speak.

Jasp. I will, Sir. [*Exit Jasper.*]

Q 3

Pris.

Mr. Rant. This looks as if my Son and all his lewd Companions had been here. My Sister's not at home, her Door's open, no body to give account of her or her Husband, that I could see. What, all drunk? where's my Lady?

Enter Butler and 4 or 5 Servants drunk and staggering; after them Mr. Rant's Servant, with my Lady's Maid Lettice.

But. We have been drinking, Helter skelter, 'Faith!

1 Serv. Sir William Rant's the finest Gentleman.

But. Oh the bravest Gentleman! and his Men the bravest Drinkers!

Mr. Rant. I thought none but my profligate Son could have made such Disorder and Confusion any where.

1 Serv. A most brave Gallant! No more to be said.

Mr. Rant. Is there not one in the Family can speak?

Jasp. Yes, here's a young Gentlewoman pretty sober; but there are 8 or 10 Men and Boys drunk, roaring under Benches and upon the Floor; the House looks like a Field after a Battle, strew'd with Bodies.

Mr. Rant. Sweet-heart! What's the Cause of all this?

Let. Sir William Rant and his Companions came in here, ~~rearing~~ *rearing* and singing with Fiddles at Noon, entertain'd us with Musick, very fine indeed; and we had a Dance.

Mr. Rant. Heaven! there is no hopes of Amendment.

Let. At last march'd in a noble Dinner, and great Hamper of all sorts of Wine; and there has been nothing but Rearing and Drinking ever since, 'till just now. My Lady laid my Master drunk upon the Bed, but he has made his Escape. My Lady has been almost distracted.

But. Fly, fly; my Lady will be Outragious.

Enter Lady Maggot.

L. Mag. Oh Heaven and Earth! what's here! [*Exeunt Servants.*] What an Image of Hell has this House been to Day? Who's here! my Brother?

Mr. Rant. Madam, I knew I should surprize you; my coming to Town was very unexpected, and sudden.

L. Mag. You find me, Sir, in Amazement and Confusion; and I am troubled that I must tell you, your wild Son,

Son, after I had warn'd him my House, broke open my Doors, roar'd and swagger'd, and debauch'd all my Family.

Mr. Rant. Ah, Madam, I heard something before, and am infinitely sorry; his Perseverance in this wicked Life will break my Heart, it cannot hold long.

L. Mag. Oh Horror, Horror! *Priscilla* drunk too! Hufwife! Hufwife! speak. *[She pummels her.]*

Prif. I will drink no more, I tell you; I am sleepy.

L. Mag. Mercy on me! where are my Daughters? They are flown, they are flown! Ha, how came they here?

Enter Eug. and Clara. Eug. kneels to Mr. Rant.

Mr. Rant. O dear pretty Ladies! your humble Servant. Bless you, my sweet God-Daughter.

L. Mag. How now, Baggages! how came you out?

Eug. A thousand Welcomes to you, most honour'd Uncle.

Clar. You never could have arriv'd so seasonably.

Mr. Rant. What mean my pretty Nieces?

L. Mag. I shall be distracted, ruin'd! O this fatal Day!— I am sorry, Sir, you must be witness of the further confusion in our Family; these wicked young Sluts have rebell'd against me, that I am forc'd to lock 'em up.

Eug. We do rebell against the locking up.

Clar. And will die before we will endure it.

Eug. And therefore are both resolved to chuse you our Guardian; and never to disobey you, whom we know to be a Man of Honour.

L. Mag. How they astonish me! All this Mischief has your Son caus'd: Oh, I shall grow mad!

Mr. Rant. Oh, that Son lies heavy on me. — My pretty Nieces, I should be glad to serve you, for your own sakes, and for my dear Brother's sake, tho' by the second Venture; he was a brave and worthy Man, an Ornament of our Family. But I must by no means encourage Disobedience to a Parent, or rob a Mother of her Daughters.

Eug. I beseech you, give us leave to state our Case to you.

Clar. And if you think we have not reason —

Eug. We will do whatever you determine with us.

Clar. But if you will not protect us from the most horrible Cruelty imaginable, somebody else must.

Eug. We'll bear all Torments, rather than the Usage we have met with from a Mother.

L. Mag. Oh Impudence! I'll beat their Teeth out.

Mr. Rant. Hold, Madam; no such Correction: let's discourse this Matter in the Drawing-Room, Nieces, — a little Copiness and kind Usage shall bring 'em into a good Temper, I'll warrant you.

L. Mag. Heaven preserve my Senses, I have scarce any left.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

SCENE the Bear and Harrow behind St. Clement's Church: The Bar-boy ringing.

Enter Sir Humphrey, and another.

Sir Humph. I am almost typsy'd; but I must have one Half-Flask with my Attorney, who is here, as his Clerk says.

Bar-boy rings. Very welcome, Gentlemen! here, Ralph, George, Humphrey! speak here.

Enter two Drawers.

Sir Humph. Is Mr. Split-Cause the Attorney here?

Bar-boy. Yes, Sir, Shew the Half-Moon there! [*Ringing within.*] Speak there! they have rung thrice in the Bear.

Draw. Anon, anon, Sir. Anon, anon, Sir.

Enter Whachum, Bluffer and Dingboy, and 3 Footmen of Whachum's.

Whach. Anon, you Dogs! can't you hear? I'll try if you have Ears, I'll lug ye.

[*They lug 'em by the Ears, and beat and kick them.*]

Bluff. Come, Rogues, can you feel, if you can't hear?

Ding. Dance, ye Dogs; we'll make you frisk.

Draw. Murther! murther!

Whach.

Whack. Ye Rogues, I'll teach you to wait, you Spaniels! you Curs!

Enter Master.

Maſt. Gentlemen, what's the Matter? Why do you abuſe and beat my Drawers?

Whack. Nay then, Rogue; lay hold on him, Footmen.

[They lay hold on the Maſter.]

Maſt. Gentlemen, what do you mean?

Bluſt. To ſwinge you moſt exceedingly, Rascal.

Ding. To learn you the Reverence due to a Gentleman, Sirrah.

Whack. Hold him faſt; firſt let's demolish; *[They pluck down the Bar.]* Now as a Correction of greater Dignity to your Perſon, you ſhall be toſs'd in a Blanket; and not kick'd; and we'll toſs fair.

Maſt. Hold, hold, Gentlemen! for Mercy's ſake, and I will do any thing in the World.

Whack. We'll let him go, on his good Behaviour.

Maſt. This muſt be Sir *W. Ram*, and his Company, moſt certainly.

Whack. Look you, Puppy; we intend to ſwagger, roar, and drink bloodily, and domineer in the Houſe, by our ſelves.

Maſt. I beſeech you, Gentlemen.

Whack. Damn me, what, do you mutter?

Maſt. No, Sir; not I, in the leaſt; do your Pleaſure, Sir——plague on 'em, they'll undo my Houſe. *[Aſide.]*

Whack. You harbour a company of Tradeſmen, who ſhould be at home, minding of their Callings, and ſolacing their Wives.

Bluſt. Attorneys, and Students, and Clerks; I warrant you.

Ding. Grave Men, and Men of Buſineſs, drink, and come to Taverns!

Whack. It muſt not be, I will reform theſe Exorbitances; and you ſhall find us Drunkards do more good than all the formal, hypocritical, nonſenſical Magiſtrates. Fetch us a Flaſk, and let it be better than our laſt, as thou ten-

desert any Member about thee, and if thou valu'st thy late Deliverance.

Maſt. I will, Sir.

Whach. We will drink ſome Bumpers, at thy late Bar, and then begin our Frolicks.

Maſt. A Devil of your Frolicks! my Houſe had as good be viſited by the Plague, as ſuch Customers. [*Exit Maſter.*]

Wouch. Oh that Sir *William* were here! he'd be in love with us. Come, fill round, you Rascal. What Glaſſes are theſe? fit for *Quakers*, *Browniſts*, or *Fifth-Monarchy* Men; take one your ſelf; now all together give Fire: now to our Work. [*They drink and then Huzzas.*]

Maſt. Well, there's no reſiſting; this ſame Sir *William* and his damn'd Company have beaten half the Town.

[*Exeunt Whach. Blaſt. Ding. and Footmen.*]

Enter Whachum, Bluſter and Dingboy, and Footmen, beating a Company of Traveſſemen before 'em, who cry, Fly! fly! Murder! Murder!

Whach. Get you out, you Scoundrels, Men of Callings, Knaves of Buſineſs! muſt you be ſwilling at a Tavern, and neglect your ſeveral and reſpective conſenting Vocations?

Bluſt. You Rogues, muſt your poor Wives want your Loggerheads at home, and you be here idling and ſpending their Money?

Ding. Go, ye Scot and Lot Knaves, that cheat the Pariſh and the Poor, when you come to Offices.

Whach. Do you mutter? avaunt, ye What d'ye lacks; and impudent Duns, be gone!—Don't I do it rarely? Come, to the next Room.

[*They beat 'em ſoundly, who cry, Fly! fly! murder! murder!*]

[*Exeunt Whachum, Bluſter, and Dingboy, &c.*]

Enter Whachum, Bluſter and Dingboy, &c. beating the Company, Attorneys, Clerks, and a Parſon.

Whach. You idle drunken Puppies, we'll ſwinge you for your Debauchery and Extravagance.

M. What's this? I'll bring my *Quare* frommerunt; the Law's my Buckler.

Whach.

Whach. You Scoundrels, stay at home, and make cozening Bills for your Clients.

Bluff. Practise Court-Hand, you lazy drunken Rascals.

Ding. And never be out at a Knavish Trickum de Loge.

Whach. Out, ye Rogues! I'll shew you the Law.

[*They beat them out.*]

Footman. Here's one Rogue still hidden in a Closet.

[*Footman hales out Sir Humph.*]

Whach. Mercy upon me! my Uncle!

[*Whach, and he start at Sight of one another.*]

Sir Humph. Oh lack! Oh lack! My Nephew! Students of the Law! quoth he?

Whach. What a Pox! all must out; 'tis too late to go back:—Get you home, old Fellow; interrupt not our Pleasures. Get you gone, and comfort my Lady, if you can; march, march! I say.

Sir Humph. Prodigious! Amazing!

Whach. March, march, or I will swinge you extreamly.

Sir Humph. Murther! Murther!—Students of the Law!

[*They kick him out.*]

Ding. This was bravely done, "Squire!

Bluff. Admirably perform'd!

Whach. Ay, was't not? Come, let's in; Sir William will be here soon.

[*Exeunt all but the Master and Drawers.*]

Mastr. These are rare Customers! they have a huge Supper; but what a Pox is all I get by 'em?

Enter Sir William, Tope, Wildfire, Ralph, and Footman.

Sir Will. Hey! what has been to do here? The Puppies have been at work already. Who's here? What Company have you in your House?

Mastr. Company, Sir? but one, who have beat all the rest out of my House; blooded all my Drawers, pull'd down my Bar, and swing'd me off; Company for the Devil! Sir William Rant and his wicked Crew! I ne'er saw 'em before, and the Devil take 'em before I see 'em again.

Sir

Sir Will. Have they a good Supper?

Mast. A huge one.

[*A great Laugh within.*]

Sir Will. We'll sup with 'em; these are the Rogues that laugh.

Mast. Gentlemen, as you love your Lives—

Sir Will. Peace, Fool; we'll govern your House a little better: Come on, Friends, let's make 'em a civil Visit by the way of Kick and Cudgel.

[*A great Laugh again.*]

Mast. So, now I shall have Murther in my House.

[*Exeunt Sir William, Wildfire, Tope, Ralph and Footmen.*]

Enter Whachum, Bluster, Dingboy and Servants in a Room.

Ding. This beating of Nuncle was the gallantest Action!

[*They all laugh.*]

Whach. Ay, what care I?

Blust. He could not have been more amazed, if he had seen a Ghost.

[*They laugh again.*]

Enter Sir William, Wildfire, Tope, Ralph and Footmen.

Whach. Oh, Sir William and Gentlemen, your most humble Servant! Oh, if you had come sooner, you had seen such Scowring.

Sir Will. You scower! You are meer Novices; we'll teach you to scower.

Whach. Thank you, sweet Sir Will, we shall be glad to learn, I vow to Gad, Sir.

Sir Will. Why look you, Gentlemen, you City-Pup-
ples, you impertinent conceited Rascals! Go and swagger at Puddle-Dock; but do you think we will suffer such awkward sneaking Coxcombs, to wench, drink and scower, to usurp the Sins of Gentlemen?

Tope. We will tweak you by the Noses most excessively.

[*They tweak Whach. by the Nose, and kick and cudgel them.*]

Wild. Kick you most plentifully,

Sir Will. And cudgel you most extravagantly.

Whach. I'll take my Oath, 'tis mighty well! ha, ha, ha.

Sir Will. Come, Insects, we will correct your Impudence. Such as you turn Gentlemen, when you are intended for Pleaders of the Law!

Whach.

Whack. Rarely! Admirably well done!

[Sir Will. and his Company tweak and lead 'em about by the Noses, they laugh all the while.]

Bluff. They tweak damnably hard though.

Ding. They do not consider the Tendernels of my Belt-Spirit.

Tope. Get you home, Rogues: Study 'the Law, and put Cases over a Pot of Ale in your Chambers.

Wild. Must such paltry Fellows as you swagger in Taverns? go and prefer Alehouses.

Whack. Incomparable! by my Sword, they are the finest Gentlemen in Europe!

Bluff. Damn me, 'Squire, I don't like this.

Ding. God, they kick with Iron Toes.

Sir Will. What, do you take me to be in jest?

Whack. Ay, ay: why, Sir, are you not?

Wild. We'll put you out of Doubt of that presently.

Tope. Out, you Rascals! must you be taken for us, to our utter Scandal? Get you out!

Sir Will. Ye damn'd dull imitating Dogs, have at ye.

[They bear 'em out. Bluff. and Ding. roar all the time and buff.]

Whack. Why, Sir William; Sir William! hold, hold!

[Whack. runs as fast as he can.]

Bluff. What a Devil do you mean?

Ding. Do not provoke me any further.

Sir Will. Provoke? Damn thee, out! beat 'em out!

Whack. What will become of the Supper?

Ralph. Come, turn out; hang the Supper.

Sir Will. Now, Ralph, here's Honour to be gotten.

Ralph. Broken Heads.

Sir Will. Fall on.

[As they come at the Door, the Constable with the Watchmen and Tradesmen who were beaten enter, and beat them back into the House. Sir Will. and his Company bear all out.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Will. Rant, Tope, Wild. Ralph, Footmen and Musicians.

Wild. **H**ASTEN the Serenade; the Morning comes on apace; 'tis almost three.

Tope. People will be awake, and then we shall lose the great End of Serenading and Scowering, which is disturbing of Mankind.

Sir Will. Now guilty Wretches, in their frightened Sleeps, Start with the Terror of their crying Sins; Now the mean, busie, undermining Knave, The treacherous Statesman, who betrays his Prince And Country, rolls, and turns himself about; The Horror of his Crimes admits no Rest.

Tope. What a Devil, is the Fellow mad!

Sir Will. The tender Virgins in soft Slumbers dream, With Innocence, of all the Toys of Love; When Nature free, and undisguis'd by Art, The Genuine Dictates of the Mind pursues, And they are pleas'd with imitated Joy.

Wild. What's the Matter, Man! art thou in a Fit?

Tope. Thou art mad, *Will.* that's most certain; but thou hast laid down a true Doctrine, that Women always dissemble, but when they are asleep! But what a Devil do you mean? if you don't begin your Musick, Gad take me, I will roar most bloodily by my self.

Sir Will. Why, don't the Poets always make a Man, 'if he be damnably in Love, in any great Passion, in haste, or a dying, to be full of Similes and long Descriptions?

Tope.

Tope. And because they are Coxcombs, wilt thou be one?

Will. I have extraordinary Business in haste, at three in the Morning, and I must stop till I make a Poetical Description!

Tope. For Example. The thirsty Drunkard dreams of Bottle-Ale,

Or sucking a whole Barrel from the Tap:
The oily Cook-Maid stretches now and yawns,
And calls on Dick the Plowman in her Sleep,
Who snores with Fumes from *Suffolk* Cheese and Bacon:
Green-Sickness Maids now dream of Clay and Lime,
Now what a Devil's this to my Business, if they do?
either begin your Serenade, or I will roar and wake your
Mistress with my shrill melodious Pipe.

Will. A Gander's Pipe has much more Musick in't.

Sir Will. Thou sing! she will take it for braying. But come on; *Ralph*, is the Constable's Trap set to secure that Passage?

Ralph. Yes, it is; they must come this Way, 'tis directly from their Guard.

Sir Will. Come then, begin.

[A Window opens. *Symphonies.* *Eugenia* and *Clara* appear. Hold, the young Lady's Window opens; give me the cleft Stick, *Ralph*. Now, *Tom*, for our Billets; good Luck go with them; they are they, I see now.

[Opening his dark Lanthorn, Ladies, take these Notes, they concern you. Go on, and sing.

Song and Symphony.

Sir Will. Who's at the other Window?

[*Eugenia* takes them. *Mr. Rant* appears at another Window. *Will.* My Lady, I warrant you; I must stand close.

Tope. My Lady? then I will roar; play my Rant.

Rant. This must be my Son and his lowd Associates; but if this were the worst I could dispence with it.

[The Fiddles play, and *Tope* roars out his Rant, then enter Lady Maggot in the Balcony.

L. Mag.

L. Mag. Rogues! Villains! Thieves! Robbers! Murderers! hold! hold!

Tope. Hold; does the Lady treat from her Castle?

L. Mag. Villains, Thieves, begone!

[They sing and roar. Mr. Rant retires.]

Tope. Nay then.

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Who's there? Follow, follow!

Wild. Come on, Bell Weather of that Flock of Rascals.

Ralph. Come, Cuckolds, come on, Cuckolds.

Const. Follow, follow, follow, knock 'em down!

[The Constable and Watch run, and all fall over a Line set cross the Street, and tumble over one another, Sir Will. and the rest fall on them, and cudgel them lustily, they roar out Murder.]

Sir Will. Here is a Stratagem for ye!

Tope. Fall on the Rogues; have at the Dogs!

Enter Mr. Rant, holding the Door of the House in his Hand.

Mr. Rant. Heaven! What will become of this! We shall have Murder here; Sir William, Sir William!

Sir Will. The Door opens, and I am call'd; this must be from the Ladies.

Wild. I must sneak away; Tope, you must along with me, you may do me great Service and your self too.

Tope. You may be sure I shall be civil to my self, whatever I am to you.

[Exeunt Tope, Wildfire and their Servants, but Ralph and two Footmen of Sir Will remain.]

Mr. Rant. Sir William!

Sir Will. Who calls me?

Mr. Rant. 'Tis I; follow me.

Sir Will. If Lucifer should lead me into this House, I would follow him. [Exeunt Mr. Rant and Sir William.]

Const. What are become of these Rogues that have maul'd us?

Ralph. Mr. Constable, the Hectory Rogues that fell upon you, run into the next Street, [A Sight of Flambeaux and a Noise of Fiddles.] and now they have lighted their Flambeaux, and are coming in Triumph over you; I and my

my Fellow-Servants came just now out of my Master's House, the Justice, to assist you.—Here's another Stratagem to get off without bloody Pates! *[Aside.]*

Enter Whackum, Bluster and Dingboy, and Servants, and Fiddles, roaring, singing and playing.

Const. Have we met you again, Rogues? You shall not escape this Bout; knock 'em down!

Whack. We are civilly serenading.

Const. We'll serenade ye; do you lay Snare's for us, and beat us when we are down!

Whack. What a Devil does he mean now?

Const. Knock 'em down!

[They fight; the Constable and his Watch beat Whackum and the rest, till the Blood runs about their Faces, and take 'em Prisoners.]

Const. Away with them, away with them!

Whack. Why, Mr. Constable,

Const. Come, Rascals; what, do you prate! Away with them! 'tis Day-Light.

Whack. Damn'd Luck! but 'tis Fortune de la guerre.

Enter Mr. Rant, leading Sir William by the Hand.

Sir Will. Whither do you lead me?

Mr. Rant. Into full Light; if you dare look upon't.

Sir Will. Oh Heaven! my Father!

Mr. Rant. I wonder not at your Surprise, if there be left But any Seeds of Ingenuity Within thy harden'd Breast, thou couldst not bear The Sight of me.

Sir Will. It is with great Confusion, That I behold you now; I hardly dare Implore your Blessing.

Mr. Rant. Heav'n turn your Heart:

I am glad at least, you appear so much ashamed, For Shame for Faults is one good Step to Wisdom; But what Hope can I have, that one short Moment Can make you turn from your long Course of Lewdness, Such Lewdness as I am ashamed to think of, Such mean, such foolish Lewdness as has made

Your

Your Name too scandalous for a civil Mouth,
When but ev'n now I saw you in your Pranks:—

Sir Will. 'Tis the last time.

Mr. Raw. 'Till wicked Drink possesses you again,
That Bane to Virtue and to common Sense,
That makes you live in a continued Mist,
Without the Benefit of one clear Thought,
Nature has prudently contriv'd each Man,
In the worst Miseries of humane Life,
Would be himself, and I would be I still;
But sordid Drunkenness makes you differ more
From your lov'd self, than from another Man.

Sir Will. You rouse me, Sir, out of a Lethargy.

Mr. Raw. Ye think your selves the finest Gentlemen,
When you are most to be despis'd or pity'd;
Not Monkies can be more ridiculous:
Besides the Infamy you most contract,
In the Opinion of the Good and Wise,
As soon I'd choose a Madman for a Friend,
You vomit Secrets, when o'er-charg'd with Wine,
You often quarrel with the best of Friends:
And he must be as bold as is a Lioness,
Who takes you for a Husband: Drink, in short,
Provokes you to all Folly, to all Vice,
Till you become a Nuisance to Mankind,
You'll say they're Men of Wit; but have a care
Of a great Wit, who has no Understanding.

Sir Will. You speak, Sir, like an Oracle!

Mr. Raw. By Drunkenness you're useless at the best,
Unless as Flies, or humble-Bees, or Drones.
What Office is there in a Common-wealth,
A Drunkard can sustain? Unless it be one,
To be a Strainer, through which Claret runs,
Your Nerves you weaken, and you drown your Minds;
You're all meer Sops in Wine, your Brains are Bogs;
A Toast is equal to a common Drunkard.
You'll say you've Courage; no, it is not Valour;
Valour is join'd with Virtue; never prostitute,
But sacred, and employ'd to just Defence

Of Prince and Country, and the best of Friends,
With necessary Vindication of our Honour:
Yours is a brutal Fierceness, that annoys
Mankind, and makes 'em fear and hate you too.

Sir Will. These are unanswerable Truths.

Mr. Rant. The use of common Whores is most pernicious,
By which, the least you venture is your Nose;
And private ones you cannot gain, without
Being a most perfidious Knave, and striking
At th' very Root of all Morality.
Have I with Tenderness thus bred you up?
With such great Care and vast Expenses, infus'd
Whatever you were capable of receiving,
Taught you all Arts that could adorn a Gentleman?
None with such Care could cultivate a Plant.

Sir Will. All this with humble Gratitude I confess.

Mr. Rant. Heav'n had endu'd you with sufficient Wit
And Parts; and you, in spite of all these Advantages,
Which might have made you famous in your Country,
To make your self low, even to a Proverb!
Is this your Sense of Honour, and is this
Your Gratitude to me, after such great Indulgences,
Such good Advice, such tender Love, as I
Have so long shew'd you? You've so often set
My Eyes on flowing, that I've wonder'd whence
The Moisture came that could supply them.

Sir Will. Good Sir, no more; you'll break my Heart:
Gentle and kind Reproof I cannot bear.

Mr. Rant. I gave you such an ample Income,
'Twould have sufficed the most extravagant.
Except your self; and when the Count had offer'd
Knighthood to me, I made it be bestow'd
On you; not that I think it much of Value,
Unless it be conferr'd for Merit, but a Rait
For Women. All this in order to a Wife
I did, and you ungrateful.

Sir Will. No more, Sir, dear and honour'd Sir, no
more;
You've melted me, and wrought a Passion in me,
Which

Which hitherto I've never felt; pray trust me,
And I will be what you will have me,
And such as you shall never blush to own.

Mr. Rant. Oh Will, that this Conversion were but per-
Yet, as it is, I cannot but embrace (fect!
And weep over thee.

Sir Will. Oh, best of Fathers, believe me, or you kill me!

Mr. Rant. Come then into my Arms.

He embraces and weeps over him.

Sir Will. I will soon convince you I am sincere; for
though you have finish'd my Repentance, another
had begun it. I had fix'd upon the most charming Crea-
ture in the World to be my Wife; and, with your Assist-
ance, have no Reason to doubt of Success; one, Sir,
whom you'll approve.

Mr. Rant. Dear Will, who is it?

Sir Will. It is my Cousin Eugenia; who, to avoid the
Tyranny of a Mother, which has been very barbarous,
resolves to chuse you her Guardian.

Mr. Rant. This, this compleats my Joy; and I shall
dote upon thee more than e'er I grieved for thee.

Enter Lady Maggot.

L. Mag. Oh, wicked Creature, most abandon'd Wretch!
how darest thou be so impudent to come within my
House, after the great Confusion Yesterday, and the Up-
roar thou hast made to Night?

Mr. Rant. Sister, if thou wilt pardon this, I'll pass my
Honour, he shall never do it more; 'twas I now brought
him in.

L. Mag. You are a fine case Father, if you can hope
for his Amendment; but I'll see my Daughters safe;
though he has by Craft gotten the Keys, I have a Watch
upon them.

Mr. Rant. What does she mean?

Enter Lettice.

Let. There is a Messenger below will not be answer'd;
he has sent up this Letter by me, but he says he must
speak with you; it is a Business that concerns you near-
ly.

Which

L. Mag.

L. Mag. Thus early in the Morning! I'll lay my Life, it is to give me Notice of some lewd Design of my rebellious Daughters. Ha, from Mr. Wildfire! O let me contain my self.

[Aside. Reads.] *I have commanded my Servant to wait this Morning till your Door be open, to deliver this humble Billet.—* Where is the Messenger? I must leave you for a while; Brother, pray dispatch your lewd Son out of the House: But I have set Centinels upon my Daughters.

Mr. Rant. They shall be safe for him, I give you my Honour.

L. Mag. Oh dear, dear Wildfire! thou art a Man of Honour; come, Lettice, bring me to the Messenger.

[Ex. Lady Mag. and Lettice.]

Mr. Rant. 'Tis time for you to rest, Will, and I'll repose a while.

Sir Will. Sir, let me beg of you not to sleep yet; my Lady has a wicked Design of sending her Daughters into the Country this Morning, to keep them Prisoners as she did before; I have, indeed, provided for a Rescue; but if you please, I had rather have it done a fairer Way.

Mr. Rant. Well, Son, we will consult about it in my Chamber.

[Ex. Mr. Rant and Sir William.]

SCENE Wildfire's House.

Enter Wildfire and Tope.

Tope. A Pox on't! this has been a damn'd sober Night, I shall be sick after it; this is your Love, with a Murrain! A Drunkard, and in Love! You will be as bad Company as a Green-sickness'd Chamber-Maid; nay, worse; for she, perhaps, may be perswaded to take her Cure. Love! Ha, ha, ha.

Wild. I am convinc'd, a Man will certainly have it e'er he dies, as the small Pox; look to it, Jack, yet.

Tope. Heaven send me the great ones rather, without the help of *Sassa*, *Guyacum*, or *Mercury*; but pr'ythee, what Service can I do thee, Tom?

Wild.

Wild. The truth is, *Jack*, I have sent a Billet to the Lady you would have ravish'd Yesterday, and cry'd: she will come, I believe, very suddenly hither. *Will. Rant* and I have some Designs upon her Daughters, which we cannot effect without her Absence. When she comes, I will make way for thee.

Tope. Pr'ythee, *Tom*, let me have a young Wench; I am fit for her now.

Wild. If thou hast not Love for her, I am sure, thou hast Malice enough for her; satisfy which Passion thou wilt, so thou keepest her from interrupting us.

Tope. Ha, this is no ill Design, hah! I'll serve you in this; if she thinks me not too old to please her, I am sure, I am young enough to scandalize her. Most of the young Fellows make Love more for Vanity than Lust; they have more of the first, and less of the last, than any Generation since the Conquest.

Wild. The decrepid young Fools were gotten when Slavery was breaking in; and indeed, by their Education, were fitted for it; they have no Vigour in 'em. [*Knocking at the Door.*] Hark! She's come; she's a Lady of very just dealing, and answers a Bill of Love at first Sight. *Jack*, do thou retire; I'll come to thee instantly.

Tope. I will; but d'ye hear, *Tom*? fair play.

Wild. Upon my Honour.

[*Exit Tope.*]

Enter Lady Maggot.

Dear, sweet Madam, I am transported beyond my Senses.

L. Mag. If I had not believed you to be a Man of shining Honour, I would not have ventur'd for the World.

Wild. Your Ladyship is come so much earlier than I could have suspected, that I must go and take Order, that no Body comes into my House, and confine my Servants to their several Posts.

L. Mag. Sweet Sir, you deserve to be trusted by a Lady. Oh thou dear Creature, my Heart and Eyes never felt such Charms,

[*Exit Wildfire hastily, and locks the Lady in; she walks up and down.*]

Hark! I hear him coming, I'll catch him at the Door. My dear, dear *Strephon*!

Enter *Tope*. *Lady Mag.* *hastily embraces him, taking him for Wildfire.*

Tope. My dear, dear *Phillis*!

L. Mag. Ah, who's here? old Satan!

Tope. I thought you had been past the Age of squeaking.

L. Mag. Devil, how camest thou here?

Tope. Sweet Lady, how camest thou here?

L. Mag. Abused, betrayed, undone! by Heaven! they shall not live who have done this.

Tope. Oh, Madam, Ladies should not kill but with their Eyes.

L. Mag. This *Wildfire* promised me Assistance, to send my vile rebellious Daughters into the Country, and sent for me, telling me all was ready.

Tope. He was not, you see; but you shall find me so.

L. Mag. Oh *Beelzebub* incarnate! I am confident, he is a Man of Honour, thou hast betray'd him; see in what Confusion I am in! [*Aside.*]

Tope. He is a Man of Honour, and knowing the great Passion I have for your Ladyship contriv'd this Opportunity.

L. Mag. What, Pimp for thee? And a Man of Honour!

Tope. Pimp is a foul Word; Pimps are Rogues; but Men of Honour assist one another in their necessary Matters, and take it for a Point of Honour.

L. Mag. Where's the Key then? Let me out, thou old decrepid Toaft.

Tope. Hold there, I have some urgent Business with you here.

L. Mag. Had I a Dagger or a Bodkin I would dispatch my self and him. [*Aside.*]

Tope. And for old, if I don't convince you, have at you.

[*He runs at her, and kisses her.*]

L. Mag. Ah! ah! Murder! Help! help!

Tope. She squeaks like one of Sixteen; if she could but look so too, I should be more sharp set. Come, sweet Madam, let us be more familiar. [*He puts down his Sword.*]

L. Mag.

L. Mag. Stand off, thou driveling Drunkard, or I'll scratch thy Eyes out.

Tope. I can make Love like a Man, but not like a Cat; I can't Caterwaul.

[Tope catches hold on her Hand.

L. Mag. Oh vile, perfidious Villain, Wildfire!

Tope. Look you, sweet Lady, I can secure my Eyes against your Hands; ah could I have as well defended my poor Heart against your Eyes, you had not visited this Place.

L. Mag. Villain, let go my Hands;

Tope. Madam, let go my Heart; in short, Madam, I am in Love; here's an Opportunity, and I will not be baffled; we must come to a close Fight.

L. Mag. Avaunt, thou worst of Devils.

Tope. If Ladies will be civil, *such* Tope can be so too; but if not, though he uses not his Hands, yet he can use his Tongue, and publish Fraillies or so; consider, be not perverse; come, come, nay don't put me to wrestle, if you put me to two Exercises, I may fail you at one.

[They struggle, she gets loose, and runs to the Sword and draws it, and runs at him.

L. Mag. Oh impudent old Devil!

Tope. Hold, hold! Sword and Eyes are too much, for my single Weapon. Fare you well.

[He runs out, and locks her in.

L. Mag. Oh Heaven and Earth, he has lockt me in! Oh damn'd Villain, Villain, Wildfire! let me see if I can make any body hear out of the Window. I shall run mad. Confusion seize these Rascals.

[Exit towards the Window.

SCENE Sir Humphrey Maggor's House.

Enter Eugenia, Clara, Mr. Rant, and Sir William.

Eug. Why, Sir, do you make this so nice a point of Po-tour, when you may save us two from Ruin?

Car. Sir, on my Knees I beg your Protection.

[Mr. Rant takes them up.

Eug.

Eug. And I on mine; or I, by all that's good, will fling my self on any one that will defend me from my Tyrant Mother.

Clar. I cannot, will not, bear her Cruelty.

Sir Will. Can so much Beauty be deny'd, Sir?

Enter Wildfire hastily.

Wild. Ladies, your humble Servant.

Mr. Rant. Who is this, Son?

Sir Will. Mr. *Wildfire*; you knew his Father, a Man of Quality and of great Estate; who is a Convert to that Lady, as I am made to this.

Mr. Rant. I knew him well; he was a sober, honest Gentleman.

Enter Tope.

Tope. Sober and honest! Gad take me, that's impossible.

Mr. Rant. My old Acquaintance! Mr. *Tope*, your Servant.

Tope. Mr. *Rant*! a Miracle! Who thought to have seen you here?

Mr. Rant. You will have your Jest still.

Tope. No, 'faith, I am in earnest; I have known an honest Man that could not, but I never knew one honest that would not drink; Knaves durst not trust themselves with Drink, it draws the Scene, and discovers them.

Wild. How the Devil came you here?

Tope. You left me with the Devil; she whipt out my Sword, and, if I had not run away, had run me through; but I left her safe; here's the Key.

Eug. Good sweet Uncle, consider our sad Case, and give an Answer.

Wild. Ladies, now is the time; your Mother's absent, and is safe for some time; if you will take this Opportunity, there's a Coach and Six, and half a score Men well armed and mounted, Sir *William's* and my Servants, that will conduct you where you please.

Clar. We are obliged to you, Sir; but I fear the Reputation of such an Escape would be worse than our Confinement.

Sir Will. Sir, I beseech you, consider and accept of their Guardianship.

Eng. Now, Sir, or never, make us happy in your Care of us; for let my Sister be as scrupulous as she will, I will lay hold on these Gentlemen's Favour, and fly any where, so it be from my Mother; but, Gentlemen, we must not have you with us.

Mr. Rant. Well, my fair Nieces, I'll protect ye; on my Honour be it.

Clar. We hing our selves wholly on you, Sir,

Eng. We trust your Honour, and will in every thing obey you.

Mr. Rant. I never will Command, but what you please.

Wild. Now, Madam, you are happy, will you not pity my Case, who still am miserable?

Clar. Would you wish me to love any Man, till I am assured he loves himself? you now are your own greatest Enemy.

Wild. Since I hope you will now be more easy of Access, I shall with the greatest Duty and Respect I can make Approaches regularly, and shew you I am become another Man.

Clar. E're I shall have the Impudence to beg one Favour of you, I shall be glad to hear of your Amendment, Sir.

Tope. Why Tom, Tom, this is a vile repenting Strain, as if thou wert shewing thy parts at the Gallows; why dost thou not lay this Lewdness upon Sabbath-breaking?

Wild. And ill Company, Jack, Old Seducers and Corrupters.

Sir Will. Will you be still hard-hearted? this is a Day of Jubilee, and you should do some generous Act of Mercy.

Eng. No, there is a great deal to be said, and a great deal to be done; I must see a Sample of your new Life.

Sir Will. My Life is in your Hand, dispose of it, and direct it as you please.

Tope. You call this Love now; all Cant, Cant, and fil-lier than Gypsie's Cant! what a Pox! you are none of you in Earnest?

Enter

Enter Sir Humphrey, and his Clerk.

Sir Humph. Oh Brother, good morrow; how do you? I was typhed last Night, but they tell me you were disturb'd with Roysters, and scowering Rogues; I protest and vow, I never heard them; but the Constable has brought them before me, here in the House: I'll order them.—Hah, Gentleman, he does not mean you; are you brought by the Constable?—Oh here he is.

Enter Constable, and Guard, with Whachum, Bluster, and

Dingboy, with black Patches upon their Wounds.

Const. Here are the Scowrers that beat us, and wounded us; there are two of my Watch almost kill'd, and several lam'd; they broke Windows, roar'd and disturb'd your Worship too, all Night.

Sir Humph. Oh Heaven, my Nephew! Oh Villain, profligate Villain! my Nephew! But you shall find Justice is blind.—Do you remember, Rogues, what you did, beat me, and lam'd me?

Whach. What a Pox care I? why did you come in the way of our Scowring? Pr'ythee, old Nuncle, content your self, I am out of your Hands, and I will fling off the remainder of your City Breeding, and swagger, roar and scower, like a Gentleman of the Suburbs.

Sir Humph. Here, Clerk, make their Mittimus, and I'll send 'em to Newgate.

Tope. I think, Sir, you are one of those Gentlemen that we beat and kick'd very much, last Night.

Whach. Send me to Newgate? Let me speak in your Ear; how much Treason did you talk before me and my Friends?

Blust. What Healths and Confusions did you drink?

Ding. What secret Correspondence? and who invited the French Fleet last Summer?

Whach. By these ten Bones, all shall out, if you presume.

Sir Humph. I shall be hang'd. What says the Rogue?—Go out, Constable and Watch, into the next Room; leave your Prisoner.

Enter Lady Maggot in a Fury.

L. Mag. Oh Heaven and Earth, are they here! betray'd! abused! most villainously abused? Oh thou old Devil in Grain, and thou worst of all, thou base dishonourable Rascal! *[She flies at their Faces.]*

Sir Humph. Why, Chicken, Chicken.

L. Mag. Make their Mittimus, I'll give you sufficient Reason; sit in your Seat of Justice, and give me my Oath.

Sir Humph. I will, Chicken, I will.

Mr. Rant. What can this mean?

Wild. Madam, let me advise you; you will suffer in your Honour. This Ring will be Testimony.

L. Mag. I'll swear you stole it from me, and you shall be hang'd for it.

Wild. Tope and my Man are better Evidence, Madam.

L. Mag. Thou most detestable malicious Toad!

Tope. Stir not this Matter farther; if you do, I'll tell all I know, and more.

L. Mag. What has my Rashness brought me to! I will run into a Mad-house, and never see the World again. *[Going off.]*

Sir Humph. Why, Chicken, I am ready; lay thy pretty Hand on the Book.

Whack. Hold, Madam; pray make good your Bargain with me; did not I agree to give you 5000*l.* for one of your Daughters?

L. Mag. Out, you impudent Rascal! does all the World conspire against me!

[She takes the Cane out of her Husband's Hands, and beats Whachum]

Whack. What a Pox! what a Devil! are you mad? Cunds, I'll turn again.

Mr. Rant. Sister, Sister, I beseech you, contain your self.

L. Mag. I cannot Contain, will not Contain, Flesh and Blood cannot Contain; never Lady was so Betray'd, Abused, and Disappointed; Hell take you all! *[Ex. L. Mag.]*
Enter

Enter Priscilla.

Pris. Oh, Ladies, have pity on me; I believe some Rogue, that had a mind to marry me, gave me Deutery last Night, and I was Disguis'd and lost the Key too, and my Lady has discharged me, to beg in my old Age.

Eug. Fear not, we'll provide for you.

Sir Will. Will you not provide for me, Madam, or at least give me some Hopes?

Wild. And can you, Madam, can you have the Heart to use your Conquest to destroy me?

Clar. I know of no Conquest of mine, nor will I believe it, 'till I see you have conquer'd your self.

Sir Will. What Time will it require to satisfy you of my Conversion?

Eug. Why, you must be at least a Year's Probationer before you enter into the Vow of Chastity, if I believe you then.

Sir Will. 'Twill be a thousand without you, Madam; I hope you will relent.

Clar. It must be a Year at least; and then, for ought I know, you may serve longer.

Wild. You are Absolute, and must govern me; I'll strive, by all the Services I can, to mollify your Heart.

Eug. The Poms and all the Vanities of this wicked Town you must Renounce.

Clar. Wine, Women, and base Company.

Sir Will. Upon my Knees I vow to it.

Wild. And I for ever to observe it.

Mr. Rant. I will be Umpire in this Business, and I doubt not but to bring my Nieces to Reason.

Sir Humph. What, are you disposing of my Lady's Daughters without her Consent?

Mr. Rant. No, Sir, nothing shall be done without her Consent; I will convince her, whate'er I do shall be to her Honour, and her Daughter's Advantage.

Whach. Where's my Wife, in the mean time? I forbid the Banns.

Sir Will. Sirrah, Coxcomb, if you speak one Word, I'll slit your Wind-pipe.

Whack. Very well, very well! no more to be said! Pox on him! I begin to hate him, I don't think him a fine Gentleman.

Tope. Why, what a Devil, are you mad? I thought you had been Drolling, or Fooling all this while; are you in earnest?

Sir Will. Most certainly.

Wild. And I, *Jack*; we must part.

Tope. Ha, ha, ha! fine Fools! turn sober Sots, give over all Vanities, as you call 'em, for the greatest Vanity on the Earth, Matrimony! you may leave any other Vanities when you please, but that will stick to you with a Vengeance. Matrimony! ha, ha, ha; there's nothing in the World worth being in Earnest, I am sure not being Sober; 'tis all a Farce.

Mr. Rant. I hope, for old Acquaintance, you will embrace this Motion, reform, and live a sober Country Life; then we shall be Neighbours.

Tope. Reform, quoth he! 'tis a pretty Age, at Five and Fifty, to begin to lead a new Life: No, no, I have gone too far to Retreat, I must charge through; I'll drink like a Fish, these Fifty Years; these Fellows will be at Asie's Milk within six Months, and dye o'th' Pip soon after.

Whack. This old Gentleman's a gallant Man! Godsookes, I'll Whore, Drink, Swagger and Scower while I live.

Bluff. Ah brave Squire!

Ding. Oh noble Squire! [They embrace Whackum.

Tope. Farewell, you Apostates, sneaking sober Sots; go, marry, marry, you are fit for no other purpose. [Ex. *Tope.*

Sir Humph. So, Brother, I have lost a Nephew, you have found a Son.

Mr. Rant. Old Habits are with Difficulty broken,
And Fools are ever found most obstinate;
But the least Seeds of Wit with Understanding,
Will in some time spring up, and grow, and thrive,
And bear down the rank Weeds of Vice and Folly.

Wild. Ladies, your Charms a Miracle have wrought,
And early us home to our selves have brought;

No

No Pow'r but Love could thus call back a Stray,
From all the crooked Paths, to the right Way.

Sir Will. But where Wit, Beauty, Virtue keep the Field,
As Prisoners at Discretion, all must yield;
Those Forces joyn'd subdue all Vanities:
The most compendious way of being Wise,
Is to be Convert to a Lady's Eyes.

[Exit.]



EPILOGUE.

NOW, Lady-Mothers, you who frown so Day,
Will be thought like the Lady of this Play,
You'll not condemn your selves, but, like bad Faust,
Loath the Reflections, and abhor true Glasses.
But know all, by these Presents, there's no way,
But Gentleness, to make ripe Girls obey:
Us'd ill, if they have Beauty, Wit, or Sense,
They will rebel in their own just Defence.
You in your selves, from Grandams Eve, shou'd find
The true Perverseness of a Woman's Mind,
To what is most forbidden, most inclin'd.
What sharply to your Daughters you deny,
You fire their Curiosities to try:
They think, when strictly kept from all Mankind,
There's much more in't than afterwards they find.
Your selves go flanting to all publick Places,
Exposing, all you can, your Feeble Graces,
Darting weak Rays from your Autumnal Faces.
Heav'n knows, true Languishing of Eyes you shew,
When-e'er you mince, and simper at a Beau;

EPILOGUE.

High Dresses and rich Petticoats will tell us,
That all your Ornaments you wear at Fellows;
Like Woodcocks, or like Teagues pursu'd, you hide
Your Heads, and think your Body's unesp'y'd.
Your Daughters find you out, and will obey,
What-e'er they see you do, not hear you say.
The gawdy Mother hates the Daughter's Sight,
Whose dazzling Beams eclipse her glimmering Light;
She must the Visitants but seldom see;
And when admitted to the Company,
With down-cast Looks she enters, and afraid,
She sneaks like an offended Chamber-Maid:
With toss'd up Head, she must be snub'd and chidden,
And Mother's dear Delights to her forbidden;
This begets Scorn; how can one stand in awe
Of a vain, tawdry, amorous Mamma?
Of these the Poet must despair to Day,
They will be mortal Foes to him and's Play.
While these frail Dames the Author does expose,
The Lustre of the Good, that clearly shows,
From them a Plaudit must not be deny'd,
The Witty, Fair ones, must be on our Side,
So much their Pow'r by him is magnify'd.
We shew you how your vigorous Beams exert,
Young vicious Men to Conquer and Convert:
Firm to our selves, we always have a way
To make the fiercest Beast, wild Man, obey.



THE

THE
VOLUNTEERS,
OR, THE
STOCK-JOBBER.

A
COMEDY,

Acted by Their
MAJESTIES SERVANTS.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

VOLUNTARY

OF THE

STOCK EXCHANGE

COMMITTEE



MAINTAINING



THE YEAR 1800



TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

THE little Wit of our poor *Family*, as well as the best part of the *Substance*, perisht with my *Husband*; so that we have not wherewithall worthily to express our great Acknowledgment due for the *Support* and *Favour* we have already received; much less to publish to the World your *Virtues*, and other *Endowments*, both of *Mind* and *Body*; which in a private Person would have procur'd you the Admiration of *Mankind*, and cannot in a *Queen* but be consider'd as the

R 6
highest

DEDICATION

highest National Blessing we enjoy from Heaven. This Consciousness of our own *Disability* will much shorten your Majesty's Trouble; we shall only therefore, without more Words, and with all Humility, and Profound Respect, throw this our last Play at Your Majesty's Feet, begging Your Acceptance of it; and that You wou'd once Honour it with Your Presence, which will be the greatest Happiness that can arrive in this World to me his Unfortunate Widow, and from this World, to Your Faithful Servant, my Deceas'd Husband. I am,

M A D A M,

Your Majesty's most Humble,

Most Obedient, and most

Faithful Subject and Servant,

Anne Shadwell.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. *Shadwell*, and design'd to be spoken, but was lost when the Play was acted.

OUR Poet, taught by you, Sirs, to despise
All Rule, contemns the Witty and the Wise:
And to the high and mighty Fops I'm sent,
With his Address and humble Compliment.
Our Author will abhor, with all his Heart,
All Laws and Precedents of Wit and Art:
With you will venture Life and Fortune too,
And sacrifice his little Wit to you;
You who, like worthy Judges, can dispense
With all the Laws of Wit and common Sense,
Make Towering Bombast, creeping Farce to pass,
And a triumphant Poet of an Ass.
Oh Fop! The happiest of all human-kind!
In all the Empty Corners of his Mind,
Not one ill Thought he of himself can find.
The Wise have anxious and unhappy been;
In Men of Wit is Melancholy seen;
But you are ne'er in danger of the Spleen.
Not but that some of you are witty too,
And more transcendent Fops for being so:
Let wisest Men speak freely from the Heart,
The Fop in them is much the pleasam'st Part.
Blest Thoughtless Men! All others you've run down,
And now before ye carry all the Town:

Who

PROLOGUE.

*Who is so fast, so witty as a Play?
In Town so drunk, and at the Court so gay?
Who in the City grow most rich, and thrive?
In Town, who on their Wits, like Fops, can live?
Who can so soon into Preferments jump?
For whatsoever the Game is, Fop is Trump.
But above all, who have the finest Parts,
With Ladies? Who, like them, can charm their Hearts?
Our Poet yields to your most Sov'reign Sway,
And does from you alone Protection pray.
The Wits and Criticks differ, and are few;
You're one and all, nothing can alter you,
A numerous and uncorrupted Tribe,
Whom Sense can ne'er persuade, nor Wit can bribe!*



PROLOGUE,

*Written by Mr. Dursley, and spoken by
Mrs. Bracegirdle.*

SINCE Death's a Buccaneer, and th' World will Rob,
As well of Wits, as the dull common Mob;
Though not much learn'd, I have Philosophy
Enough, to teach me 'tis in vain to Cry:
Sad Thoughts then in our Author's Grave I'll bury,
And mind the Work in hand,——to make you merry;
So shall I to his Genius give just due,
And pleasure whas still strove to pleasure you:
I mean all you that can good Satyr bear,
Let th' rest look grim, make Mouths, and sweat for Fear.
We by the Hiss shall soon know who is hit,
Nor can that Noise offend the Men of Wit;
There still must be some Fools in a full Pit:

Among

PROLOGUE.

Among so many Judges met to Day,
The Bullion Sense won'd break in the Assay,
Were there not some gross Metal to alloy,
How many Squires could I this Instant shew,
Well pleas'd to see our Author's Head laid low!
I dare say, I see twenty in one Row.
Pox! cries a Glib with Native Vice endu'd,
That has just got a Genius to be loud;
An honest Rakehell can't get drunk; nor where,
Break Windows, scow'r the Wharfe, bully nor rear;
But straight a Character shall plague him for a
Rot him! I'm glad he's dead with all my Heart.
A Man may now get something by the Age,
Without being laugh'd at for't upon the Stage.
Mon Dieu! cries Miss, as right as ever I was,
These Rhyming Satyr Rogues should all be hang'd.
I live by Law, a Protestant true Blue,
All Taxes pay, and am to Church so true,
I make my Assignations in a Pen,
From Crimes like these to make an Audience laugh,
Who Vices dare explode, ——— both Kinds are safe,
For th' Poet, Mate, ——— by Proxy does to Day.
Entreat you all to guard his Orphan Play:
His sacred Boon above, we hope he'll have,
His Wit below, his Friends he hopes will save;
But none but Devils damn beyond the Grave.

Dra.

Dramatis Personæ.

Major-General Blunt, An old Cavalier Officer, somewhat rough in Speech, but very brave and honest, and of good Understanding, and a good Patriot.

Col. Hackwell, Sen. An old Anabaptist Colonel of *Cromwell's*, very stout and Godly, but somewhat Immoral.

Col. Hackwell, Jun. His Son, a gallant, well-bred, young Gentleman, who has gotten much Honour in the Reduction of *Ireland*.

Welford, A brave young Gentleman, a Volunteer, of a good Estate, who has gotten much Honour in the late Wars.

Sir Nicholas Dainty, A most fantastick, conceited Beau, of drolling, affected Speech; a very Coxcomb, but stout; a most luxurious effeminate Volunteer.

Shr Timothy Kastril, An ugly sub-Beau, as conceited as the other, but has a mortal Hatred to War, and that lives a lazy, dronish, coxcomby Life, writing *Billet-Doux*.

Nickum, Mrs. Hackwell's Stallion; a Sharper, which is a new Name for a Rogue and a Cheat.

Dingbo, Another Rogne of his Acquaintance.

Hop, A Dancing Master.

Teresia, A foolish, confident, conceited and affected young Lady, Daughter to the Major-General.

Eugenia, A very fine young Lady, the Reverse of her Sister *Teresia*.

Winifred, An ill-bred, scornful, affected Thing, a great Friend to *Teresia*, and Daughter to Mrs. Hackwell.

Clara, A Beautiful, Ingenious young Lady, a great Friend to *Eugenia*, Daughter to Col. Hackwell, by a former Wife.

Mrs. Hackwell, A most devilish imperious Wife, and the worst of Step-Mothers.

Lettice, A very honest young Maid, Servant to Mrs. Hackwell.

Prudence, Chamber-Maid to *Teresia*.

Stitchum, A Taylor.

Servants, Footmen, Fiddlers, Singers, Dancers, Constable and Guards.



T H E



THE
VOLUNTEERS:
OR, THE
STOCK-JOBBER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Terefia, Eugenia, and Hop.

H O P.



O, Ladies; 'tis enough this Morning; I must now to your Neighbour, Madam Hackwell's Daughter, Madam Winifred; she is the finest Lady! Ah, 'twou'd do a Man's Heart good to have such Scholars.

Teref. Let me die, if she be not a fine Lady indeed.

[*Hop puts on his Galashoes and takes his Cloak and Kite.*

Eug. Lord! Sister, how we differ! I take her to be the most Fantastick, Vain, Insolent, Ill-bred Foolish Creature about Town, ——— except your self.

[*Aside.*
Ter.

402 *The* VOLUNTEERS: Or,

Ter. Alas! poor ignorant thing, thou judge! the Country has stupified thee, may I perish else.

Hop. Her Mother is a fine, discreet, sober, wise Lady; but her Father-in-Law's a damn'd old Phanstick Colonel of *Cromwell's*, and will not let his own Daughter learn: ——— He says Dancing is Whorish; But, thank Heaven, his Lady wears the Breeches.

Ter. Out on him, old filthy Fellow! Dancing is the prettiest innocent Accomplishment, upon my Word, I'll say't.

Hop. Ay, Madam, You are in the right; there is not such another. I hate these damn'd Phansticks, they wou'd ruin the Nation.

Eug. You Cutters of Capers have no very good Friends of them indeed. ——— [*Aside.*] Now does this Puppy think Dancing the most considerable thing in the Nation.

Hop. Well, sweet Ladies, your Servant.

Enter Major-General Blunt.

M. G. Blunt. Good-morrow, *Hop.* What, will the Girls paze? shall we make 'em amble?

Hop. Your worship's a merry Man; Sir, I am in haste.

[*Exit Hop.*]

M. G. Blunt. Well, get thee gone about thy capering Vocation. Well said, Wenches! you are early up; bless ye both.

[*Eugen. and Teresa kneel.*]

Ter. I wish you Joy of your Birth-day.

Eug. And I, Sir; may you see many more happy ones; and live 'till you shall wish to die.

M. G. Blunt. Well said, my Girl!

Ter. I vow, I wish you may live an Hundred Years: I'll swear, I do.

M. G. Blunt. A-dod, Wench, that's not so well, thou stint'st me; 'tis somewhat of the least; ——— Well, this is my Birth-Day, and my Wedding-Day, that joyn'd me to the best of Women, rest her Soul; This Day I always celebrate with Jollity and Feasting.

Ter. Oh pray Sir, let's have Dancing, Oh Lord, I am no body without Dancing, I'll swear.

M. G.

M. G. Blunt. Oh Lord, you shall have Dancing: [Mimicking her.] But what need you affect, and draw out your Words so, like a Waiting-Woman, run over with Green-Sickness and Romance?

Ter. Are you angry with a Grace in Speech?

M. G. Blunt. Grace! A-dod, it is a Disgrace; can't you speak as you were taught? but come on, I'll do my Duty to you both: For you I have left my dear Country-Life, my sweet and fragrant Air, with plain, natural and honest Company; for Essence of Sinks and Common-Sewers, for subtle artificial Knaves, ambitious, covetous Villains, who wou'd sell their very Country for Money, or a Title added to that of Villain.

Eng. A sad Exchange for me, who love nothing like the freshness, ease and silence of the Country, to endure the Stinks, the rattling Noise, and Tumult of the Town!

Ter. Poor Thing! The Country-Life's a pretty Life for a Dairy Maid; but for a fine Lady, there's nothing like this delicious Town: And I'll say't, *Hockley in the Hole* here is sweeter than a Grove of *Jessamine* in the Country; Oh there is nothing in this World like *London*!

M. G. Blunt. For Whores, by't Lady, among the Coxcombs and the Beau's. *London*! They live not here the life of Nature; 'tis all Art and Trick; every thing is put on, and Foppery.

Ter. The Life of Nature? that's for Beasts.

M. G. Blunt. Beasts! By the Lord *Harry*, Fops are below Beasts. Who ever knew a Beast a Fop? Nature never makes one, 'tis Affectation; which never is among Beasts.

Eng. Who, that has Sense of Virtue, cou'd endure the piteous Dullness of new Plays, the Idleness of *Basset* and *Comet*, the most provoking Impertinence of how do you's, and visiting Days, with Tea-Tables?

Ter. Oh Lord! Speak against *Basset*, *Comet*, and visiting Days, and Tea-Tables! I pity thee, poor Country thing! Thank to my dear Aunt, that gave me *London* Breeding: I'll say't, 'twas a Portion, let me die else.

M. G. Blunt. Come, dear *Augusta*, thou hast Sense.

Ter.

404 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

Ter. She Sense! hi, hi, hi, hi; Country Sense.

M. G. Blunt. Yes, that she has, hi, hi, hi, hi; Country Sense is better than *London* Impudence; I cannot say thy Aunt has corrupted thee; for, by the Lord *Harry*, there must be a strong Root of Folly in thee, to grow to this.

Ter. Ay, Sir, you may say what you please.

M. G. Blunt. But come, *Teresa*, this is not my Business; I am resolv'd to do well by both of ye;—I have a pretty good Estate, and might have had a Thousand Pound a Year more, but that I must flye from the *University* forsooth, to run a Cavaliering, and so to have the Honour to be flung from one Jail into another, and be Sequestered, and Decimated, after being run, and shot through, and hack'd to some purpose for my Loyalty.

Eug. No Man ever signaliz'd his Courage and his Sufferings more than you: The Name of *Major-General Blunt* will be remember'd.

M. G. Blunt. And I got well by't, a-dod; no more of that;—I am come up to this *Smithfield*, like a Horse-Courser, to put off a brace of Fillies, in this Market of Matrimony; I am resolv'd to dispose of ye very soon, that I may go down, and live, and breath again.

Eug. Sir, I am not so fond of parting with so good a Father; 'tis time enough.

M. G. Blunt. By the Lord *Harry*, 'tis high time, Wenches; don't I know ye're full Ripe; and when ye're so, ye nothing but think and dream of Fellows, all of ye? A-dod, ye do.

Ter. O Lord, I think and dream of Fellows! hi, hi, hi, hi. I'll swear, it is the least of my Thoughts, hi, hi, hi, hi.

M. G. Blunt. I'll swear, you'ye; hi, hi, hi, hi; 'tis the greatest of your Thoughts; hi, hi, hi, hi; what a Pox! do you laugh when there is no Jest?

Ter. Smiling and laughing becomes ones Face.

M. G. Blunt. What, Laughter that's put on, and affected? it provokes to Vomit; what a Devil is this playing with a Fan, and falling back, and pulling up your Breasts,

Breasts, and thrusting out your Bumm, and tossing your Head, and distorting of your Body, and being more Antick than an Ape?

Ter. Say what you please, Sir, I can never be put out of Love with a good Mien and Air, and graceful Déportment, good Breeding, and such Things: With your Pardon, Sir, you love Rusticity; I vow, you do.

M. G. Blunt. I love Nature, and hate Affectation, I vow, I do; well, 'tis in vain to strive to cure a Fop: Here is near hand a Parallel for you; Colonel *Hackwell's* Wife's Daughter *Winifred*.

Ter. All the World says, one of the finest bred Ladies in Town, I'll say't, they do; who but Madam *Winifred*? let me die.

M. G. Blunt. And for thee, my Girl, there's his Daughter.

Eug. I never knew a young Lady of such Wit, Modesty and Discretion, in my Life; nor one whom I could wish so much to make a Friend of.

Ter. Nay, you are right now, I'll swear; hi, hi, hi, hi; a poor, ignorant, ill-bred Tit! I'll say't, she knows nothing of the Beau Mond, as Sir *Fopling* says.

M. G. Blunt. What an Author's that? A-dod, she is a provoking Jade.

Ter. An Author! for my part, a company of ill-dress'd, slovenly, coarse-bred Fellows may laugh at him; but I'll say't, 'tis the best Character of a fine accomplish'd Gentleman that e'er I saw in a Play; and Madam *Winifred*, my dear Friend, is in my Mind.

M. G. Blunt. Ounds! I have much ado to forbear kicking her; — But I'll Contain. [*Aside.*] Come, Wenches, this is nothing to my Purpose; I am resolv'd to marry you out of Hand, and will be so kind to you both to let you choose, if they be Gentlemen, and with indifferent Fortunes, and no blemish of Baseness; ye shall have 'em: Come on, Girls, deal plainly and honestly with your Father; A-dod do, hah.

Ter.

406 The VOLUNTEERS: Or,

Ter. Hi, hi, hi, hi; O Lord, Sir, do you think I love a Fellow? Hi, hi, hi, hi; I hate Fellows, I vow Sir; O Lord, I!

M. G. Blunt. Pox on her! I could wring her Neck off — what! do you hate Beau's?

Ter. Indeed the Beau's are the finest Gentlemen; I would not give a Farthing for one that is not a Beau.

M. G. Blunt. Set thy Heart at Rest; by the Lord Harry, thou shalt have a Beau.

Ter. I have one! Oh Lord, do not think so meanly of me, to imagine I am in Love; whoe'er has a mind to me, I'll make him die for me,

Eug. Name Sir *Nicholas Dainty*.

M. G. Blunt. What think you of Sir *Nicholas Dainty*? he is the top of all the Beau's and Coxcombs of the Park, and Play-House.

Ter. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! All the World says he is the finest Gentleman in *England*; the most curious Dress, the finest Air, and the gallantest Mien! let me die, all the World, every body says it; but I can't love any Fellow; alas! most of the Beau's ogle and die for me now, and I mind 'em no more than my little Dog *Venny* — [*Aside.*] Oh how happy shou'd I be in the Arms of that delicate, perfect, most accomplished, sweet Sir *Nicholas*!

M. G. Blunt. Thou hast hit her right; what a rare Match 'twould be! better one House than two troubled with them; I was his Guardian, and I know by him, there is no more turning of a Fop into a Man of Sense, than of an Owl into a Nightingale. — He has a good Estate, *Teresa*: But pray let me see, Dad he is going a Volunteer this Campaign.

Ter. Oh Heaven and Earth! a Volunteer! I die, I die.

[*She Faints.*]

M. G. Blunt. How now, how now! what's the Matter?

Eug. Why Sister, what ail'st thou?

Ter. Oh Lord! A Volunteer! [*Aside.*] — Nothing but Wind upon my Stomach, with staying so long for my Breakfast. — I'll retire, Sir — Oh Lord, Oh Lord,

Oh

Oh Lord, a Volunteer! I cannot out-live it.

M. G. Blunt. Step in with her, and return instantly;
[*Exc. Teresa, Eugenia*] What Prodigy is this? Was ever
Creature so different from Father, and Mother, and
Sister? by the Lord *Harry*, I shall begin to believe the
old Tales of Fairies changing Children in the Cradles;
by'r Lady, they have sent me a damn'd Fantastick Fai-
ry:—Come, my *Eugenia*, thou art the Darling of
my Heart, the Image of thy dead Mother.

Enter Eugenia.

Eug. I should be happy to deserve the Favour, and
that Character.

M. G. Blunt. Come, come, out upon Compliment!
A-dod, thou dost; come on, be plain and honest; no
trifling; tell me what Gentleman dost thou like best of
all thou hast seen at *London*?

Eug. I know you too well to dissemble with you, or
conceal any Thing from you, which you require me to
let you know; Young Colonel *Hackwell* our Neighbour,
the old Colonel's Son, is the most agreeable Person of a
Man, the best bred, and of the best Sense I have seen:
And I observe all Men of good Reputation give him
an excellent Character.

M. G. Blunt. Faith, Wench, let me kiss thee for that:
He is the prettiest young Fellow in *England*, an under-
standing wise young Fellow, has as much Wit as any Man,
well tempered, of great Honour, in great Favour with
the King; he has done Wonders in the War of *Ireland*;
he has gotten much Reputation, but no black Cattle;
and a-dod, Girl, he is as brave a Fellow as my self; there
is as much difference between thy Choice and hers, as
between an Eagle and a Jay.

Eug. But, Sir, all this is not to the Point; for he
cannot be thought of for a Husband by you: For his
Father, by the Indignation of his second Wife, has turn-
ed him off, and is resolved to disinherit him.

M. G. Blunt. That ever that old Blockheaded Round-
head shou'd fight for Liberty! and I'll tell thee, Wench,
I shall ne'er forget him; we have had Rubbers, and a-dod
he

he is a plaguy Fellow. I have had his damn'd long Tuck in my Body; and this Fellow, to sneak to a confounded, silly, fantastick, ugly, old, second Wife; the most termagant Jade in *Christendom*! But my poor *Eugenia*, if his Son had no Fortune, he'd hew himself out one with his Sword, under so brave and magnanimous a King: If not for thy Sake, I'd give him one, to make thee happy; but Fifteen Hundred Pound a Year is intailed upon him.

Eug. I can scarce forbear to worship so good a Father: And on my Knees, I humbly thank you for your kind Intention: Pray think it not immodest, if I ingeniously confess I love this Man more than Liberty or Light, or all that this World holds dear, or valuable: I could with him waste all my Life in Wants, in Rags, and in a Desert.

M. G. Blunt. By the Lord *Harry*, a brave Wench; blush not, 'tis no Shame to love a gallant Fellow; 'tis natural to love, and 'tis a Disease not to be subject to it. But let me see, there is something to be considered; will he love ye, hah, adod, hah?

Eug. Be pleased to peruse those Billets; I would have been lost for ever, e'er I would have proceeded farther without your Leave; in these you'll find him Honourable, Sir.

M. G. Blunt. Ha! Let me see, — *Your Excellent Beauty, Incomparable Wit and Virtue, — Passion, — Transport, — Honour, — Right;* adod, thus it was when I was a young Fellow: ah Wench, I shall never forget what I was; ah, well, I say no more: Let me see: *To begin at your Father, wou'd look like Imposition; yet without his Consent I must resolve to be miserable: —* By my Honour, a pretty young Fellow! — *This way of proceeding shews I have most Honour for the Daughter, the other would express more for the Father.*

Eug. You have lighted upon the first; I have answer'd none, nor ever would, without your Consent.

Enter Col. Hackwell jun. and Mr. Welford.

M. G. Blunt. Cods my Life! see who's here? The very Man.

Eug.

Eng. Give me my Billet, Sir.

[She snatches the Paper, and runs out.]

Hack. Jun. Fair Lady, do you fly for the same?

M. G. Blunt. These cunning young Wenchers we' not be seen undrest, 'till it be too late to mislike 'em.

Hack. Jun. I come to wait on you, my noble Major-General, to give you Joy of your Birth-day; and I wish you all the Happiness Mankind is capable of.

M. G. Blunt. Thank ye heartily, young Fellow.

Hack. Jun. Sir, this Friend of mine, who is a Man of Honour, and I dare say, you'll think worthy of your Acquaintance, desires the Honour of it; 'tis Mr. *Welford*.

M. G. Blunt. The brave Volunteer! who has not heard your Name? Y'are welcome; I am your Servant.

Welf. If any Thing could make me proud, it would be Praise from so brave a Soldier, and so great a Patriot.

M. G. Blunt. Praise! A Gentleman who maintains Twenty well-appointed Horsemen at his own Charge, and serves a private Man amongst 'em, deserves Praise from every brave Fellow, and true *English-Man*; you must dine with me to-day, both of ye: A-dod, I love brave young Fellows, the Noise of War fires my old Blood; methinks I long to be amongst you.

Hack. Jun. You have shewn such Gallantry, as we can but faintly copy after.

M. G. Blunt. Well, I have seen Actions in my Time, and have swing'd and been swing'd, by my hilts, I have: I have been shot and run thorough, and cut in the Head and Face, for a Cause not half so great as this: These Knocks give me such Remembrance, that my old Carcase will not suffice my Mind; ——— It wo' not be.

Hack. Jun. The Thought would perplex a Man, to find that a Cottage upon a Common may be sustained from Age to Age; and these poor frail Tenements must drop, for all the Reparations we can make.

Welf. Gallant old Soldiers have nothing to do, but to be as easie as they can, and live and enjoy the Fame they nobly won.

410 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

M. G. Blunt. A-dod, it is a kind of Chewing the Gud upon Honour; 'Faith, young Fellows, if this Carcass wou'd serve my Mind, I'd not be the hindmost, by the Lord Harry. War was another Thing in my Time, we fought and push'd it on, as troth you did well in Ireland; Now your *French Trick* is to lie secured in Passes, and not fight.

Hack. Jun. But delay, like a Chancery Suit, to undo the Plaintiff's Pursestrings.

M. G. Blunt. 'Tis not Shot-Bags, but Money-Bags that do Grand-Lewis his Business. But come on, young Fellow, how stand Matters between your Father and you?

Hack. Jun. In a most forlorn Condition.

Welf. Dear Tom, I'll go to him about that Business, and meet as I appointed.

Hack. Jun. You'll find it in vain; there is no Creature so obstinate as a godly Man.

M. G. Blunt. Sir, your Servant; fail not at Two, at Dinner.

Welf. Sir, your most humble Servant; I will not.

[Exit *Welf.*

Hack. Jun. That's as brave a Gentleman as e'er drew Sword; I have seen him, in Clouds of Smoak, and Showers of Bullets, as fearless as if he were invulnerable; He refuses all Command, and takes all the Duty and Fatigue of a Centinel upon him; and spends a thousand Pounds a Year among Sick and wounded Soldiers, and fares plainly himself.

M. G. Blunt. He has the Spirit of *Cato*, brave *Cato*; *Monstrat tolerare labores, Non subet*: such a Volunteer ought to be honour'd. Now a Company of fluttering Fops think of nothing but living well in a Camp. A-dod, one Dragoon's worth 40 such.

Hack. Jun. To say the Truth, instead of Hardship, Toil, Abstinence, we have introduced in Camps, Softness, Effeminacy and Luxury, and such Extravagance in Cloaths and Equipage. —

M. G. Blunt. A damn'd *French* Invention, to undo Men,

The STOCK-JOBBER. 411

Men, and make them absolutely depend like Slaves, as the *Fanizaries* did once upon the *Turks*. But look thee, to our Business. Your Father dines with me to-day. I know he has turn'd you out of Doors; and, in the first Place, no Compliments; but it shall be a mortal Quarrel between us, if you send not your Goods and Servants hither, and make my House your own.

Hack. Jun. Sir, You ———

M. G. Blunt. Look you, young Fellow, answer me not, but with your Leg; but do what I say; A-dod, I will have it so.

Hack. Jun. He's always in Earnest.

Aside. Oh, most surprizing Joy, to be in the House with my Mistress! I'll shortly reveal my Love to him.

M. G. Blunt. That Mother-in-Law of thine is a confounded Jade, and, I believe, given to stumble much; there is an odd Fellow keeps her Company.

Hack. Jun. She calls him Cousin; his Name is *Nickum*.

M. G. Blunt. Ay, *Nickum*! what is that Fellow *Nickum*?

Hack. Jun. He was a notorious Sharper, and now he swells his Pocket for him.

M. G. Blunt. Sharper! A Pox on that new Name! The old ones, Rogue and Cheat, are better; Dod, I hate mincing. So Miss is a pretty new Name; Miss with a pox! Is not the old one, Whore, better? Miss, with the Devil's Name! Whore, I say. There is a Sister-in-Law for thee; a damn'd, affected, foolish Jade! they say the young Fellows call her scornful Lady.

Hack. Jun. Insolent enough of all Conscience, and affected to Nauseousness.

M. G. Blunt. Dod, thou wilt live to see her take up with a Groom, or some pitiful Fellow.

Hack. Jun. Truly she is somewhat liable.

M. G. Blunt. But thy own Sister is the very Reverse of her; but come, let's into my Dressing-Room and consult about Matters, and then we'll walk in the Park.

Hack. Jun. 'Tis delicate Weather; every Body will be there.

[*Ex. M. G. Blunt and Hack. Jun.*]

412 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

SCENE II. *Col. Hackwell's House.*

Enter Winifred and Hop.

Hop. **N**OW, sweet Madam *Winifred*, this Room is private, no more Dancing; Oh Love, divine Love!

Win. Get you gone, you naughty Man; sure, you used Witchcraft. I, that have scorn'd all the young Fellows in the Town, and us'd 'em like Dogs, to be caught with you! *[She passes him on the Face.]*

Hop. Indeed, Madam *Winifred*, 'tis your great Goodness, and no Desert of mine.

Win. Ah, that dear Kit, and play'd upon by those Fingers, 'twas that won upon me first, let me die; Oh you make the finest Musick of that pretty Kit.

Hop. Hift, hift, some body comes? — fa, la, la, la; Coupee; fa, la, la; round freight.

Enter Prudence.

Pru. Madam *Teresa* desires your Ladyship wou'd favour her with your Company to St. James's Park this Forenoon.

Win. Go, tell my Dear, I'll not fail; — She is the finest Lady in the Universe, I'll vow. *[Ex. Prudence.]*

Hop. Not when Madam *Winifred* is by —

Enter Clara unseen and unheard.

Let me kiss those dear, pretty, dear Hands.

Win. Go, go, go you gone; let me dye, you have the charming'st Way with you.

Clar. Is this learning to dance! very pretty! is all her haughty Insolence and Scorn come to this?

Hop. Dear sweet Lady of my Life, when shall our two half broad-Pieces meet? I have a Minister ready at an Hour's Time to join 'em; this Day we shall all be merry at Major-General *Blunt's*, we may easily drop out —

Hah! who's here? — Madam, pray mind; fa, la, la, la; Lord, you are careless.

Clar. What Reason is there this Fellow shou'd not be hamstring'd?

The STOCK-JOBBER. 413

hamstring'd? but I'll take no Notice, her Sense and Breeding is fit for none but a Cut-Caper.

Hop. Nay, whither do you turn? why don't you mind me?

Clar. Methinks, Mr. *Hop*, she does mind you; and is much improved by your Instructions.

Win. Well, what's that to you what I am? What, did you come to listen? must I have such a one as you to be a Spie upon me, Mrs. *Malapert*?

Clar. Breeding's a good Thing, Sister; a very good Thing!

Win. Breeding! Thou talkest of Breeding! why, thou canst not walk a Corant, poor thing! — You Breeding, and never learnt to dance!

Hop. Breeding without Dancing! [Exit *Hop*.]

Clar. Breeding is in the Head, not in the Foot, Sister.

Win. Come, come, Mistress; I'll not be ased thus. I, that have been proffered all the best and finest Gentlemen about the Town, who die for me; and to be suspected for my Dancing-Master!

Clar. The Innocent ne'er fear Suspicion.

Win. That is as much as to say, I am not innocent; you are, I know what you are; marry come up, I'll not endure it.

Clar. You make me smile.

Enter Mrs. Hackwell.

Mrs. Hack. How now! what's the Matter?

Win. Am I born to be abused by that Family! Here's Mrs. *Pers* must listen and watch, and be a Spie upon me, as if she suspected my being alone with a Dancing-Master.

Mrs. Hack. Huswife! how dare you treat my Daughter thus? 'tis sawcy in you; shall I be perpetually affronted by your paltry Brood? I have gotten rid of one, and the other shall out suddenly: must we have Spies upon us, forsooth? marry come up, Minx!

Clar. Ill Words shall not make me forget my Duty to my Father's Wife.

414 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

Mrs. Hack. Your Father's Wife, Impudence! what is that Father's Wife of Kin to you?

Clar. My true Stepmother.

Mrs. Hack. Stepmother! Hey day! there's a Name! I shall have fine Titles by and by: *Mrs. Spie*, I'll spoil your Office.

Clar. I scorn the Office; but, Madam, the Innocent fear no Spies.

Mrs. Hack. Oh most audacious! tell me of the Innocent!

Win. Have I scorn'd all the Fellows of the Town, that have ogled me and written Billets!—

Mrs. Hack. Ay, ay, and those that die for her now; tho' I must confess it is a Fault.

Win. Don't I hate all the filthy Fellows?

Mrs. Hack. And use 'em with all the Contempt imaginable?

Win. To be watched, when I am alone with a Dancing-Master!

Mrs. Hack. Ay, ay, to be watch'd with a Dancing-Master! he, poor Fellow!

Win. Nay, not such a poor Fellow neither; the Man's a pretty Man, a very pretty Man; but for my Virtue, my Honour, to be questioned!

Mrs. Hack. If my Cousin *Nickum* comes to see me, we must be watch'd, and you must pop in and out, forsooth; ——— and he is as fine a Gentleman as the Sun shines upon.

Clar. Oh my deluded Father, to be abused by a Rascal, Cheat and Rook!

Mrs. Hack. Come on, Hufwife; I'll not endure this under my Roof.

Clar. How Innocence can smile at Accusation!

Enter Col. Hackwell, senior.

Hack. sen. Who has offended thee, my dear Lamb?

Mrs. Hack. One that always will; am I and mine born to be affronted perpetually by your Brood here?

Hack. sen. I am sorry, dear Lamb; but what's the Matter?

Mrs. Hack.

The STOCK-JOBBER. 415

Mrs. Hack. Good lack! what's the Matter? As if I cou'd not tell when I was Affronted; but you must judge!

Win. As if we did not know, when we were Abus'd, huh!

Hack. Sen. Look thee, I profess, Lamb, I am sore afflicted at these things; but we are one Flesh, and thou art dearer to me than all the World, I will cleave unto thee.

Mrs. Hack. Cleave, quoth he! She listens and watches, when my Daughter's alone with her Dancing-Master; as if she wou'd be naught with him. Must my Daughter be suspected? Nay, she has the Impudence if any Gentleman (as my Cousin *Nickum*, or so) comes to wait upon me, to spy and listen; must my Virtue, my known Virtue be once in Suspicion?

Hack. Sen. Look thee, Lamb, I beseech thee, weep not; dear Lamb; verily, none can be so wicked to suspect such known Virtue;—— I profess, *Clara*, I am Incens'd against thee, yea, greatly Incens'd.

Clar. I have been used to bear, and for your Sake I can do it.

Mrs. Hack. Most Audacious! She smiles and laughs at us.

Clar. Let Guilt look dejected, Innocence will smile.

Mrs. Hack. In short, I am resolv'd not to be under the Roof with her; your wicked Son and she have made me weary of my Life.

Hack. Sen. Verily, thou art unto me, my Lamb, as the Apple of mine Eye; and in truth, *Clara*, I am greatly moved in Spirit, and I am resolved, for the quiet of thy good Mother, to dispose of thee; but first I'll seek the Lord upon it.

Mrs. Hack. Tell me of seeking! seek me no body, but do it.

Enter Mr. Welford.

Clar. I have born this Tyranny long enough: Think Heaven, I have a Fortune of my own; and will take care to dispose of my self.

[Exit Clara.]

S 4

Welf.

416 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

Welf. Heaven grant it were to me; by the World, she is an Angel; I never saw killing Beauty, till this Instant.

Win. What Fellow's that? But I must go to my dear, and walk with her in the Park: She sent to me.

[Exit Win.]

Welf. Is this my Friend's Sister? hah, I had forgotten.

Hack. Sen. Who are you, Sir? have you ought with me?

Welf. I have, if you be Colonel Hackwell, somewhat which concerns you.

Hack. Sen. Men are wont to call me so; Is it about the Linnen Manufacture?

Welf. Ha! this Godly old Fellow is of the Vocation of Stock-jobbing. [Aside] — No, it is not.

Mrs. Hack. The Glass?

Welf. No.

Hack. Sen. The Copper?

Welf. No.

Hack. Sen. The Tinn?

Welf. No.

Mrs. Hack. The Divers?

Welf. No.

Hack. Sen. Oh, the Paper!

Welf. None of these.

Mrs. Hack. It must be the Dippers; who will make Sarcenet keep out Rain like Drap de Berry.

Welf. None of all these; nor no Wager about retaking of Mons. Philipsburgh, Montmelian; Nor invading of France by the first of August; none of all these; but some private Business, wherein I desire your Ear alone.

Mrs. Hack. What, would you part Man and Wife?

Welf. No; if I had that dispensing Power, I would mend all the High-ways in England; Repair the Old, and Erect New Bridges every where; and build Churches Innumerable.

Hack. Sen. And Hospitals?

Welf. Not one; that's your City Custom; to cheat all their live's time, and give away what they have gotten from the Right Owners, to the founding or increasing of

of an Hospital; besides, I like not the Charity of making half a score Knaves live Luxuriously, and the Poor, who shou'd be Reliev'd, to live miserably under them. But to my Business, which is not so fit for your Ear, Madam.

Mrs. Hack. I hope it is not Obscene, Sir?

Hack. Sen. I profess, that is not fit for my Ears, then; but look ye, Sir, my Lamb and I are one Flesh,

Mrs. Hack. Do you think there is a Secret of Mr. *Hackwell's* that is not mine?

Hack. Sen. Not one, verily.

Welf. Sure this Fellow cou'd never be my Friend's Father; pray Heaven, his Mother was honest.

Enter Nickum.

Mrs. Hack. Welcome, dear Cousin Nickum;

Hack. Sen. Good Morning, Cousin.

Nick. Your most humble Servant.

Mrs. Hack. Well, Sir, No Whispering; I must and will hear all my Husband's Business.

Welf. Oh Breeding and Modesty, whither are you flown! Well then, I may plead my Cause in the Face of open Day, and in the greatest Assembly. Sir, you have a Son: _____

Hack. Sen. I have; what then? 'wou'd he had Grace.

Welf. I don't know what you call Grace; but he has as much Virtue and Honour, as any Gentleman living.

Hack. Sen. Virtue and Honour will bring him but to Hell.

Mrs. Hack. He Virtue and Honour!

Welf. Yes, Madam; the World knows it, loudly speaks of it; for my Part, I think it my greatest Honour to be call'd his Friend.

Hack. Sen. But what's all this to me?

Welf. 'Tis to your Honour; he is greatly favour'd by the King, extremely beloved by the People, much esteem'd by the Generals, adored by the Soldiers, and has won immortal Honour in the Reduction of Ireland; he never speaks of you without Love and Reverence, and wou'd

418 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

give all the World to be in your Favour; no Parent yet e're had a Son of greater Piety, and you to turn him off!

Hack. Sen. I profess to you, I do not think it fit for one, who has liv'd 68 Years, to take Advice of one without a Beard.

— *Mrs. Hack.* What have you to do with us? 'pray, sweet Sir, go your ways, and meddle with your own Matters.

Welf. I have been told you were Stout, and behav'd your self bravely in the Civil-War.

Hack. Sen. Indeed, I must confess, I was not wont to fly before the face of an Enemy, in that Day.

Welf. Methinks this should make you love and cherish a brave Fellow that sprung from you; besides, what will Mankind say of you, for using him so ill, whom they like so well?

Hack. Sen. The Righteous fear nor the Censures of the Wicked; he has been disobedient and disrespectful to my dear Lamb.

Welf. [*aside.*] Lamb, with a pox! why does not he call her Ewe? [*To him.*] He is too much a well-bred Man; and a Man of Honour, to be guilty of that.

Mrs. Hack. Sir, I cannot but wonder at your Impudence; out of my Doors! he is a scurvy, scandalous Fellow.

Welf. Death, Madam! I wou'd not hear a Man say so.

Nick. What if you shou'd, Sir?

Welf. Why, I wou'd pull him by the Nose; if you please, I will shew you how.

Nick. Do you know who I am?

Welf. You are now a Fellow with a whole Face; but if you dare speak one ill word of my Friend, you shall be a Fellow with a slash'd Face.

Nick. & Hack. Sen. Dare, Sir?

Mrs. Hack. So! very fine! he must send his Hectors to affront us, and our Friends. Avaunt, get thee out of my Doors, Bully.

Nick. Dare! — Let me go, Hits and Blades!

Hack. Sen. What is your Name?

Welf.

Welf. My Name is *Welford*.

Nick. Hah! what a Devil! the Volunteer that's so talked of! Ounds, he'll whip me through in the twinkling of an Eye; I will retire. *[He sneaks out.]*

Hack. Sen. Look you, Mr. *Welford*, put me not to use the Carnal Weapon in my Defence, but leave me.

Welf. Mistake me not, Sir; I come to you with all the Respect imaginable; and I am sorry I have offended—— your humble Servant. *[Exit Welford.]*

Mrs. Hack. Rude Fellow! impudent Hector! do you see, my Duck, what a Bully he has sent to you? 'twas a Mercy my Cousin was here; He might have assassinated you. Your wicked Son is grown to the height of Impiety; I am afraid of thy dear Life, poor Duckling.

Hack. Sen. Ah, my poor Lamb, thou art a dear sweet Creature.

Enter Nickum.

Nick. Is the Rogue, the Scoundrel gone?

Mrs. Hack. Indeed, Duckling, we are mightily obliged to my Cousin *Nickum*.

Nick. This Rascal put me into such a Passion, I was afraid I must have kill'd him before your Faces, and that had been Uncivil: This made me Retire.

Hack. Sen. I do not know whether this Man be stout or no; but, I remember, in the War we always used to beat these Blasters most exceedingly.

Nick. But I'll reckon with the Bully another time.

Hack. Sen. Hold, Cousin, desist from that Resolution; for I say unto you, and verily I speak it in Knowledge, that all Manslaying, unless it be Defensive, or for the Faith, is unlawful.

Enter Lettice.

Lett. Sir, Here are a great many wait in the Parlour, to speak with you about the Manufacture.

Hack. Sen. I go,——Good-morrow, Lamb.

[Ex. Hack. Sen. and Lettice.]

Mrs. Hack. Now we shall enjoy our selves without Interruption;——My dear Pigsnay, let us triumph; I have gain'd an absolute Victory; the next thing is to make him
scold.

420 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

settle his Estate (that is not entailed) as I please, or no Quiet, no Sleep shall be known to him; and I warrant thee, Dear, I'll do't. A Woman, if she has Wit and Industry, and will watch his blind Sides, and attack 'em, never fails of her Ends upon her Husband.

Every since Grandame Eve, I dare maintain,

A Husband with his Wife contends in vain;

For she at length her Point will always gain. }

Nich. Gallants, take warning by me: how shall I be persecuted!

Fly an Intrigue with any old Man's Wife;

For, trust me, 'tis a sad laborious Life. [Ex.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Nicholas Dainty, and Sir Timothy Kastril, with Foot-men behind them.

Sir Nich. **S**IR Timothy Kastril! I kiss your Hands.

Sir Tim. Sir Nicholas Dainty! I am your most humble Servant.

Sir Nich. 'Tis a fine fresh Morning; we shall have all the Beauties here to be Frost-nipt.

Sir Tim. Cods my Life, I am come out without my Billets Doux! What a Devil shall I do! I shan't be able to talk with a Beaux all Day: Here, Sirrah, *Jack*, go to the Block-head my Vales de Chambre, and ask him why he was such a Son of a Whore, to let me come out without my Billets Doux; go and fetch them, run all the way.

Sir Nich. O fie, Come abroad without your Billets! I don't look upon my self as dress'd, 'till I have put them up. But the Ladies do so persecute me, that damn me, if I be not weary of the Fatigue of answering them. I think I must keep

keep a Secretary; I keep Grisons. Fellows out of Liv-
ry, privately, for nothing but to carry Answers.

Sir Tim. [*Aside.*] What wou'd he say, if he had my
Trouble! for, I'gad, I write abundance of mine, and an-
swer 'em too my self; for a Man must not be out-done in
Billets, by any Brother Beaux; Hah! I have found 'em,
they are in my little Pocket.

Sir Nich. See what a Parcel I have received this Morn-
ing! It cost me three Hours answering of 'em; for you
know a Man must write handsomely, and like a Gentle-
man.

Sir Tim. Thank Heaven, I have as pretty a knack with
my Pen as another.

Sir Nich. Hear this, ——— [*Reads.*] *If you know how I*
languish for want of your Conversation, you wou'd be so kind
as to afford it me this Afternoon, at Three a Clock, when all
our People will be abroad, and I keep my Bed on purpose. —
Yours sincerely. [*He speaks.*] This is from a Countess.

Sir Tim. And do you go, Sir Nicky?

Sir Nich. Dam me, not I: I sent an Excuse. I am not
in love with any Ladies; I only desire they may fall in
Love with me, that's all: And 'tis hard for 'em to 'scape
my Dress, and a certain languishing way I have of Og-
ling thus — hah!

Sir Tim. Very well, the Devil take me! — Gad, I
must learn that Look.

Sir Nich. Look you, thus.

Sir Tim. Ay, thus, thus; is that pretty well?

Sir Nich. You must come to my Chamber, and practise
a Mornings at my Glass — [*Aside.*] But 'twill never do
well with his Complexion; he is but a very Olive-colour-
ed Beaux.

Sir Tim. I'll do't, but pray hear one of my Billets.
'Tis from Mrs. Winifred.

Sir Nich. Who, the scornful Lady, that despises Fel-
lows, as she calls us?

Sir Tim. The same, let me perish else; she is desperately
in Love with me; I thought indeed there was some-
what

411 The VOLUNTEERS: Or,

what in it, she gives me such familiar Names, when I address to her.

Sir Nich. Yes, Puppy, and Fool, and Impudence, are familiar Names: Let me die.

Sir Tim. Ay, so they are: but see what she says.

Sir Nich. *No Man has so great a share in my Heart, as Sir Timothy Kastril, and I'll give you leave to improve it:* She ends well.

Sir Tim. Hah! Is it not very well? hah!

Sir Nich. Poor Sir Timothy! the Wits will play the Rogue with him, and counterfeit Letters from all the Beauties, and he believes every thing; Lord, that Men shou'd be so Conceited! but see, here's a Billet from a Beauty indeed.

I was so much surpris'd at the News of your going a Volunteer, that I swooned, and thought I shou'd never recover it: And if you continue that Resolution, you will mast certainly break the Hearts of, Your Admirer.

Sir Tim. Now you shall see one of mine.

Sir Nich. Here's another.

Sir Tim. Hold, here's a very pretty one.

Sir Nich. Let me see, here's one from the finest Lady in the Town. [*Ladies in Masques, crossing the Stage.*] Hold, the Ladies come; some, by my Appointment.

Sir Tim. I appointed some.

Sir Nich. How does my Complexion look? I am afraid I have been cheated of my cold Cream of late.

Sir Tim. Exceeding well! how does mine?

Sir Nich. I believe you are not well to-day: you do not look well.

Sir Tim. I am not well indeed, but I am sure I look well. [*Aside.*] Sir Nicholas is a pretty Gentleman, but he is so Conceited, and will allow no Man to look well but himself.——The Ladies again! [*Ladies pass over again.*]

Sir Nich. They are nimble-footed, and expect a Chase.

Sir Tim. Let's run and board 'em.

Sir Nich. I cannot run, it does so disorder ones Perriwig, and Cravat-string; but I'll be up with you.

[*Sir Tim. runs, and Sir Nich. shuffles after him.*]

Enter

The STOCK-JOBBER. 425

Enter Colonel Hackwell Jun. and Welford, as Sir Nicholas and Sir Tim. are going off.

Hack. Jun. Do you see who are yonder in pursuit of the Vizors? my Volunteer, and a Bacon-fac'd Beaux with him.

Welf. I can think of nothing but thy dear, sweet, incomparable Sister.

Hack. Jun. You do her a great deal of Honour, and I can think no Alliance so happy as yours; though you are mine already by a stronger Tye, by that of Friendship.

Welf. My Friendship to you nothing can increase or lessen: but oh your Sister's Eyes! no Dart e'er flew so quick, or wounded yet so fatally: I feel 'em here.

Hack. Jun. There is no danger of that Wound; my Life for yours. I'll mould her to your Wish.

Welf. Such another Word wou'd make me worship thee: I have safely gaz'd and star'd on other Beauties of the Town, but the first view of her, like Lightning, struck me; were I not engag'd in honour this Campaign, I wou'd stay, and live and die beneath her Feet.

Hack. Jun. I with my Mistress wou'd desire to get a little higher; but I'll tell thee, on a Friend's Faith take it, I am not such a Fop, to say, tho' I say't, that shou'd not; (for I did not make my Sister) she has all the Wit, Modesty, Discretion, good Nature, and sweet Temper, which a Woman can be capable of; and her Beauty is the least valuable of any Quality she has.

Welf. Her Beauty is beyond all other Ladies; you see but with a Brother's Eye, I with a Lover's; but thou describest an Angel. I know she might be all that's Excellent.

Hack. Jun. Now, Friend, thou'lt pity me, who am in Love even to desperation: I have told thee I have written to her several times without an Answer, and if I meet her here or any where, I can find no Return, but cold indifferent Civility. Oh Friend! she has all the Excellencies that Heaven e'er gave, or Mortal cou'd receive.

Welf. My Dear Friend, if she be what thou describest, she must, she cannot but love so brave a Fellow; now, my dear Tom, our Conditions as well as Tempers suit, to let us taste to one another.

Hack. Jun.

424 *The* VOLUNTEERS: Or,

Hack, Jun. Which Tye, no Time, Misfortunes, or Accident but Death can break. I wonder my fair one is not here: Among ten Thousand I can ne'er mistake her, she kills at a distance. My Sister will certainly be with her; they are the dearest Friends in the World, and always together when they can.

Welf. Something, methinks, within me, foretells I shall be happy.

Hack, Jun. Doubt it not; thou art brave and virtuous, and deserv'st all thou canst aim at.

Enter Major-General Blunt.

M. G. Blunt. So, so, go on; a-dod, I love to see two Gallant Fellows embracing, 'tis hearty and in Earnest; but, by the Lord *Harry*, a Coward cannot be a Friend.

Hack, Jun. We need no greater Honour, than your good Opinion.

M. G. Blunt. Pr'ythee, no Compliments; but do you know, young Fellow, that your Sister is even now turn'd out of Doors, by thy most confounded Mother-in-Law, and is fled to me for Protection; and she has chosen me for her Guardian.

Hack, Jun. Had I the 'Treasure of the *Indies*, I wou'd trust them all with you; and I will say, she is a Treasure.

M. G. Blunt. A-dod, she is the fairest and best of all her Sex, and I will take more care of her than of a Daughter.

Welf. You are a Man of Honour, Sir, and 'tis fit I let you know, I am most infinitely in love with her.

M. G. Blunt. By my Troth, I think thou art in the right on't; 'twill be an Excellent Match: I'll advance it all I can.

Welf. I die for her.

M. G. Blunt. If I were a young Fellow, I wou'd not die for her, but I wou'd live for her; a-dod, I wou'd. I tell thee, that I never knew a Valiant Fellow, but he was Amorous and Compassionate; nor a Coward, but he was Cruel and Lustful.

Hack, Jun. Your Observations are always just.

M. G. Blunt.

M. G. Blunt. But come on, young Springall; hast thou ne'er a Mistress? speak; a-dod, thou art in love too, hah! A-dod, thou art.

Hack. Jun. I am not Considerable enough.

M. G. Blunt. Pish! pok, thou talkest like a Gentleman-Usher, with White Gloves, Pearl-colour'd silk Stockings, and a Nose-gay; I am not considerable enough! by the Lord Harry, thou knowest thy Worth better.

Hack. Jun. When I have Thought fit for Discovery, you shall be Master of it.

M. G. Blunt. Come, come, a-dod, thou must have a Mistress; and I warrant, if one knew all, thou hast a pretty way of inditing a Billet.

Hack. Jun. [*Aside.*] Death! has he discover'd ought? this is a nice Point; If I prevaricate with him, he'll think me a dissembling Knave, and hate me.

M. G. Blunt. I see it startles him: [*Aside.*] — Blush not, my brave Stripling, to be in Love; 'tis a Manly Passion, and none but Beasts or beastly Fellows are without it.

Welf. By Heaven, spoken like an Oracle!

M. G. Blunt. I warrant, this young Fellow knows all; but none of you will trust us Old Fellows with such Secrets.

Enter Teresa, Winifred, Sir Nicholas and Sir Timothy.

But who are coming this way? Upon my life, two brace of such Fops, as I'll be your Bond-slave if the whole Mall affords the like, and a Daughter of mine is one of 'em. Let us step Aside.

Welf. 'Tis the featest finical Fellow, I ever saw!

M. G. Blunt. A-dod, he is a Thing, and not a Man; methinks we shou'd not call him He, but It.

Ter. [*to Sir Nick.*] Does your cruel Resolution hold, to go to the War! O Lord; what shou'd you do there! Let me die, so fine a Person shou'd not be ventur'd.

Sir Nick. Do you hear, Sir Timothy! —

[*Kicks Sir Timothy on the Shins; he rubs 'em.*]
Honour, Madam, Honour must be obey'd.

Ter. And gentle Love be laid aside? You will break many Ladies Hearts.

Sir Nick.

426 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

Sir Nich. No, no, Madam; I, alas, alas, I'm but an ordinary Fellow: but I cannot help it.

Ter. Oh cruel Man, can you leave me?

[*Sir Nich. kicks Sir Tim. on the Shins.*

Sir Tim. Ounds! he has broke my Shins.

Ter. One that loves you more than Life; let me die, I never said so much before: Lord, how I blush!

Sir Nich. Me! no, no, Madam; you Raily well, may I perish.

Win. Let me die, if you talk and walk with Fellows thus, I'll say't, I must leave you; oh Lord! what will become of my Reputation? What an Impertinent Puppy you are! I wou'd not be observ'd to talk with such a Fellow.

Sir Tim. I'll wait on you in private, sweet Madam.

Win. I'll have you kick'd out of Doors in publick then, stinking Fellow! 'Tis fine indeed, such a Fellow as you pretend to me!

Sir Tim. Ha! what have I done? — [Aside.] Did not you receive an Answer to your Billet, Madam?

Win. Oh Lord, what means the Ass?

Sir Tim. Oh, Madam, I understand you; I'll take no notice before Company; let me kiss your sweet Hand.

[*She gives him a Slap on the Cheek.*

Win. Begone, you sawcy Oase; these Fellows grow Impudent, if you don't keep them under: but come, my Dear, or I'll leave you here; oh Lord, I talk with Fellows!

Sir Tim. Ah, 'tis a dissembling Toad; I see now she loves me.

Ter. Adieu; we must see you at Dinner.

Sir Nich. Ay, Madam. [Aside.] I'll drop this Billet, [*He drops a Billet out of his Handkerchief. Teresa takes it up.*

Ter. What has he dropt? — Let me see — let me die, 'tis a Billet Doux! oh I could tear her Heart out that writ it.

Win. Come, come. — What ugly awkward Fellows are these, to my dear Heart, my sweet Mr. Hop!

[*Ex. Teresa and Winifred.*

Sir Nich.,

Sir Nich. You have kissed your Mistress's Hands, by way of a Slap of the Chops.

Sir Tim. 'Twas welcome; I know the Rogue loves me.

Sir Nich. Oh dear Friend, thou mistakest; I love this Lady best of any, but thou shouldst never let a Lady believe thou lovest her, but love and admire thy self; Dam me, that's the only way; they'll be stark mad for thee then.

Sir Tim. Ha, I'll consider on't, ha! I admire my self more than any Man.

Sir Nich. Oh, here is my Guardian that was, and my Colonel that is to be—My noble Guardian, good morning, and joy of your Birth-day: Sir, I kiss your Hands.

M. G. Blunt. Thank ye, my noble Pupil; you are the Flower of Civility, I'll swear.

[Mimicks Sir Nich. Speech and Motion.

Sir Tim. Sir, your most obedient Servant.

M. G. Blunt. How dost thou do, Knight? You and your Friend dine with me to-day.

Sir Nich. The General tells me, I shall have the honour to Charge under you; and says you will shew me Play.

Hack. Jun. The General does me honour, but he shall always find I will be in Earnest.

Sir Nich. This, Sir, is that noble Person, I suppose, who is a Brother Volunteer.

Hack. Jun. It is, Sir.

Sir Nich. I have been twice at your Lodging, to kiss your Hands, and beg the honour of your Acquaintance.

Welf. You oblige me, Sir, and I should be glad to know where to return your Visit.

Sir Nich. I am in St. James's Square; but you must know, Sir, we Young Gentlemen of the Town are so taken up, either with Ladies with us in a Morning, or receiving and answering Billets Doux, that it is Improper to have Visits from Men at that time; and in the Afternoon, we are always hurrying up and down to the Plays, Park, Musick-Meeting, and the like.

Welf. Then I can never repay your Favour.

Sir Nich.

428 *The* VOLUNTEERS: Or,

Sir Nich. Sir, I am every Day before Dinner, and a while after Dinner, at the *Wit's Coffee-house*; and I shall be glad to wait on you, and either Dine or Sup.

Helf. Where is that, Sir?

Sir Nich. What, Sir, never hear of the *Wit's Coffee-house*?

M. G. Blunt. How the Devil shoud any Man know the *Wit's Coffee-house*? A-dod, every Man thinks himself a Wit.

Sir Nich. Why, Sir, there is but One.

M. G. Blunt. What is that? The Wit-Office?

Sir Tim. Yes, Sir, we judge of it; it must pass our Censures.

Sir Nich. Or, Dam me, 'tis no Wit, let me tell you that.

M. G. Blunt. Are there such Wits as you Two?

Sir Tim. Oh, Sir, there are great Wits besides us Two.

Sir Nich. And we carry all the Town before us. But I beseech you, Colonel, when are we to go for *Flanders*?

Hack. Jun. As soon as the Weather breaks, and a fair Wind presents. My Regiment is compleat and ready, at an Hour's warning.

Sir Nich. Dam me, what shall I do? I must make great haste, I shall ne'er get my Points and Laces done up time enough.

M. G. Blunt. Ounds! What say'st, Young Fellow? Points and Laces for Camps?

Sir Nich. Yes, Points and Laces; why, I carry Two Laundresses on purpose: Dam me, would you have a Gentleman go undress'd in a Camp? Do you think I wou'd see a Camp, if there were no dressing? Why, I have Two Campaign-Suits, one trimmed with *Flanders* Lace, and the other with rich Point.

M. G. Blunt. Campaign-Suits with Lace and Point! ha, ha, ha, go thy ways; a-dod, there is not thy Fellow.

Sir Nich. Pshaw, good Guardian, you are for your old-fashion'd slovenly War; War's another thing now; we must live well in a Camp, that's our business.

M. G. Blunt. Live well! A-dod you must fight well, that was our business.

Sir Nich.

Sir Nich. Pray, Colonel, can you tell me where I may have one that understands the Blanc Manger well? I have a Cook that's excellent at Roasting, Stewing, Baking, Boiling, Biskes Olio's, Ragousts and Fricasces.

M. G. Blunt. Biskes, Olio's, Ragousts and Fricasces, Blanc Manger! ha, ha, ha; *Monstrum horrendum!*

Sir Nich. Let him alone, Sir; — I know you were brave, but the Customs of the World alter; — Sir, I carry as good a Confectioner as any in England, Ovens, and all Utensils.

M. G. Blunt. Confectioner! ha, ha, ha: by the Lord Harry, thou art fit for nothing but Sugar-Plums still; didst ever dream of Confectioners, and Blanc Manger?

Sir Nich. I carry all Garden Seeds.

Hack. *Fun.* For what, Sir?

Sir Nich. I bought 'em when I thought of going to Sea, to have Sallets growing in Boxes. And now 'tis their business to lye in Camps a good while: I will have every Day fresh Sallets.

M. G. Blunt. Ha, ha, ha; Colonel, hold me; A-dod, I shall drop down with Laughing. Fresh Sallets! Oand! how wilt thou get fresh Sallets for thy Horses? Forrage, young Fellow?

Enter Sir Nicholas's Foot-man, and gives him a Billet.

Welf. Though we have a multitude of luxurious Fops, this Fellow will out-shine Twenty of 'em.

Hack. *Fun.* A Pox on him! I'll not be troubled with him; I will beg the favour of the General, to pick him out a Beaux Colonel.

Sir Nich. Why, look ye now, Sir, here's a Billet-Doux; I must be gone, Sir; at my good Guardian's we will consult about my Equipage. [Ex. Sir Nich.]

M. G. Blunt. Well, Knight, dost not thou go to the War?

Sir Tim. I? no, I thank you; if I do, I'll give 'em leave to ram me into a Cannon, and shoot me out at a Stone-Wall: No, thank Heaven, I am well enough here with the Ladies.

Hack. Fun.

430 The VOLUNTEERS: Or,

Hack. Jun. What would become of your Country, if every Man were of your Opinion?

Sir Tim. Pugh, there are Magnanimous Fellows enough that love Roaring, Rattling, Gun-powder, and Cannon; what a Devil need I go? I have a good Estate, and can pay those Fellows.

M. G. Blunt. How should Gentlemen get Honour, Boy, ha!

Sir Tim. Darn me, let them look to that; I have a Title, and am a Knight already.

M. G. Blunt. Look thee, young Fellow; if I were a deservless Coxcomb, such as thou may'st be, and had shewn no Virtue in the World, I had as live be burnt in the Hand, as be Knighted.

Hack. Jun. What makes you such an Enemy to this War? are you a *Jacobite*?

Sir Tim. No, Gad, not I, nor a *Williamite* neither; 'tis all one to me who Reigns, if I can keep my 2000 Pound a Year, and enjoy my self with the Ladies: look you, Gentlemen, I dare do as much as any Man that wears a Head; but War does not agree with me. I was so troubled with the Chin-Cough when I was a Child, Gad, I never recovered it; and am so subject to catch Cold ever since; and so troubled with the Tooth-ach, I wou'd not for any Money lie out of my own, unless it be in a Lady's Bed: then I had the Rickets when I was a Boy, that made me somewhat weakly.

Hack. Jun. Weakly! That's as bad for a Lady's Man, as a Soldier.

Sir Tim. As for Valour, I have enough for my Occasions; but are not there idle Rascals, and Scoundrels enough, mercenary Rogues to be had out of Jayls, Streets, Highways, Dunghills, that can lie cold, march, and pop off a Gun? what need such as I go? — I have an Affignation, and must leave ye. [Exit Sir Tim.]

M. G. Blunt. This Knight ought to be beaten, for talking thus of Soldiers. I was resolv'd to have these Puppies to laugh at; 'tis some variety of Entertainment. Ha! *Tom* yonder's thy Father; he has four or five with him;

The STOCK-JOBBER. 431

him; they look as if they were very full of Revelation; not honest, but godly Men. Farewell 'till two: 'pray, if you see my Daughter, do you Squire her.

[Exit M. G. Blunt.

Enter Eugenia and Clara.

Welf. See who comes here, and how she shines; and as she passes, gilds the Mall!

Hack. Jun. Madam, your most humble Servant; your Father commanded me to wait on you in the Mall, and walk instead of him.

Eug. I never disobey my Father.

Clar. Brother, your Servant; my sweet Step-Mother has routed me, as well as you.

Hack. Jun. I heard so; This Lady's Father told me. Sister, this is my Friend, whom you have heard me speak of so often, Mr. *Welford*; let me recommend him to you, 'pray use him as my Friend.

Welf. The humblest of your Servants, Madam.

Hack. Jun. to *Eug.* Your Father esteems this Gentleman very much.

Eug. My Father speaks the Language of the World.

Welf. He honours me too much, Madam.

Hack. Jun. Will you give us leave to gallant you, and protect you from Beau's? I trust that Gentleman with my Sister; and my noble Friend, your Father, has commanded me to wait on you.

Eug. With all my Heart; for a Sheep cannot be more afraid of a Wolf, than I am of the Conversations of those vain Fops.

Clar. If one talk with common Civility to one of 'em, he'll swear next turn, he has had a Billet from her; besides, their Discourse is most upon the worst of Subjects, themselves.

Eug. They are always admiring themselves, than which nothing can be more Nauseous.

Hack. Jun. True, Madam; when ever any one is found out to admire himself, the rest of the World will condemn him.

Welf.

Welf. And yet 'tis a prudent Contrivance of Nature, to make Man over-value himself.

Clar. The greatest part of the World, which are desert-less Fops, would live miserably else.

Welf. That Tetter, Madam, spreads very far; and I shall shew you that I have a great share of it, when I have the Confidence to tell you I love you, Madam; love you infinitely, beyond what all Mankind call dear and precious: The Wound you gave was sudden, but 'tis deadly; Here sticks the fatal Dart.

Eug. Nay, if they be at Love-matters, 'tis uncivil to be within hearing; let's withdraw some paces.

Clar. This, Sir, is such a sudden gust, it is enough to over-set my little Bark.

Welf. 'Tis never to be laid; I know your Character, and I see your Person: And 'tis impossible not to love, 'till I am blind, or have no Memory.

Clar. You surprisè me so, I know not what to answer.

Welf. You surpris'd me so, that you have absolute Possession of my Heart, where the Impression ne'er can be defac'd.

Clar. I have too small an Opinion of my own Deserts, to be easie of Belief; I know not well how I should take this Discourse at the first Meeting; methinks it looks like Battle, more than Courtship.

Welf. Alas, how small a Portion of Life is allotted to poor Love! yet most of that is flung away in Ceremony.

Clar. I am not prepar'd for this kind of Conversation; but you are my Brother's Friend, and I can bear.

Eug. I have done well, to withdraw from the Danger of hearing Love there, and brought it upon my self here.

Hack. Jun. Your Father is generous and compassionate; and sure, with that great Stock of your own, you must inherit all his Virtues.

Eug. Cou'd you think that your Bills were to be answer'd at sight, like *Bills of Exchange*? — What a damp is this Talk of Love to Conversation? It puts a Stop to all common Sense presently.

Hack.

THE STOCK-JOBBER. 433

Hack. Jun. It is the End of all common Sense; and all that Art and Industry. Hazard and Toil can aim at, is Love and Beauty: but, alas! 'tis Impudence in me to offer Love to you; I am disown'd, an Out-cast, with no other Fortune but this Sword.

Eug. I hope you measure not my Thoughts so meanly, to think that Consideration can weigh with me; your Merits are equal to any Man's; but I have no Will, my Father has it in his keeping.

Hack. jun. Divinest Creature! Shall I have your Leave to make my Address, if I can procure his?

Eug. I have said too much already. Come, *Clara*, let's walk, let's not be private in a publick Place.

Clar. [*Aside.*] I had Peace of Mind before; why should I see this Man?

Eug. Unequal Custom! that shou'd thus impose upon our Sex, the worst of Tasks, Dissembling.

Clar. Pray let us walk; my tender Mother-in-Law is just at the Back of us. [*Ex. Hack. jun. Welf. Eug. and Clar.*]

Enter Mrs. Hackwell, Nickum and Lettice.

Mrs. Hack. 'Tis most delicate Weather! the Sun shines as it were *Easter-Day*.

Nick. It does so; but 'tis very cold; 'Gad, I long for some Exercise; I hate a damn'd Beaux; I han't kickt a Beaux this Week.

Let. He hates 'em for having clean Linnen, which he was never us'd to, till my Lady furnish'd him; the more Shame for her.

Mrs. Hack. I'll swear, if you talk so magnanimously, you'll fright me strangely; I shall fall into a Fit for you. [*Aside.*]

Nick. I beseech you, Madam, let me but kick one Beaux, and I'll be satisfied.

Let. 'Would I could see it.

Mrs. Hack. Lord, you are so exorbitantly valiant; restrain your Courage, I beseech you; besides, this is within the Verge of the Court, and if you kick here, you'll lose your Foot, I can assure you.

Nick. Nay, gad, that I would not neither; for I have often Occasion for my Feet, to kick Fellows.

434 *The Volunteers: Or,*

Let. [Aside.] I believe you have often Occasion to run away with them.

Nick. Faith, I kick a Knight, last Night, up and down like a Foot-ball; nay, I have kick'd a Lord in my time.

Mrs. Hack. Dear Cousin, you are the most fiery Person; I shall be in a perpetual Fright for you.

Nick. Ods my Life, yonder's that Scoundrel *Welford*; let me but go and whisper him, and take him out of the Park, and in the twinkling of an Eye, I'll whip him through the Lungs, and kiss your Hands again.

Mrs. Hack. Ye shall not stir; I'll hang upon you.

Let. You may let him go; I warrant him, he'll not stir for that. *[Aside.]*

Mrs. Hack. Go, I won't love you now.

Let. Must the poor Colonel, and his sweet Sister, the best Creatures that e'er were born, be turn'd out of the House, for this Rascall that's the main Reason; but I'll bring it home upon the infamous Couple, one day. *[Aside.]*

Enter M. G. Blunt, Col. Hackwell sen. and after him three or four Fellows in crop Hair and Bands.

M. G. Blunt. Come, my honest Round-head, I had rather meet thee here than at *Marston-Moore*.

Hack. sen. In that great Day, we did not do the Work negligently; verily, we stood to the Faith.

M. G. Blunt. A-dod, you drub'd us to purpose; but make Haste and follow me; 'twill be Dinner-Time: Madam, your Servant; you'll come?

Mrs. Hack. Yes, Sir, and bring my Kinsman.

M. G. Blunt. He shall be welcome; the Colonel's Son and Daughter, with whom I hear y^e are both fall'n out, will be there; but pray, for my Sake, let it be Mirth and Jollity this Day.

Mrs. Hack. Lord, Sir, I have the least ill Humour in the World; but if I shou'd be displeas'd, I have too much Breeding to trouble the Company with it. *[Ex. M. G. Bl.*

Hack. sen. No, Lamb, I'll say that for thee; thou art a dear Lamb.

Nick.

Nick. Well said, my pious Cuckold!

Hack. sen. Well, have ye been enquiring? What Patents are they soliciting for, and what Stocks to dispose of?

1 *Jobber.* Why in Truth there is one Thing liketh me well, it will go all over *England*.

Mrs. Hack. What's that? I am resolv'd to be in it, Husband.

1 *Jobber.* Why, it is a Mouse-Trap, that will invite all Mice in, nay Rats too, whether they will or no; a whole share, before the Patent, is fifteen Pound; after the Patent, they will not take sixty: there is no Family in *England* will be without 'em.

1 *Jobber.* I take it to be a great Undertaking: but there is a Patent likewise on Foot for one's walking under Water, a share twenty Pound.

Mrs. Hack. That wou'd have been of great Use to carry Messages under the Ice this last Frost, before it wou'd bear.

Hack. sen. Look thee, Lamb, between us, it's no Matter whether it turns to Use or not; the main End, verily, is to turn the Penny in the way of Stock-Jobbing, that's all.

1 *Jobber.* There is likewise one who will undertake to kill all Fleas, in all the Families in *England*, provided he hath a Patent, and that none may kill a Flea but himself.

2 *Jobber.* There is likewise a Patent moved for, of bringing some *Chinese* Rope-Dancers over, the most exquisite in the World; considerable Men have Shares in it: but verily, I question whether this be lawful or not?

Hack. sen. Look thee, Brother, if it be to a good End, and that we our selves have no Share in the Vanity or wicked Diversion thereof, by beholding of it, but only use it whereby we may turn the Penny, and employ it for Edification, always considered that it is like to take, and the said Shares will sell well; and then we shall not care, whether the aforesaid Dancers come over or no.

416 The VOLUNTEERS: Or,

a Jobber. There is another Patent in Agitation for Flying; a great Virtuoso undertakes to out-fly any Post-Horse five Mile an Hour; very good for Expresses and Intelligence!

Nick. May one have a Share in him too?

a Jobber. Thou may'st.

Nick. These Stock-Jobbing Rogues are worse than us Sharpers with Bars and false Boxes. [*Aside.*

Hack. sen. Look ye, Brethren, hyc ye into the City, and learn what ye can; we are to have a Consultation at my House at Four, to settle Matters as to lowering and heightening of Shares; Lamb, let's away, we shall be too late. [*Ex. Jobbers.*

Mrs. Hack. Do you dispatch your peremptory Daughter out of the House; for I have vow'd not to sleep under a Roof with her.

Hack. sen. Well, Lamb, it shall be as thou wilt, have it:

*An old Man to his Spouse must quit the Field,
And after threescore Years, 'tis time to yield:
A Man may strive in vain, and keep a Potter,
If one way he can't please, he must another.*



ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Major-General *Blunt's* House.

Col. Hackwell jun. Welford, Sir Nich. Dainty, Sir Timothy Kastril, Teresa, Winifred, Eugenia, Clara, M. G. Blunt, with three or four Cavalier Officers, Col. Hackwell and Nickum, &c.

M. G. Bl. **A**T Night we are to have a Ball; and we our self will dance, I Faith: And, Ladies, in the mean Time, to help out your Disart, you shall have a little Entertainment of Musick, when the Minstrels have din'd.

1 Cav. And then a Bottle, Sir.

M. G. Blunt. Be it so; I hate to meet at Dinner like so many Hogs at a Trough, to grumble, grunt, and fill our Bellies, and then every one a several Way.

Ter. Oh Lord, Sir, shan't we have a little ch't-chat, and the Tea-Table?

Win. Oh Lord, we are nothing without the Tea-Table. Let me die else.

M. G. Blunt. 'Tis ready for the Women; and Men that live like Women; a-dod, your fine bred Men of England, as they call 'em, are all turn'd Women; but, by my Troth, I'll not turn my Back to the Pipe and Bottle after Dinner.

2 Cav. There spoke an Angel!

M. G. Blunt. Fear not, my old Cavaliers; according to your laudable Customs, you shall be drunk, swagger and fight over all your Battles, from *Edge-hill* to *Brinsford*; you have not forgotten how this Gentleman, and his demure Psalm-singing Fellows, used to drub us?

438 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

Cav. No, 'gad, I felt 'em once to Purpose.

M. G. Blunt. Ah, a-dod, in high-crown'd Hats, collar'd Bands, great loose Coats, long Tucks, under 'em, and Calves-Leather Boots, they us'd to sing a Psalm, fall on, and beat us to the Devil.

Hack. sen. In that Day, we stood up to the Cause; and the Cause, the spiritual Cause, did not suffer under our carnal Weapons, but the Enemy was discomfited, and lo, they used to flee before us.

Cav. Who wou'd think such a sniveling, Psalm-singing Puppy would fight? But those godly Fellows wou'd lay about 'em, as if the Devil were in 'em.

Sir Nich. What a filthy Rovenly Army was this! I warrant you, not a well dress'd Man among the Round-heads.

M. G. Blunt. But these plain Fellows would so thrash your swearing, drinking, fine Fellows in lac'd Coats, just such as you of the drawing Room and Lucker's Fellows are now, and so strip 'em, by the Lord Harry, that after a Battle those Saluts look'd like the *Israelites* loaden with the Egyptian Baggage.

Hack. sen. Verily, we did take the Spoil; and it serv'd us to turn the Penny, and advanced the Cause thereby; we fought upon a Principle that carried us through.

M. G. Blunt. Pr'ythee, Colonel, we know thy Principle; 'twas not right; thou fought'st against Children's Baptism, and not for Liberty, but who should be your Tyrant; none so zealous for *Cromwell* as thou wert then, nor such a furious Agitator and Toss-man as thou hast been lately.

Hack. sen. Look you, Colonel, we but proceeded in the way of Liberty of Worship.

[*Sir Tim. struts and cacks, putting his Periwig and Crown-string, and admiring himself.*]

M. G. Blunt. A-dod, there is something more in it. This was thy Principle, Colonel; *Dominion is founded in Grace, and the Righteous shall inherit the Earth;* and, by the Lord Harry, thou didst so; thou gottest Three Thousand

Thousand Pound a Year by fighting against the Court, and I lost a Thousand by fighting for it.

Hack. jun. Colonel, I beseech you, be not prophane; swear not.

M. G. Blunt. Hold, I hear our Fiddles sound a Parley; let this Battle be over between us.

1 *Car.* Damn these sneaking Rogues! why did not we clap Bags of Gun-powder to their Arses, and blow 'em into the Sky?

2 *Car.* Because we were to beat 'em first.

Sir Tim. Pox on't! this Way will never do; I have been admiring my self this half Hour, and no Body takes Notice of me; let me see, I'll drop some Billets: [*Drops two or three Billets*] Hah! Dam me, no Body minds 'em; I am a most unfortunate Beaux.

Eug. See that vain Puppy dropping his Billets! take no Notice.

Clar. Not to save his Life.

Ter. [*to Sir Nich.*] Thy Heart's as hard as Rocks of Adamant: how can'st thou flye to Camps, and leave thy mourning Mistress here to languish, and to die for you?

Sir Nich. Oh, Madam, rally me no more; I know my own Defects and your's; there are some Hearts indeed will languish for me; but Honour calls, and I must go.

Sir Tim. What a Pox, not yet! not take up one of 'em!— Ah! same Body has dropt a Note, a Billet there.

Sir Nich. Ah! 'Tis no Matter, 'tis none of mine.

[*He pulls out a great many, and tells 'em.*]

Ter. Oh Lord! you'll break my Heart, I'll swear; how came you by so many Billets?

Sir Nich. Alas! What wou'd you have one do? If Ladies will write to one, how can one help it?

Hack. jun. Madam, 'tis easier to fix Quick-silver, than you; you will not be in earnest.

Eug. Is there not more Pleasure in seeing them play the Fool, than being in earnest our selves?

Clar. Which, perhaps, may be as foolish in the End, as any Thing they can do.

Welf. I don't know what you are, Madam, but no Man can look on these Eyes, and not be in earnest.

Sir Tim. Gods me, they are my own; I would not for Five Thousand Pound they had been seen; Ladies of Quality all: [To *Welford*.] Two of 'em from two Ladies in this Company.

Welf. Which two?

Sir Tim. I have Billets from all of 'em; they are all in Love with me: But these two are from that pretty Lady, and that beautiful, ingenious, well-bred Lady, her Sister.

Welf. Look ye, Sir, I wou'd not disturb this Company, but I will see whether you have Ears or no; and be well satisfy'd in it.

Sir Tim. Ears, Sir! as good Ears as any Man in *England*; and that you shall find, when the Musick strikes up.

Welf. But I must find whether they will endure lugging or no.

Sir Tim. What the Devil do you mean! Lugging, Sir! I am as sound as any Man in *England*, if that be the Point.

Welf. I will try, Sir; not a Word to the Company, lest I lug 'em off! This for your Lying, Sirrah.

Sir Tim. Upon my Honour, Sir.

Welf. Peace, Rascal, or I shall cut your Throat.

Sir Tim. Dam me, this is a strange uncivil Fellow as ever I met with; what a Devil, has he no Breeding?

M. G. Blunt. Come, come, enter Musick.

Enter Musick, they play and sing.

Sir Nich. Ah, that's fine, that's chromatick! I love chromatick Musick mightily.

Sir Tim. Ah that Fuge! That Fuge's finely taking!

Sir Nich. And rarely carried on!

Sir Tim. All *Italian*, Sir, all *Italian*.

Nich. [to *Mrs. Hack*.] I hate those two damn'd Fellows; I shall never be at Rest, till I kick a Beaux.

Mrs. Hack. You put me in such Fear, you bring my Heart to my Mouth.

Sir Nich. What did that Fellow say, he wou'd kick a Beaux? I am a Beaux: And, though unworthy, I shall take the

The STOCK-JOBBERS. 441

the Quarrel upon me in Behalf of my Brother Beaus: And if you please to withdraw, and make use of a Friend, I'll bring one with me shall be a Witness of your Kicking: if you please to put your Foot to that Trouble.

Nicham. I shall take a Time to send to you.

Sir Nich. Let it be suddenly, or I shall be impatient.

M. G. Blunt. Come, now the Musick's over, my old Soldiers, stand to your Arms, your Pipes and Bottles, shew 'em to my military Room: You Colonel, and your Friend here, to a sober Pipe by your selves; your Lady with the Women to their Tea and Cards, or what they will.

Hack. sen. No, Colonel, my Lamb takes a digestive Pipe after Dinner with me, every Day.

Mrs. Hack. Good luck, Mr. *Hackwell*! why will you say so?

Enter a Fellow, with Patterns of Fringes and Embroidery.

Sir Nich. Ah, Ladies! I beseech you, before you retire, let me have all your Judgments upon some Fringe and Embroidery, which I'm to use about my Tent.

M. G. Blunt. Nay, faith, Colonel, now stay a little; let us hear this Scene; what is this about your Tent?

Sir Nich. This Fringe and Embroidery is for my Velvet Bed, and Counterpane in my Tent.

To. Let me die, I never saw any Thing so fine.

Win. 'Tis exceeding noble!

Hack. sen. 'Tis most amazing!

Sir Nich. The Hanging of my Tent is all Atlases, the outside is Damask.

Hack. sen. Most astonishing! What keepeth out the Water?

Sir Nich. Oh! It is prepared by the Dippers, and they turn it into Drabduberry.

M. G. Blunt. Have you not a Note of what you carry into the Campaign? pray let us see.

Sir Nich. I have one, ——— Come, let us see. ———
Eight Waggons; one for my two Butlers, my Service of Plate and Table-Linnen; one for my two Cooks and
T 5 Kitchen;

442 The VOLUNTEERS: Or,

Kitchin; one for my Confectioner; one for my Launderesses and Dairy-Maids, with all their Utensils.

Hack. sen. Confectioners and Dairy-Maids! for what Use, I beseech you, Sir?

Sir Nich. For Creams, fresh Butter, and Disart: I suppose, we shall not want black Cattle, Colonel. One for my Wardrobe, great and small, Valet de Chambers, and Upholsterers.

Hack. sen. How, Sir, a Waggon Load of Cloaths! We, in our Army, us'd to fight with one Suit a-piece.

Sir Nich. Your Army, Sir! ——— I have twelve rich Campaign Suits, six dancing Suits, and twelve Pair of dancing Shoes.

M. G. Blunt. What say'st thou to this, Colonel?

Hack. sen. Most intolerable! this worketh in me great Amazement.

Sir Nich. May be, you wonder at this; but when ever we take a Town, I am resolv'd to invite the Ladies to a Ball. ——— The rest of the Waggon's are for all Sorts of Wines and Drinks, I carry Fifty Horse, and Twenty five Carters, Mowers, Reapers, Grooms, and two Gardiners.

Hack. sen. In Truth, this savoureth much of Bedlam; behold I am filled with Wonder!

Ter. The finest Gentleman since that e'er the Sun shin'd upon!

Wm. The Gentleman indeed seems to be very much a Gentleman.

Eug. And is this very choice Coxcomb to be your Volunteer?

Hack. Jun. The General has ordered him upon me, but I hope to get rid of the Burden.

Clar. Sure, the whole Army will not afford so complete a Fop!

Welf. Nor so contemptible a one; as a little Time will shew him.

Sir Nich. I shall have the Honour to serve under your Son, Sir, but, my Colonel, there's one Thing we shall be

be miserably put to for; have you no Way to come at it?

Hack, jun. What's that, Sir?

Sir Nich. 'Tis Ice, there will be no drinking without Ice.

Hack, jun. Most prodigious, and incredible!

Hack, jun. There are Ice-Houses in France.

Sir Nich. Then, I am resolv'd, one of the first Actions I shew my Valour in shall be in storming of an Ice-House.

M. G. Blunt. A-dod, go thy Ways, Boy: If any Guardian in England shews such an excellent, such a finished Fop, for his Ward, as I have of thee, I'll be crucified.

Sir Nich. Ah noble Guardian! I know your Humour; you're for your old-fashion'd Breeding; but you'll never persuade the Ladies to be of your Opinion: — Ladies, how did you like my Fringes and Embroidery?

Tr. Let me die, they're the sweetest Things that e'er I saw.

M. G. Blunt. A-dod, these two Fops, like Tallics, meet in every Point.

Sir Nich. [to *Teresa*.] Will your Ladyship please to take any Snuff? — [Gives her Snuff with a Billet.] 'Tis right pongy bongy.

Tr. With all my Heart. — Oh Lord! What's here? a Billet. [Reads.] If you'll let me have the Favour of your Conversation this Afternoon, our People will be abroad: And I'll keep my Bed on Purpose. — Mercy on me! What do I see?

[Drops the Billet, and faints away.]

Sir Nich. Ah, look to the Lady.

M. G. Blunt. What a pox! has he poyson'd my Daughter?

[He takes up the Billet.]

Sir Nich. True pongy bongy, upon my Honour.

Mrs. Hack. Carry her in, carry her in; she's falling into a Fit. [The Ladies are about her and carry her off.]

Sir Nich. Do you see, Sir Timothy?

[Kicks him on the Shins.]

Sir Tim. Ay, and feel too; but, a pox on't! they take

no

no Notice of me; and I am as good a Beau, and as much a Gentleman.

M. G. Blunt. This is a Billet written by this Coxcomb himself; a-dod, I must look to this Business; I will go too far else. — Go, young Fellows, retire with the Women, this Fit will be over presently. Colonel, a Word with you; and, *Tam*, do thou stay.

[*Exeunt all but M. G. Blunt, Hack. sen. and Hack. jun.*]

M. G. Blunt. I must have a Word or two with thee, about that young Fellow, thy Son: He's a gallant Fellow, and the World speaks well of him, and you can have nothing to object against him.

Hack. jun. A Son, that would give all the World to have your Favour, Sir.

Hack. sen. Look ye, Colonel, I may have no Communication of this Kind with you. And for thee, thou hast liv'd in continual Rebellion with me; Thou didst run away from me at nine Years old, to be a cadet, as thou callst it.

M. G. Blunt. By the Lord Harry, that was something hard; but it was but a Trick of Youth.

Hack. sen. Besides, thou hast separated from the Congregation ever since.

M. G. Blunt. And what? Art thou for Persecution? Dost thou make Heaven so narrow-hearted to own a Party only? To hurt a Man for not being of my Opinion, is of the Devil: Why art thou not angry with me for having black Eye-brows? Why, thy Wife is not of thy Congregation neither.

Hack. sen. That was an Agreement before Marriage; and she number'd down the Pounds that purchas'd that Liberty.

M. G. Blunt. The Righteous will do any Thing for Money.

Hack. sen. Besides, he has offended my Lamb; and I have engaged unto her.

[*Mrs. Hackwell peeps in with a Pipe in her Mouth.*]

Mrs. Hack. God forgive me, Mr. Hackwell! Art thou talking with that insolent Fellow thy Son?

M. G. Blunt.

THE STOCK-JOBBER.

445

M. G. Blunt. A-dod, Madam, no Man dares say that He is a Fellow of Honour.

Mrs. Hack. He Honour! Come, come, Mr. Hackwell: Why do you listen to such Discourses?

Hack. jun. I come, Lamb, I come.

Exeunt Hack. jun. and Mrs. Hack.

M. G. Blunt. Go thy ways, thou wert a pretty Fellow, to rebel all thy Life-time against Princes, and trail a Pike under a Smock-Rampan't at last!

Hack. jun. Did you ever know a godly Man convinced by Argument?

M. G. Blunt. But look thee, young Fellow, I would do't by Interest. — Let me see, hah! Canst not thou think of some good Match, that we may lay down a Sum of Money and purchase a Settlement? Hah, Tom, think a little.

Hack. jun. What means he? What shall I say? [*Aside.*

M. G. Blunt. Come, by the Lord Harry, but with it, young Fellow.

Hack. jun. Sir, I have thought, and often thought of a young Lady; but scorn'd the mean Consideration of a little Pelf! She is alone Reward enough for all the Toils of Heroes, and the rough Fatigues and Perils of the longest Wars.

M. G. Blunt. Hold, Boy; this is Romantick: Stuff, Stuff. If thou hast any mortal Passion, acquaint me with it.

Hack. jun. I am so unworthy of her, Shame will not let me tell you.

M. G. Blunt. Pugh, Pox! Do not play the Fool: Wilt thou grow a Fop too? Who is she?

Hack. jun. I must ask a thousand Pardons, that I have disclos'd my Passion without your Knowledge?

M. G. Blunt. My Knowledge? Fiddle faddle, Prythee, why? be Concise.

Hack. jun. It is your Daughter, Sir.

M. G. Blunt. Hah! A-Dod, young Fellow, now thou say'st something. By the Lord Harry, thou art a brave Fellow,

446 The VOLUNTEERS: OR,

low, and a Fellow of Honour! I have taken thee into my House; and I will take thee into my Family. Give me thy Hand: A-Dod, Boy, thou shalt have her.

Ent. Jun. Sir, upon my Knees—

[*Blunt pushes him down.*]

M. G. Blunt. Pox e' this fooling: Now we shall have damn'd Raptures and senseless romantick Stuff; Pr'ythee, young Fellow, no more: I'll break off the Match, if there be any more on't: Never use more Words than needs must. Let's in: I'll try to purchase of thy old Fellow. If not, it shall be done.

Hack, Jun. Millions of Thanks!

M. G. Blunt. Why, look ye, look ye! the Fellow's mad again; A-dod, I had as lieve be lickt as thank't, by the Lord *Harry*: No Man does good, but to please himself;—Thanks!—pugh!

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

Enter Eugenia and Clara.

Eug. This is not the first Fit this Coxcomb has put my Sister into.

Clar. You're a pretty Gentlewoman, laugh at your Sister! Did your Colonel never put you into a Fit of Love?

Eug. No, but I find your Volunteer will soon have a Command over your Heart.

Clar. Dost thou think it so tender? I am sure, thine's mortgag'd to the Colonel beyond Redemption.

Eug. Who wou'd redeem a Heart so well dispos'd on?

Clar. Very fine! you own your Frailty.

Eug. Let's dissemble with Mankind; but, pr'ythee, let's be honest one among another. What Sighs, what Agonies has this Volunteer rais'd in thee already?

Clar. Ah, too many: Yet why should I say too many? Methinks the very Pain is pleasant.

Eug. The very Pain of Love is pleasanter than the Ecstasie of any other Joy.

Clar. Thou seducest me, thou temptest me into this seeming Paradise; And if I suffer by it, upon thy head be it.

Eug

Eug. With all my Heart: He's a Man of Honour and of
Scale. It cannot be.

Clara. I tremble yet to think on't: 'tis a dreadful Leap
we Lovers take. But we must adjourn this Discourse:
I must go and get my Things remov'd; for this Night
will bring me under thy Father's Roof, and within thy
Embraces.

Eug. 'Tis the happiest Night of my Life: I shall have
my Friend in my Arms, and I'll keep her there.

Clara. And I had rather be within those Arms, than
my own.

Eug. Thou ly'st, Hufwife, most wickedly.

Clara. Why so, Mischief?

Eug. Because you had rather be in *Waller's*.

Clara. No, no; 'tis not come to that yet: Adieu.

[Exit Clara]

Enter Hackwell Junior.

Hack. Jun. Wonders not, Madam, that I haunt you
thus where-e'er you go: A Lover can no more be kept
from his Mistress than a Shadow.

Eug. Now you have my Father's Leave, you talk of
Love with Authority.

Hack. Jun. Had I all the Authority of the World, I
would lay't at your Feet: But think not, Madam, I
could be content with your Father's giving me your
Hand, 'till you had first given me your Heart.

Eug. You are engag'd in Courtship to another Mistress,
Honour; and that can never agree with tender Love.

Hack. Jun. Honour is the Out-work to Love; with-
out winning one, there are no Approaches to the o-
ther.

Eug. You have courted Fame, and won her as a Mi-
stress, but that contents you not: you marry her, and
are swiftly ty'd to her, that Love must be a poor, neg-
lected Rival.

Hack. Jun. We fight for Peace and Love, the End and
the Reward of War: For what but Liberty and Beauty
are worth a good Man's Sword? I value your Favour so
vastly

448 The VOLUNTEERS OF

vainly above all Wealth, Power and Honour, that I would quit for you my Country, and my chance of Fame; but that I know you would despise me for it.

Eug. Nay, think not, Sir, I'd have you quit so glorious a Cause as Consecrates each Sword that's drawn for't: But, methinks, Love-Treaties shou'd be Adjourn'd till softer times of Peace.

Hack. Jun. Ah, Madam, if Love did not sweeten the Intervals of War, and the hopes of enjoying it were not in our Thoughts at the end of it, we should all be Cowards, and no Gentleman would think the World worth fighting for.

Eug. Wou'd you have me make my self so miserable, as to set my Heart upon one who may be lost in every Rencontre or Attack?

Hack. Jun. Does not our Royal Mistress do the same, and bears it with a Princely Magnanimity? She and our Country have the greatest Stake in Europe, who will be sure to hazard himself with the bravest.

Eug. She is to be reverenc'd and admir'd, but hard it is to Imitate so Glorious an Example; and methinks a private Lady may be happier.

Hack. Jun. We cannot in Gratitude pretend to be happier, than those from whom we have our Happiness; in them our Country's Cause, and yours, and all's at Stake.

Eug. But Love, they say, is tenderer than all.

Hack. Jun. Would you were sensible of it, as I wou'd have you; but I am not so vain to think you e'er can have that Care for me: The World's not worthy of it; be pleas'd only to give your Consent, to make me happy, and all the Endeavours of my Life hereafter shall be to make you so.

Enter M. G. Blunt, and Sir Nick Dainty.

Eug. Thank Heaven, I am reliev'd; my Father's here.

M. G. Blunt. Not so, Girl; go, get ye together, ye pair of Turcks, and Coo in private. Your Love-Discourse is very pretty among Lovers, but wou'd sound very

The STOCK-JOBBER. 449

very silly and fantastick to those who should over-hear it: go, withdraw; an old Shoe, after thee; win her, and wear her, Boy.

[Exit Hack, Jun. and Eugenia.]

Sir Nich. He'll scarce meet Success; I'm sure, I find, by her Deportment, she is in Love with me.

[Aside.]

M. G. Blunt. Look ye Knight, to be short with you, your Vanity and the Indiscretion of my Daughter have made an Intrigue of Love betwixt ye so smoky, the Town takes notice of it.

Sir Nich. Alas, Sir, we never conceal those things.

M. G. Blunt. Then y'are Puppies; but I suppose, you know my Honour is so nice, that I'll not suffer my Family to have the least Blot.

Sir Nich. If all Families should be dishonoured, where the Ladies are in Love with me, there would be a great many infamous in this Town.

M. G. Blunt. Vanity of Vanities! I believe there is not such another Als as my Daughter; but dost thou hear, Knight? thou shalt not have the deceiving her; by the Lord Harry, I will cut thy Throat, if thou attempt it.

Sir Nich. Look ye, Guardian, I can take any thing from you; but what do you mean, Sir, to treat me thus?

M. G. Blunt. I do mean, that either the Love you pretend to my Fop Daughter is false, and then you are a Rascal; or true, and then if you make it not good, you are a Rascal too; and if I fail in my Revenge, I will bequeath it to my Executors and Administrators; by my Honour, I will.

Sir Nich. Sir, I am a Person of Honour; you shall ever find me Rational and Civil; but the Beau's do so laugh at one, if one marries, that, upon my Honour, I know not what is left for me to do.

M. G. Blunt. Ounds! Did you mean to Whore my Daughter?

[He takes him by the Collar.]

Sir Nich. No, no, Sir; we never bring it to Enjoyment. If we can make a Lady fall in Love with us, or fall into Fits for us, 'tis all the Triumph we desire.

M. G. Blunt

450 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

M. G. Blunt. Death! Triumph! And did you think to Triumph over me?

Sir Nich. No, Sir, I have a greater Respect for your Family.

M. G. Blunt. In short, I will make a better Settlement than your Estate can deserve: Consider; no fooling; you two were design'd by Nature for one another.

Sir Nich. Sir, you do me a great deal of Honour; I know your free Discourse; but I shall make such a Return as your honourable Proposals require.

M. G. Blunt. Farewell; I must to my Cavaliers; they were got but to the second *Nasby*-fight, when I left 'em.

Sir Nich. What shall I do? If I Marry, the Beaus will all make Horns at me; and laugh me out of *London*. Besides, I never knew one Marry, but the rest of 'em Cuckolded him; or said they did, which is as bad: but hold, it's four a-Clock, I must beat this Bully. Pray Heaven, I disappoint not my Friend. [Exit M. G. Blunt.]

Nick. I warrant thee, *Dingboy*, we shall have the richest Caravan, the fattest Bubble. [Exit Sir Nich.]

Ding. Nay, O my Conscience, no Beaux will fight; they dare not stir, for fear of disordering their Perriwigs and Cravat-Strings.

Nick. I'll undertake, you and I might clear the Town of Beaus. We'll win five thousand Pound of this *Sir Nicholas*; he'll bring it to a Composition-Dinner, we'll make him drunk and bubble him.

Ding. Pr'ythee, let's win ten thousand Pound of him, we'll win all his Equipage, and break him for a Volunteer.

Enter Sir Nicholas and Welford.

Sir Nich. Sir, I can scarce ever hope for a Pardon, for being so confident to desire the Assistance of your Sword and Arm. But we being Brother Volunteers, made me presume.

M. G. Blunt. If we can make a Lady fall in love with us, or if we can make a man fall in love with us, 'tis all the Triumph we desire.

The STOCK-JOBBER 451

Welf. Name it no more; 'tis a Duty Gentlemen owe to one another.

Sir Nick. I am sorry I had not time to put on my fighting-Suit.

Welf. A fighting-Suit?

Sir Nick. Yes, Sir, I have the prettiest in the World, I'm never without one. A Man ought to be dress'd proper for all Occasions.

Welf. This is the choicest Fop in Christendom.

Sir Nick. It is Scarlet slightly flourished with Silver; a bloody Cravat; and the neatest, best-stitch'd, Beau Gloves; the finest light Perriwig; and the prettiest Shoes in the World: And the Motto upon my Sword is *Love and Honour*, because Gentlemen fight for nothing else.

Nick. Death and Heart! who's yonder?

Ding. What a Devil makes you start and look pale?

Nick. Plague on't! have I catch'd a Tartar? I'm afraid *Welford* the Volunteer is his Second.

Ding. Gad! forgive me! *Welford*! I have heard of him; 'pox on him, he'll whip me through.

Sir Nick. Ah, here they are. — Are you ready to Kick, Sir? Are your Feet in order?

Welf. What the Devil, is this the Business? 'Pox, that Fellow's a Coward. I am finely inveigled by a Fop.

Nick. Sir, I did not say I'd Kick; you mistook me, Sir; for my part, I love Peace and Quietness, as well as any Man that wears a Head.

Sir Nick. You lye, Sirrah; you're a Coward; Draw; you did say, Kick; have at your Lungs.

Ding. The Devil take me, if I fight. [Runs away.]

Welf. What the Devil, must I have a Race?

[Runs after him. — *Sir Nicholas passes, Nickum runs*

Back, falls upon his Breech, and drops his Sword.

Sir Nick. You cowardly Rascal, do you think an old sham trick of falling upon your Breech, and dropping your Sword, shall pass upon me? Here, take your Sword, and fight, Sirrah.

452 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

Nick. Sir, I have more Honour, than to fight with the Man that has given me my Life: I know what belongs to your Punctilio's.

Sir Nick. Then, Sir, you shall be very much Kick'd.

Enter Dingboy running: Welford overtakes him.

Welf. Not, Sir, that you are worth the Catching, I have had this Chace after you: but it is fit a Rascal that is so Impudent shou'd be Kick'd to some purpose,

Ding. Do what you will. But, I'gad, I won't fight.

[They give 'em half a dozen Kicks apiece.]

Nick. This is most ungenerous, and highly disobliging!

Ding. Very unkind, indeed!

Sir Nick. Come, Sir, I ask a thousand Pardons, that I have disappointed you. I thought to have shewn you some Play. But you see how a Man may be mistaken in Outfides!

Welf. Come, Sir, let's away! *[Ex. Welf. and Sir Nick.]*

Ding. Are not you a damn'd Son of a Whore, to bring me into these Inconveniencies?

Nick. Why, you impudent ungrateful Rascal! How many good Bubbles have you shar'd with me? Wou'd you have all the sweet, and none of the sour?

Ding. Thus we Bullies and Shappers are always found out by such Block-heads as you are, who never know your Men.

Nick. You senseless Dog! In a herd of Cattle, each knows who can beat who; But how the Devil shou'd we know it among Men? But we must venture sometimes.

Ding. Venture! A pox on you, see what you bring it to, by your venturing.

Nick. Well, Bullies, take Warning by us: 'Tis true a Sharper might quarrel sometimes, that's certain, but

If he be wise, he'll do what he can, Ere he begins to Roar, to know his Man.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Clara and Lettice, and four or five of Hackwell's Servants.

Clar. GO, Porters! Carry all those Trunks and Boxes, and my Scritore, to Major-General Blunt's. Where's my good Mother-in-Law?

Lett. Taking her Repose upon her Bed: But this Day, Madam, will break all our Hearts to part with you!

Clar. I must leave you!

Lett. You'll leave very few dry Eyes behind you, Madam!

1 Serv. We shall never have the like within these Walls again!

2 Serv. Nay, now my young Master, and my Lady are gone, all good Nature has left the Family.

Clar. There, Mistress Lettice, there's two Guineas for you, and five to drink amongst you, and the rest of your Fellow-Servants.

Lett. A thousand Thanks, Madam.

1 Serv. Heaven bleis you, Madam.

2 Serv. A shame o' this second Wife, for coming under our Roof!

1 Serv. And that scurvy proud Minx, her Daughter! we never had good day since.

Lett. She's the very picture of ill Conditions: Singleness and ill Nature came into the Family with em— Here she comes.

Enter Winifred.

Clar. O Sister, I need not take my leave of you: We shall meet at the Ball.

Win. Yes, and I'll Dance there too.

Clar.

454 The VOLUNTEERS: Or,

Clar. Awkwardly and affectedly, to my knowledge.

Win. I left my dear *Timothy*: I cannot answer my so long Absence from her,——Let me die.——Tell my Mother, when she wakes, that I am gone thither.

Clar. Mr. *Hop* dined at the Steward's Table, I heard,——will he be there?

Win. What's that to you?——He Dine at the Steward's Table! He scorns it. You are a good Friend of his,——Fare you well,——but hold, I have forgot something.

Clar. Fare you well,——I shall be there before you.

[*Exeunt Clara and Servants.*]

Enter Sir Timothy Kastril.

Sir Tim. She's here, a Propo's.

Win. Bless me! how came this Fellow here?

Sir Tim. Madam, I perceiv'd how you were disturb'd, when I made Addresses to you in publick: and therefore am come to make a private Offer of my Heart.

Win. Ha! what says the Fellow?

Sir Tim. You cannot be a Stranger to my Love, which you must often have perceiv'd by my continual Ogling you at the Play-House, and at Church; my Side-glancing you at the Park; and my humble Bows to you in the Mall.

Win. Oh Impudence!

Sir Tim. And, as a Confirmation of all,——Behold this Billet, I receiv'd from you; you will not disown it, I hope?

Win. From me, Audacious Coxcomb!

[*Tears it.*]

Sir Tim. What the Devil does she mean?

Win. From me? Let me die, I would turn away my Maid, should she write to such a Fellow. Why, sure you don't take your self for a Beaux? I'll say't, I never saw so weasel-fac'd a Puppy——may I perish, if thou hast not the Complexion of an *East Indian*——I never saw a *Ban-tamite* so ugly.——Thou a Beaux!

Sir Tim. Ay, Madam! I a Beaux? Why not I a Beaux? The Town is pleas'd to call me one.

Win.

The STOCK-JOBBERS. 495

Win. Let me die, if any body but your self can be so impudent. *[Exit]*

Sir Tim. Come, lay this Raillery aside; and let us grow familiar—I know you'll own your Billet. Dam me, Madam, if you don't write very prettily; you had not need to be aham'd on't.

Win. I can bear no longer; I'll swear, I'll have thee Kicked, Beaten and Buffeted—And toss'd in a Blanket, let me die else.

[Goes him a Box o' the Ears, and plucks off his Perwig.]

Sir Tim. What a Devil is the matter?—O my Conscience and Soul, she's Mad.

Win. Who's there? who waits?

Enter Nickum.

Nick. Madam, I am here, at your Service.

Sir Tim. Damn this Bully!—What does he do here?

Win. I have been so affronted by that Fellow with the ugly Fizz, that calls himself a Beaux,—that, I'll say't, I never was so in my life.

Sir Tim. O Lord—I abuse you! mercy upon me! Madam, are not you aham'd? Sir, I have the greatest honour for her in the World. I am in Love.

Win. If I have nobody to beat thee,—I'll beat thee my self.

Nick. I dare swear, this is a Coward,—and I'll revenge my self to purpose on him, for that Rogue his Brother Beaux:—Madam, you shall not be put to that trouble. Have at you, Sir. *[Catches him.]*

Sir Tim. Why, Sir, Sir!—As I hope to be sav'd, Sir; why, what a pex! are you out of your Wits?—Why, Madam,—Oh, what a Devil ails you? Let me never stir, I meant her no more hurt than my own Soul.

Nick. You had best give the Lady the Lye, Sirrah.

[Trips up his Heels, beats him when he's down.]

Sir Tim. Hold! hold! Murder! Murder! help! help!

Win. Now, Cousin, let him alone; 'Tis enough; my Honour's satisfy'd.—Your Servant. *[Exit Winifred.]*

Nick. 'Gad, I think I have made this an Example! I hope I shall never light on a wrong one again.

[Ex. Nickum.]

Sir Tim.

456 The VOLUNTEERS: OR

Sir Tim. What a Devil will become of me! I am a most miserable unfortunate Fellow; if my Lugs by the Ears, my Kicks, and Drubs come to be known, I shall be undone with all the Beaus and Ladies too.—I will Walk out and Consider.—A Knight, a Beau, a Wit Lugg'd by the Ears! Cudgell'd, Cuff'd, Boxt, Kick'd, *Cum multis aliis, quae nunc prescribere longum est.*—Dam me, a Man had better be kill'd or hang'd: Well, Revenge shall be had, that's certain.—But how will Honour be had again, when I have lost it?—Besides, when this is known, I shall be buffeted every Day—Let me think a little, as I go.

[*Exit Sir Tim.*]

Enter at the other Door Colonel Hackwell Senior, and Lettice.

Hack. Sen. What noise was that, I heard even now from my Closet?

Lett. Mr. Nickum beat a Knight, that affronted Madam Winifred, most exceedingly, as long as the Knight was able to be beaten.

Hack. Sen. I profess, I think I am much bound to that Nickum.

Lett. Yes, if you knew all; and in troth, it shall out.

[*Aside.*]
Hack. Sen. He is a faithful Friend, I take it, unto me, and my Lamb; as any of the Wicked can be, to the Godly.

Lett. He faithful! I am glad you are come so fitly, that I can make you an Eye-witness of his Baseness. He dishonours the House, nay, for ought I know, makes it a Bawdy-house, even now.

Hack. Sen. Verily, is my House become a Nest for Hornets? A Bawdy-house! with whom?

Lett. Nay, — I know not with whom, — But I saw him through a ———, on a Bed, with one of our Sex, even now: ——— May be, one of the Maids: ——— Pull off your Shoes and follow me, and you may see the most unhallow'd sight.

Hack. Sen. Will it not unchristenise my Eyes? — But I will follow.

[*Ex. Hack. Sen. and Lett.*]

The STOCK-JOBBER. 457

SCENE draws, and discovers Nickum and Mrs. Hackwell

— on a Bed.

Nick. Little does your sanctify'd Dive-Dapper of a Husband think what Pranks we play him.

Mrs. Hack. Not he, good Man;—But you are a naughty Man, and will make me hate you, if you be so abominably valiant, to venture your dear Person upon all Occasions thus. The Relation makes me tremble.

Nick. Pshaw, Waw,——no Danger, indeed, when he came up first, he threw in a Pass or two, very briskly—Faith—But when he found how strongly I Parryed, and how like Lightning I flung my Passes in, hah, hah, hah——He soon retir'd,——and I made him Mortgage most wickedly.

Mrs. Hack. Mortgage!

Nick. A Phrase, we Killcows of the Town use, when we make a Spark give Ground: As I and my Friend made this Beaux, and the terrible Volunteer Welford do. 'Gad, we made 'em scamper, as if they had been employ'd to measure the Ground; I'faith, we did.

Mrs. Hack. How glad am I that I have thee safe with in these Arms!

Enter Colonel Hack. Sen. and Lettice.

Hack. Sen. Bless my Eyes! What do I see? It is my Lamb.

Lett. Now I think I have brought my business about.

[*Aside.*]

Nick. Ounds, we are undone! Counterfeit a Swooning Fit; [*She groans, and falls down on the Bed.*] Oh Heavens, she's gone! she's gone! Nay, you are come too late; wou'd no body hear me, when I knockt for help, as if I would have beaten the House down! poor Lady! I heard a Noise in her Chamber; and found her upon the Floor, beating her self and knocking her Head against the Ground. She has kill'd her self, I believe.

Lett. Oh Devil! Thou Father of Lies! [*Aside.*]

458 The VOLUNTEERS: Or,

Hack. Sen. Oh my Lamb, — my poor Lamb! — take my Keys! run, run for some Spirit of Harts-horn, run — run! —

Let. How the Devil helps his Servants!

[Exit Lettice.

Nick. If she comes to her self, four Men cannot hold her: call for help.

Hack. Sen. Help, help, help! Oh poor Lamb — Lamb — Lamb — sweet Lamb — dear Lamb — hold up thy Head, — speak, Lamb, — O that ever I was born! — Lamb, — Lamb, I say [Rubs her and pulls her by the Nose.

Mrs. Hack. Oh, oh, —

Nick. Look to it, — She begins to come to her self.

Enter Lettice with a Vial.

Let. Here's the Spirit.

Hack. Sen. Give it me; — Oh Lamb, — Lamb, — Lamb! [Pours it in her Mouth.

Mrs. Hack. Oh, what do you do? — Where am I? — whither am I going? Oh, oh —

Nick. Help, — help, — where are you all? — help, help!

Hack. Sen. Where are you? — Win the Fight, — Stand fast to the Faith! Perseverance — Long suffering, — Fight a good Fight. — Habakkuk, Nehemiah! — where are you all?

Nick. What a Muster-Roll of Christian names is here?

Mrs. Hack. Let me go, let me go; — Murder! Murder! Help! help!

Enter four or five Servants.

Hack. Sen. Why, Lamb: Now dear sweet Lamb. All hold her! hold her, she will beat her self in pieces.

Nick. Rarely Acted! Incomparably Acted! [Aside.

Hack. Sen. Ah my poor Lamb! — Hold her.

Let

Let. Lamb. ——— Ay, dear Lamb! ——— She has made a Rape of thee. [Aside.]

Mrs. Hack. Let go, let go, what, am I taken?

[Sits down, still groans, then sobs and cries:]

Nick. Hold your Peace! she comes to her self.

Hack. Sen. Oh my dear Lamb, be pacify'd; what shall I do? Oh, oh. [Sits down, and cries by her.]

Let. Oh Heaven! will you suffer Truth to be thus run down with Falsehood?

Nick. to Let. This is your Malice, Huzzy, ——— I warrant, ——— We'll be reveng'd of you.

Hack. Sen. My Dear, my Sweet, ——— speak to thy own Duckling.

Mrs. Hack. Who's here? My Honey, my Dear?

Hack. Sen. Oh my dear Lamb; dry thy Eyes.

Mrs. Hack. Oh, Cousin Nickum, art thou there?

Hack. Sen. Ay, my Lamb ——— or thou hadst not been here: I mean, alive.

Mrs. Hack. Truly, Cousin, I must own, I am much bound unto thee.

Let. This is most amazing! Now will all this turn upon me.

Mrs. Hack. Pray retire all: I have something for my Duckling's private Ear.

Hack. Sen. What a mercy it is, I have thee in my Arms again! [Exeunt Servants.]

Mrs. Hack. You see what your Brood ——— your Son and Daughter, have brought me too! Into Fits, most dangerous Fits: Oh, I am sore! very sore! I cannot lift my Hands to my Head.

Hack. Sen. How am I afflicted!

Mrs. Hack. I have one Secret to Unburden my self of; and I beg thy pardon that I did not discover it to thee before ——— Oh ———

Hack. Sen. What's that, Dear Lamb?

Mrs. Hack. Your Son! your wicked Son ——— It sets my Hair an end to think on't: ——— Has pressed me with Love from Time to Time: He would have dishonour'd your Bed ——— and defil'd me.

460 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

Hack. Sen. Gad forgive me——thee!——deſil'd thee!

Mrs. Hack. Yes, deſil'd me! the Thought of this, and the Horror it brought along with it, when I was alone, caſt me into this killing Fit: Which how long I have been in, or how I came out, thou beſt know'ſt.

Hack. Sen. I will diſinherit the wicked Wretch, and ſettle all, that is unſettled, upon thee and thy Daughter——If thou haſt not Iſſue of thy Body by me.

Mrs. Hack. No, no, my dear Duckling! Thou art too kind: How can we deſerve ſo great a Bounty? — I hope thou doſt not believe I ever had it in my Thoughts.

Hack. Sen. Nay, I obſerve, when any one deſerts our Congregation, they ſtop at no Wickedneſs after that.

Mrs. Hack. But how canſt thou ſo happily to my help?

Hack. Sen. By Providence: But, to ſay Truth, thy Hand-maid *Lettice* told me ſhe ſaw *Nickum* upon a Couth, with a Woman, diſhonouring my Houſe, and making it a Bawdy-Houſe.

Mrs. Hack. O moſt pernicious Jade! where is ſhe? — *Lettice, Lettice!* — I'll make an Example of her.

Enter Lettice.

Hack. Sen. Verily, ſhe deſerveth to be made an Example.

Let. What's to do now?

Mrs. Hack. Oh Impious Wretch! Would'ſt thou have diſhonour'd me? I'll tear thy Eyes out.

Let. They ſaw too much; did they?

Mrs. Hack. Moſt audacious Jade! I'll beat thee to Pap.

Hack. Sen. Fret not thy ſelf, dear Lamb! thou wo't endanger a Fit.

Let. Yes, ſhe will have many ſuch Fits.

Mrs. Hack. Pack up all your Trinkets, and be gone, Huſwife!

Let. A happy Opportunity! ſince the Young Colonel and his Siſter are gone, every one in the Houſe would take it for a favour, to be turn'd out of it.

Mrs. Hack.

The STOCK-JOBBER. 461

Mrs. Hack. Look there; you see what Faction she is of! No, Huswife, that shall not serve your turn; — I'll tye you to my Bed-post, and lash you soundly my Self: And then have you whipp'd to some purpose in *Bridewell*.

Let. Say you so! — But I have a way worth two on't. [Exit Lettice]

Hack. Sen. In truth, she's a wicked Creature! But disquiet not thy self; nothing can make me entertain one ill Thought of my Lamb.

Mrs. Hack. Thou art a dear sweet Duckling! But pray let me go into the Air. It may refresh me after this Fit.

Hack. Sen. Come, my sweet Lamb, — Lean upon me, Lamb. — [Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Timothy Kastril.

Sir Tim. If I suffer my self to be beaten, cufft, and kick'd thus any longer, instead of saluting me with their Hats, Fellows will salute me with Fist, Foot, and Cudgel. I shall be beaten like Hemp or Stock-fish, — I shall grow, in a little time, the common Anvil of the Town. — Well, — In short, I dare not endure beating any longer: — Let me see, — What a Pox! 'Tis fifty to one, he does not hit my Vitals, if he hits me: And if it be but a flesh-Wound — that's no great matter. — Hah; I have a pretty long Sword. — What a Devil! I'll fight, I am resolv'd: For 'tis better to be kill'd, than to live such a beaten Life as I am like to live without it. — Where is this Rogue *Nickum*? I'll watch him till Midnight, — If he does not bolt out before.

Enter Nickum.

Nick. These Kicks from this damn'd Beaux sit very uneasily upon me. He touch'd my Honour to the Quick, — as *Hudibras* says; — I must resolve to fight him: For if not, after this Baffle, I shall not get a Debt that's owing

462 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

me by a Bubble in *England*; ——— I have a Challenge ready penn'd. I fancy, if I come round up with him, he will be modest yet.

Sir Tim. Ha! here the Rogue is! What is he muttering to himself?

Nick. It shall go ——— Porter, Porter!

Enter Porter.

Porter. Who calls Porter?

Nick. Here, I; Take this Note and carry it, as it is directed: And here's six Pence for your pains.

[Exit Porter.]

Nick. Well, 'tis gone: I must resolve to fight; this confounded Beaux will tell all the Town, what Men he baffles, as well as what Women he lies with.

Sir Tim. There's no more to be said ——— I will fight ——— Sirrah, Rogue, Rascal, Scoundrel, Coward! I'll whip thee through ——— I'll make thee fuller of Holes, then e're pink't Sattin was.

Nick. What the Devil, is this Coward Beaux run mad?

Sir Tim. He begins to fear me, ——— Sirrah, I will man-
gle thee so; that when I have kill'd thee ——— they shall not know whether thou art a Man or a Fish.

Nick. If you long to be beaten again ——— *[Draws.]*

Sir Tim. Beaten, you Dog! Have at your Lungs, or some other of your Entrails.

[He runs at Nickum as hard as he can, and disarms him.]
Dam me, beg your Life, Sirrah.

Nick. I do; ——— I do.

Sir Tim. What a Pox, is this all? I have no Hurt; to make such a Business of Fighting! ——— Here, Sirrah, take your Sword, and fight again! Here's a Business indeed!

Nick. What, with one that has given me my Life?

Sir Tim. Prythee, I gave thy Life to thee to fight with it; Gad, I must fight with you, or some Body else; ——— It's an admirable Exercise! I intend to use it a-Mornings, instead of Tennis.

Nick.

The STOCK-JOBBER. 463

Nick. This is most amazing! What a Metamorphosis is this? He is a bloody-minded Beaus; — That I shou'd light on two wrong Beaus in an Hour! Fox on 'em, for me! — I'll meddle no more with 'em.

Sir Tim. Will you fight again, Sirrah? If you won't, get you about your Business; — What have I to do with you? A Company of cowardly Rascals of you! — Now I think on't, you laid me on confound-
edly. [Struts up and down and cudgels him.]

Nick. This is the Devil in his Shape, sure! — My Sword, Sir.

Sir Tim. No, Sirrah, you have no Occasion for it; you durst not fight; I'll keep it, Sirrah, — begone.

Nick. What a Devil! Does he take the Plunder o' the Field? I see, I must fight now: — [Ex. Nickum.]

Sir Tim. Gad take me, this is rare Sport! I long to be fighting with some Body else; — I must pick a Quarrel.

Enter Welford.

Here's one comes for the Purpose: I must have about with him, for his Familiarity with my Ears.

Welf. What the Devil is here? Are you robbing of Passengers of their Swords?

Sir Tim. No, winning 'em honourably; and I'll have yours, before you go much further.

Welf. What says the Coxcomb?

Sir Tim. Coxcomb! Dam me, y'are a Puppy, — I am a Knight.

Welf. Oh wond'rous Transformation in two Hours!

Sir Tim. Hah, let me see, — I'll run you through in Terce.

Welf. Prythee, Fool, — Don't trouble me.

Sir Tim. No, no; trouble you! I won't trouble you; only run you through the Body; — I never saw a Man so slow in my Life. Have at you.

Welf. Pish — Fox o' this Fellow! — there, trouble me

464 *The* VOLUNTEERS: *Or,*

me no more. ——— What sudden Change is this? He was mad before, or is mad now.

[*Welford runs at him, disarms him, flings him his Sword, & Exit.*]

Sir Tim. Hah! This is a very pretty Fellow! He fights very prettily: Gad, as well as my self! ——— I see, 'tis nothing; the Devil take me, I'll fight with every Body that has ever frown'd upon me in his Life.

Enter Nickum, Constable and Guard.

Nick. That's he: He has the very Sword he robb'd me of, in his Hand, ——— lay hold on him.

[*Constable seizes Sir Tim.*]

Sir Tim. How now? What's the Matter?

Const. You are a bold Thief! A fine Rogue! Rob Gentlemen of their Swords, in the Day-time? There will be no passing the Streets, for such Rogues as you are.

Nick. He came upon me before I was aware, and whipt away my Sword.

Sir Tim. You lye, Sirrah! Coward! I fought with the Rogue, and won it nobly.

Const. Ah, come, come, and you shall be hang'd nobly.

Watch. He would have robb'd another Gentleman; but he was too hard for him, and beat him.

Sir Tim. Why, what the Devil, are you mad! Why, I am a Knight; these are Rogues; they lye.

Const. A Knight, and such a Thief! ——— away with him.

Enter Taylor.

Sir Tim. Oh, here's my Taylor; ——— He can tell you who I am?

Taylor. Are? ——— Yes, Why, what's the Matter here? This is *Sir Timothy Kastril*: As honest a Gentleman, and pays his Bills as well as any Gentleman, and bates as little.

Const. How I pay his Bills well? He has perplex the Cause;

Cause, why this Gentleman has accused him of flat Felony.

Tayl. He! Why, that's a Sharper! A Rogue! A Cheat!

Nick. Sirrah, I shall remember you.

Const. No threatening here, Sir.

Nick. Let me see the Sword he robb'd me of: here's the Scabbard to't, why, this is Demonstration.

Tayl. What! a Bully? A Sharper? And robb'd of his Sword? This is a Cheat, a plain Cheat!

Const. I see it now. Sir, You are an honest Gentleman; and may go about your Business. — I have a good Mind to lay that Rogue by the Heels.

Nick. No, not so, — I'll go about my Business; — I see, I must run some Body through; or I am utterly undone. [Exit.

Sir Tim. Honest *Stitchum*, I am beholden to you. I beat this Rogue, and disarm'd him; and had a Mind to fiew his Sword; for fear the Rascal should deny it, — and put me to beat him again. — And he accuses me of Robbery! Mr. Constable, there's a Guinea for your Watch to drink.

Const. Thank you, Sir; a very worthy honest Gentleman!

Watch. Thank you, Sir, a very honest Gentleman!

[Exit.

SCENE the Major-General's House.

Enter Sir Nich. Dainty, and Terepsi.

Sir Nich. Fa, la, la; sweet Madam, your Father acquaints me that you are pleas'd to honour me with your best Affections.

Ter. Oh Lord! you make me blush; — sure, he would not say such a Thing.

Sir Nich. Nay, Madam, if you deny it, I know not what Measures to take then.

Ter. Sir, I dare not deny, that I have said to my Father, that you are a fine accomplisht Person!

Sir Nich. Ah Madam, — ah, — no, — no.

Ter. And that your Air and Mien are excellent.

Sir Nich.

466 The VOLUNTEERS: Or,

Sir Nich. Sweet Madam, you will make me too proud.

Ter. And that the Charms of your Conversation are invincible, let me die!

Sir Nich. Nay Madam, Dam me, if you don't go a little too far now.

Ter. I can never go too far in the Praises of so compleat a Gentleman, I'll say it.

Sir Nich. No, Madam? Yes, yes, you may: But what's all this to your Love, Madam? This will shew that you admire a Person; but never, that you love him.

Ter. But, Oh my Weakness! I told you in the Park, I did love you; my Blushes will o'erscore me.

Sir Nich. Did you, Madam? I protest, I had forgot it; I am so far from deserving the Honour. But, dear Madam, do you love me now?

Ter. Yes, yes, I am afraid, too well!

Sir Nich. I must confess, you have too many Rivals, Madam. But you have the Preference in my Affections: And shall ride Sovereign in my Heart.

Ter. Let me die, if I can look upon you.

Sir Nich. Madam, I must tell you, tho' the Bean's will laugh at, and discard one that marries; Yet I am content, for your Sake, to be laugh'd at.

Ter. And will you set aside your Campaign, and yield to Love's soft Charms?

Sir Nich. Not for the World, Madam. What! set aside my Honour? that cannot be, for all the Treasures upon Earth.

Ter. Nay, then you love me not, and I am miserable.

Sir Nich. Dam me, Madam, I have had fifty Ladies in Love with me, and I never lov'd any one of 'em half so much.

Ter. No, no, You love not me! all I have to do, is to retire and weep; and sigh my self into a Ghost, I'll swear.

Sir Nich. Why, Madam, Madam! ———— [Exit Teresa.]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Note left for you, by a Porter.

Sir Nich. Hah! this is no Billet: This is made up by some

some Blockheadly Fellow! Hal Niddow! This is a Challenge! it's a very odd one! Let me go in, and enquire about it.

Enter M. G. Blunt, Hackwell junior, and Eugenia.

M. G. Blunt. I have left my old Officers at the last Newbury Fight, as drunk as ever they were in the Army: They will fling Bottles at one another's Heads, as they were wont to do. But — ah — how goes on your process of Love betwixt you?

Hack. Jun. Much too slow, Sir, for my eager Wishes. **Eug.** I see, our English Soldiers are for nothing but storming; they have not Patience for a Siege.

M. G. Blunt. Look then, Tom, I'll say that for her; she's as good a Girl as any Man can boast of.

Hack. Jun. She's all Excellence! She's all Perfection!

M. G. Blunt. A-dod, Country Gentlemen are Knaves enough; when they put Horses that are Jades into one another's Hands: But they may be chop away, or sold in Smithfield. But to put a Woman-Jade into one's Hands, that he must never part with, by the Lord Harry, it is unpardonable.

Hack. Jun. The same Honour ever shines in all your Actions.

M. G. Blunt. I have indeed an Aff of a Daughter, which I put off to an Aff of a Knight: but he likes her for being an Aff, and she likes him for being an Aff, so 'tis an equal Match. The Devil's in't, if they don't agree: They are so like, they are almost one Flesh already.

Eug. Methinks, Sir, 'tis Time enough to talk of this in Time of Peace.

M. G. Blunt. A-dod, that's very well: That's like a Fellow whose Bridge was a falling, — Would not flux, because Times were unsettled: Does not War make a Destruction of Men? What should good Subjects do then; — But lay about them to replenish? A-dod, this young Fellow and his Friend, are gallant Fellows!

And

468 The VOLUNTEERS: Or,

And if they be knockt of the Head this Summer,—— I'd have some of the Breed left,—— which is almost lost in England.

Eug. I beseech you, Sir, be not so hasty.

M. G. Blunt. Thou dissembling Jade thou! By my Troth, Hufwife, if thou be'st not a little civiller, I'll tell Tales.

Eug. For Heaven's Sake! if ever you loved me, betray not my Weakness.

Enter Clara.

M. G. Blunt. Well, well;—— oh, here comes my fair Charge.

Clara. My Dear, now I am come to thee, never to leave thee.

M. G. Blunt. Hold, hold!—— I forbid those Banns: There's a brave young Fellow, *Welford*, and this Youth here, shall part you both; and to your Heart's Content;—— and see, here he comes.

Enter Welford.

Look you, Sir, There's your Mistress; to her, and see what you can make of her—— I am her Guardian, and dispose of her to you.—— Come, come, leave 'em together.

Clara. Good Guardian,—— what do you mean? My Dear! my *Eugenie*!

M. G. Blunt. Nay, A-dod, if you be not civil—— I'll lock you up.

Hack. jun. And, Sister, I present this Gentleman to you, as the greatest Treasure you can have: He'll make you as happy, as you are capable of being.

Clara. I am besieg'd on every Side.

M. G. Blunt. Come, come, away: fall to your Love-Tricks—— Be not too long in Ceremony: think of the Subjance;

Substance: Women are not to be perswaded;—They perswade themselves.

[*Exeunt M. G. Blunt, Colonel and Eugenia.*]

Welf. Madam, can you fly from your Adorer?

Clar. Can you imagine I can be so vain to think—I have an Adorer?

Welf. There's nothing on this Side Heaven, that I can worship equal to you: The World, in Ballance, is too light for you.

Clar. A Man only shews his Parts, by fine Language, that never goes for any Thing.

Welf. Madam, I scorn to speak a Language that is not from my Heart: I would renounce the Universe for you.

Clar. No, I dare say, not this Campaign for me.

Welf. I could not do't for you: For should I quit my Honour, you'd despise me.

Clar. 'Tis a hard Task to speak against one's Conscience.

Welf. But I must be miserable without your Favour; and if you will not grant it, I shall desire to be shot from out of a Bomb upon the Enemy.

Clar. What a foolish Thing is a Woman, when a Man makes Love to her! [*Aside*]—Sure, you would not have me set my Love upon one, that's going to be knockt o'the Head?

Welf. The better, Madam—When he leaves all that's dear to him in this World for't.

Clar. That were to make my self miserable, shou'd I lose him.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Madam, Your most humble Servant. Sir, I love and honour you: Y're brave—and I'll draw my Sword for you.

Welf. Pox o'this Puppy!

Enter

Enter Sir Nicholas, with a Challenge in his Hand.

Sir Nich. Oh, Mr. *Welford*! I am glad you are here! — You are a Judge of Honour, — and I would consult with you: I have sent for the Major-General — and Colonel *Hackwell*.

Sir Tim. If it be about Honour, Consult with me, *Nicky*: I have fought two Duels since I saw you: And long to fight a third. One of 'em was with this Gentleman here.

Sir Nich. Damn me; what, has he cast his Skin, or is he become a new Creature? Two Duels! — 'Tis impossible.

Enter M. G. Blunt, Hackwell Junior, and Eugenia.

M. G. Blunt. Rox o' these Fools! How came they here to interrupt Love?

Sir Nich. Come, Gentlemen; Nay, the Ladies may hear it too. — You must know, I was challeng'd by a Fellow this Afternoon, whose Name I conceal'd — And this Gentleman did me the Honour to be my Second.

Hack. jun. What a Devil! wert thou drawn in, by this Fop?

Sir Nich. His Opposite would not fight at all; — And mine fought so scurvily, that he ran back, and dropt his Sword on Purpose: — I gave it him again, and bid him use it better — But he durst not — so, we kick'd 'em both exceedingly, and left 'em.

Sir Tim. Rogues, — Cowards! — damn'd Cowards! — that Men can be such Cowards!

Sir Nich. Now, my Rogue has sent me the most unmannerly rude Challenge — that ever was: — And the Point in Question is, whether I ought to answer this, from a Fellow whom I have given his Life to, — or have him drubb'd immoderately, by my Footman.

M. G. Blunt.

M. G. Blunt. A-dod, a pretty Parcel! Let's hear the Challenge.

[Sir Nich. reads.] Coxcomb Dainty. — for Knight, I do scorn to call thee; Did you ever hear such a rude Fellow?

M. G. Blunt. A-dod, he comes up roundly with thee, Knight!

[Sir Nich. reads.] When thou should'st have attack'd me to my Face, Thou didst basely invade me behind my Back: Therefore I challenge thee to meet me Face to Face; nor, as thou didst before, Face to Heel.

[Speaks.] With the Pardon of the Ladies, these are his Words.

[Reads.] Tho' the most unworthy Part of Man is too honourable to be encountered by such a Rascal. Consider and Tremble: Thy Father, if he were alive, could not give thee better Counsel: For there is no Composition for thy Safety — unless thou wilt heal that Part with thy Tongue, like a Dog as thou art; which thou didst offend with thy Hoof, like an Ass as thou wert: All the Mercy thou art to expect from me is this Admonition: To prepare thee to die, with thy Sword in thy Hand; and if thou refusest, I will be thy Destroyer.

No Matter for the Name. Now your Judgments upon the Case. Did you ever see such an ill-bred Fellow? Fight or Drub?

Sir Tim. Fight, fight, — and I'll be your Second.

Clara, Eugenia, let's steal off. [Exit. Eug. and Clara.]

M. G. Blunt. How came this Knight so furious o' the sudden?

Huck. Jun. He has been kickt and beaten into Valour: And this is the first Day of his Reformation. — He has fought twice in an Hour.

M. G. Blunt. Hah, say'st thou so? — I have known some such Examples have been the most troublesome quarrelling Coxcombs about the Town after it: But, a-dod, they are Cowards at the Bottom for all that: Look you, Pupil, in this Case, if the Fellow be a Gentleman, he must not be drubb'd: Thou may'st cane him thyself,

self, if thou wilt, when thou meet'st him; — If he be not a Gentleman, laugh at him. — But, i'faith, the Rogue has an arch knack at his Pen!

Sir Nick. Upon my Word, Sir, you have decided the Matter like an Oracle: — It shall be so.

M. G. Blunt. Why, Gentlemen, you have let the Girls Escape! for shame, follow 'em.

Sir Nick. For my part, I ne'er trouble my self to follow Ladies; they follow me fast enough.

Sir Tim. What a Pox, shall we have no fighting then? *Gad* — I'll quarrel with some body or other.

*'Twas somewhat long, before I durst begin;
But I'll fight like a Devil, now I'm in.* [Exit.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Teresa and Winifred.

Ter. **H**E is so fine a Person, that, I vow, I cannot blush to own my Passion to him: He is the charmingst Creature in the World, let me die! That Air, that Mien, that bewitching Conversation! Oh my Dear! all the Town is in love with him.

Win. Not all the Town, my Dear. For my part, I wonder what thou canst see in such Fellows! Thou should'st learn to value thy self, and despise them. I'll say't, — I scorn that any Fellow should make me in love with him.

Ter. Ah my dear, thou know'st not *Cupid's Power*; I warrant thee, he has an Arrow for thee yet; he'll pierce thy stubborn Heart.

Win.

The STOCK-JOBBER'S. 1473

Win. I care for ne'er a *Cupid* of 'em all. Tell me of *Cupid*?

Enter Hop.

Oh, sweet Mr. *Hop*! ——— I thought we had lost thee. ——— Where hast thou been all this while?

Hop. I din'd very well, at the Steward's Table, Madam.

Win. The Steward's Table! Good lack! sure, thou art Company for their Betters. Thou should'st value thy dear Person more. ———

Ter. How do you, Master? You are come to help us out in our Country-Dances?

Hop. Yes, Madam, I am ready to serve you.

Win. Talk of an Air and a Mien! Here's an Air and Mien! a charming Person, and bewitching Conversation! And that Divine Musick on the Kit!

Enter Sir Nicholas Dainty.

Sir Nich. Ladies, your most humble Servant. How doest thou do, *Hop*?

Win. Hah! ——— Proud Coxcomb! Plain *Hop*? Sure Mr. *Hop* might become his Mouth. ——— Come, Mr. *Hop*, let's Retire; You shall shew me a little ——— before we begin Dancing.

Sir Nich. Ah, Madam! that's not fair play.

Win. Good Sir, I know what I do. ———

[*Ex. Winif. and Hop.*]

Sir Nich. I hope, Madam, you have compos'd the Temper of your Mind, and are contented with my venturing for Honour; especially, since you shall secure my Love.

Ter. Nay, ——— I'll say't, ——— you cannot love me, that can leave me for Drums and Trumpets.

Sir Nich. Nay, then we have done, Madam; I won't quit my Honour for the World: Alas, ——— the Ladies

474 *The* VOLUNTEERS: *Or,*

dies in the Town are in Mutiny about it, and I deny 'em all.

Ter. Break, Heart, break! ——— I cannot bear it.

Sir Nich. I am sorry, Madam, you will quit your Lover, for being a Man of Honour; ——— but I despair not of Mistresses;

Ter. Oh cruel Tyrant of my Heart!

Enter M. G. Blunt.

M. G. Blunt. How now, Pupil? ——— How goes on this Treaty?

Sir Nich. It stops at the Preliminaries, and is not like to go on: she will not suffer me to satisfy my Honour, and go to the Campaign. Now I have given my Word, and have my Equipage all ready, I'll sooner lose my Life than stay.

M. G. Blunt. A-dod, Knight, thou art in the right there, tho' thou seldom art so: ——— By Heaven, thou'rt an Ass; thou shalt let him go; and I'll hold so to one, he does not bring thee to abandon him this Summer! [*to Ter.*

Sir Nich. Upon my Honour, I'll venture for it, noble Guardian.

M. G. Blunt. Mr. *Walford* has been at Court, ——— and they are Countermanded, and are not to go these five Weeks. And, a-dod, may be that may be long enough to be married. You may be weary of one another by that time ——— there have been such Examples.

Ter. Oh, never, never, ——— I'll say ——— shall I be weary?

M. G. Blunt. Go, go, get you into the drawing-Room, and agree upon your Treaty: ——— my Pupil and I shall have no Words upon ours.

Sir Nich. Your Servant, Sir.

[*Exeunt Sir Nicholas and Teresa.*

Enter

Enter Hackwell, Juniors, and Welford.

M. G. Blane. Oh come, young Fellows, — I have found out a way to dispatch your Business with these skittish Girls. I over-heard 'em say — they would have some private Conference in this Room: We'll into a Closet, and over-hear it — A-dod. They are coming — in — in — in. *[They Retire.]*

Enter Eugenia and Clara.

Clar. Come, my Dear, we are alone. Let's enjoy one another; what can make us so happy?

Eug. The Colonel and Volunteer can make us happier.

Clar. That's true indeed; — but we are now alone, and are not forced upon the Drudgery of dissembling.

Eug. 'Tis very hard, that honest Women must be tyed to that, as well as Wench.

Clar. Indeed, a little Lying is a necessary Quality in our Sex.

Eug. That's but convenient Policy — for us to use with Men; Fiction in Love and Poetry is lawful.

Clar. That's a very civil Word, for Lying! but there is no pleasure in Conversation, where Hearts are not open to one another.

Eug. Thou art in the right, my Dear. Oh my most bewitching Colonel! I would not, for the World, he knew the Power he has over me.

Clar. My Brother is a generous and worthy Fellow; he'd use it nobly, if he did.

Eug. Nor is there a gallanter Fellow than thy Volunteer; and I had best let him know the Power he has over thee.

Clar. Not for the World, my Dear; he shall have no Temptation from me to be a Tyrant. You see, Power alters almost every Man.

Eug.

476 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

Eug. 'Tis fit indeed we conceal our Foibles; for if they apply their Strengths to our Weakness, they will be too hard for us.

Clar. Thank Heaven! we have always something to ballance that—— And can find out their Weakness: And the great cunning of our Sex, and all our Dominion, comes from attacking that.

Eug. To say Truth, they are more open-hearted than we, and more easily discovered. But what Power has thy Volunteer over thee?

Clar. My lawful Monarch has as much, as ever Tyrant aimed at; Oh, he's the charming'st Creature upon Earth! I could live all my life-time in a Wilderness with him, and never see the Face of any other Man.

Eug. I cannot say that of my Colonel; because I have a Father, that, next to him, I love above the World; but I could gladly share with him in all his Hazards and his Toils.

Clar. That's a true taking *for better for worse*—— Thou art a brave heroick Girl!—— we are both sprung from Soldiers; and methinks, rather than not be in my *Welford's* Presence, I'd lie in Camps without all Covering but the Sky.

Eug. I'd mount a Breach with my Colonel.

Clar. Well said, my brave *Amazon*!—— With my *Welford* I could stand a Pass, with Showers of Bullets flying about my Ears, and only be concerned, lest an unlucky one should cut him off.

Eug. Hush what thou wilt, I am as valiant as thy self: And for mine, I would gladly intercept the Bullet that would hit him.—— Oh! he is the dearest, sweetest Creature, that the Earth ever bore!

Clar. Mine, besides his Worth, his Honour, and his Name, with his Person might conquer all our Sex.

Eug. Mine is the glory of his Sex, and the delight of ours; his Look, his Mien!

Clar. Ah *Welford*! his Air! his Shape; and his Address!——

Eug.

Eng. His Wit, his Sense! —

Clar. His Courage, and his Gentleness! —

Eng. Pray let's not quarrel, who is most charming —

Clar. They are both best; and I would we had 'em each within our Arms.

Eng. It were a Joy beyond the World.

Enter M. G. Blunt. [*They Squeak.*]

M. G. Blunt. Ah, — why, 'tis not come to that yet — Ye are brave Girls, never blush for the Matter; — 'Tis Natural, — 'tis Honest, 'tis Discreet and Virtuous.

Clar. Oh Sir, what Confusion would it cause, should you discover one Word of this to our Lovers?

Eng. As e'er you priz'd your most obedient Daughter, be secret as a Confessor; — I blush to look on you.

Clar. I never shall behold you more, without such Shame as will confound me. — But, for Heaven's sake, be secret, Sir.

M. G. Blunt. Ye are foolish Girls; — this is an Honour to you. By the Lord Harry, I'll say nothing; — But a-dod, y'are the bravest mettled Girls in *Christendom*! Come, Lovers, enter.

[*Takes 'em by the Hand. The Women Shriek, and endeavour to run away.*]

Enter Hackwell, Jew, and Welford.

Ah-ha! — What a pox do you squeak for? Here's no Rape intended. No flying. — a-dod, you shall stand to't.

Eng. I'll never forgive you, tho' you are my Father.

Clar. You had better have stay'd, and made me such an Account, as Guardians won't do, — than use me thus.

M. G. Blunt. Come, a-dod, I love Plain-dealing; — I'd have Love come out like the Smal-Pox, or else 'tis dangerous.

Welf.

478 The VOLUNTEERS: Or,

Welf. to *Clar.* Madam, I never suffer'd such Confusion; ——— I know not what to say or think of my surprising Joy.

Hack. Jan. The Blessing of this Minute is so high, so ravishing, and extravagant, methinks I dream.

Eug. Methinks, you do. Ours was Rallery! all Rallery; — as if we did not know you were in the Closet?

Clar. Can you imagine otherwise? Why, 'twas nothing but a Scene well acted betwixt us.

Welf. It is too much to my Advantage, not to believe you were in earnest, Madam.

Hack. Jan. You will not sure be so cruel! to strangle my poor infant-Hope, and make me desperate.

M. G. Blunt. Why, you young dissembling Sluts! A-dod, this is rare Confidence! Do you think this will pass upon us? No, no, the Business shall be immediately dispatched: — We'll first employ an able Lawyer, — and then a competent Divine, — that, I warrant you, shall make you fast enough, and tye you in such a Noose, you shall never wriggle out again.

Enter Servants, holding Sir Timothy Kastril.

1 Serv. Hold, hold him fast!

Sir Tim. Let me go, you Dogs, let me go!

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir Nich. What's to do here? What's the matter? Why, *Sir Timothy*, are you out of your Princely Wits?

M. G. Blunt. Pox o' these Puppies! — Must they still put a stop to us, when, like Chymists, we are at the moment of Projection?

Sir Tim. The Matter! why, I did but chastise some rude Fellows, and these laid hold of me, and hal'd me in thus.

M. G. Blunt. Let him go: — What's the Matter?

1 Serv. The Matter, Sir! why, he'll be kill'd in half an hour's time, if we let him go: — Some Masqueraders would

would have pres'd in, and he sallies out upon 'em, beats three or four of 'em, and runs one through the Army; and that would not satisfy him, but a rough Soldierly Man came by, with Whiskers, and he pull'd him by a Whisker, — and told him he did not like his Countenance, and to't they went; — If we had not parted them, one had been kill'd.

M. G. Blunt. Why, adod, thou art the strangest Orlando Furioso that e'er I knew! — what Transformation's this?

Sir Nich. Are you not ashamed? The greatest quality of a Beau is to be soft of Speech, very gentle and civil of Deportment, much joy'd with the Contemplation of himself, and well pleas'd with others.

Sir Tim. Pish, Fox of a Beau! I'll have nothing to do with 'em; nor the Women neither; they have used me like a Dog. I would go to the War, — but that he that was my Tutor, that's a Non-Swearer, has perplex'd my Conscience so, that I do not know which side to take. — But a Fox on me, if I don't fight at home; — I am out of Humour with the World.

Sir Nich. For shame; art thou mad?

Sir Tim. Don't you provoke me to whip you through the Body.

M. G. Blunt. By the Lord Harry, Knight, thou canst not live a Week. [Fiddles flourish.] Oh, the Fiddles are yonder! look to the Doors, let none in but those you know! These Fiddles are Fop-Calls, and Whore-Calls; we shall have the Town assemble. — Come, young Fellows, let's go; 'faith, I'll lead you up in a Country-Dance my self. [Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE a Dancing-Room.

Enter Teresa, Winifred, Hop, and Fiddles, to whom M. G.

Blunt. Col. Hackwell, John Wellford, Sir Nicholas, Sir Timothy, Eugenius and Clara.

M. G. Blunt. Come, when shall we begin? — I think, we want some of our Company.

Hop.

480 *The VOLUNTEERS OF*

Hop. Pray give me leave, Sir, to present you with a Maggot of mine.

M. G. Blunt. Ha, Fellow! what dost thou mean by a Maggot?

Hop. Sir, a little Concern of mine in my way, — a little Whim, or say Sir, —

M. G. Blunt. Pr'ythee, Fellow, speak plain English: A-dod, I know not what thou meanst.

Hop. Why, a little Dance, Sir, — I have all ready,

M. G. Blunt. Why, now thou sayest something. Let 'em come in. These Dancing-masters and Fiddlers are so devilish witty always.

Enter Hackwell Sen. Mrs. Hackwell, and Nickum.

Oh Colonel, I sent to you: I was afraid you would have fail'd me.

Hack. Sen. Save you, Sir; I look upon Dancing as Vanity, and I crave Leave to be absent: It is but the Ceremony, I will be present at the substantial part — your Supper.

M. G. Blunt. Well, well, — you have Liberty: — The Godly will seldom baulk a lusty Meal; they will eat till it flies out of their Mouth, Eyes, Ears, and Nostrils.

Sir Tim. I fought with that Fellow there, that Rogue, that Sharper, and run him over and over. [To Sir Nicholes.

Nick. I am a Rogue: Now I see 'em, my Mind mis-gives me, and I find plainly I dare not fight. [Aside.

Mrs. Hack. What's the Matter? I am afraid you are Angry.

Nick. My Blood rises at these Rogues, and I would fain run 'em into the Bowels.

Mrs. Hack. I'll keep you under my Wing.

Hack. Sen. It seemeth to me, that my Lamb is somewhat more concern'd for this Nickum than is decent.

M. G. Blunt.

The Stock-Jobbers. 431

M. G. Blunt. Come, enter. — Where is the Dance?

Hack. Sen. I will retire from these Vanities, and give my self to Meditation. [Exit.

Enter Dancers, and Dance.

M. G. Blunt. Pox o' these Entries! give me your jolly Country-Dances; it puts good Humour into us, warms the Ladies, and makes 'em kind and coming; young Fellows, hah! we'll fall to that now.

Mrs. Hack. to Nick. I cannot Dance, and am afraid the Major-General will take me out. — Let's retire. [They speak out.

M. G. Blunt. Now, young Fellows, take out your Ladies. [A Noise without, Part 'em, part 'em.

Enter a Servant.

How now, how now! what's the Matter?

Serv. The old Cavalier-Gentlemen are fallen out, and will kill one another, — they have fought their way thro' three Rooms, and are fighting their way thro' this.

Thr. Oh, I shall die, I shall die! — Save me, save me!

Win. Oh, Mr. Hop, save me!

[Runs to Sr. Nick.

[Runs to Mr. Hop.

M. G. Blunt. Fear nothing, there's no Danger; they have done this three times a Week this fifty Year.

[Cavaliers Roar and Rant, and Enter with their Swords drawn.

What's the Matter here?

1 Cav. This Fellow said, he was nearer being hang'd for Plots for the King than I was.

2 Cav. Yes, and more, and better Plots, I'll justify it; the Major-General knows it.

M. G. Blunt. Know! — a-dod, all the Plots, that I knew, ended in being damnable Drunk; and I believe you drank and spew'd in the King's Service, as much as most.

482 The VOLUNTEERS: Or,

1 Cav. He that says he was as near being Hang'd for the King as I, lyes.

Sir Tim. Look ye, Sir, you lye, you both lye, and you all lye; and if you have a mind to fight, — I'll fight with you all round.

M. G. Blunt. Fools, put up your Swords; and for you, *Knight*, I will send for a Constable, if you will not be quiet: Go, go and drink, Friends, till you can't speak, and then you'll be good Company.

1 Cav. Sir, you are my Officer, and I'll obey.

2 Cav. I honour my Officer. [Exeunt Cavaliers.]

Sir Nich. Look you, *Sir Timothy*, I brought you into this Family; you dishonour me, if you disturb it, and I'll cut your Throat.

Sir Tim. No more; Let this be somewhat between you and me

M. G. Blunt. Come, come, — take out your Ladies: — A-dod, I have lost my Mate; but here's a pretty young Wench; a very good Exchange, I faith.

[He takes Lettice, *Sir Nicholas* Teresa, *Welford* Clara,

Hack. *Fun.* *Eugenia.*

Sir Tim. to *Win.* I shall remember you, — but I'll do you the honour to dance with you.

Win. I scorn to join Hands with such a Fellow, upon any Occasion: Sweet *Mr. Hop*, — you are my Mate.

Sir Tim. Why, you impudent Rascal, dare you take out an unmannerly Slut, that has refus'd me, and think your self fit to dance with Gentlemen?

[Breaks *Hop's* Head; *Hop* pulls out his Handkerchief to wipe the Blood, and drops a Paper; *Clara* takes it up.

Win. Oh sweet *Mr. Hop*! Oh, look to *Mr. Hop*.

M. G. Blunt. Thou *Knight*! Thou *Puppy*! I could find in my Heart to have my Servants fling thee out of the Window, — for affronting me in this manner.

Sir Tim. Well, — he shall be the next to *Sir Nicholas*.

Clar. to *M. G. Blunt.* Sir, Sir! look what here is, which this same *Hop* has drop'd; a Paper with half a broad-
Piece

The STOCK-JOBBER. 483

Piece, and a Contract penn'd by that sweet Lady, my Sister-in-Law's own Hand; a Contract with this compleat Gentleman, Mr. Hop. [Blunt takes it from her.

Win. Mercy on me! we are undone; give me my Paper.

M. G. Blunt. I beg your Pardon, I will shew it to my Neighbour, the Colonel. Ha, *Tom!* this will be of use, i' faith. — Did I not say she would take up with a Groom? This indeed is somewhat higher.

Sir Tim. What, is your Ladyship's haughty Person dispos'd of to a Dancing-Master?

Sir Nich. Is the terrible scornful Lady taken up with a Dancing-Master? *Mrs. Hop,* your Servant, *Mrs. Hop.*

Clar. Sister, I wish you Joy with your Caperer.

Ter. Oh, that so fine a Person should be so cast away! I grieve for thee, my Dear.

Win. Curse on 'em all! — I'll carry it off. — [Aside.] Look you, all at once, that there has not only been a Contract, but the Marriage has been celebrated between this dear Creature — and my self. — I think him the finest Gentleman in *England*, and there's an end on't. Come, my Dear, let's go.

Sir Tim. Dost thou hear, scornful Lady, *Mrs. Hop?* — I could find in my Heart to cut thy Rogue's back-Sinews, and spoil his Capering; — but every time I meet him — I will kick him thus.

Win. He's a Coward; *Nickum* beat him before me, and he never resisted.

Hop. Say you so? Have at you, Sir.

[*Sir Tim.* and *Hop* draw; *Sir Tim.* whips up *Hop's* Heels, and disarms him; *Women* shriek and run away.

[Exit *Hop*.

Sir Tim. Go, get you gone, with another Kick for a Pals. — Ha — Gentlemen! Your Judgment! Don't I Fight pretty well? — Hah, Major-General, *Sir Nicholas*, Colonel?

All. Very well, — very well!

M. G. Blunt. We shall dance the merrier, for this Interruption, I warrant you. — Here! — Who waits?

484 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

Enter Servant.

Servant. I am here, Sir.

M. G. Blunt. Where is the old Colonel?

Servant. He is not gone out of the House, — but he is in none of the usual Rooms, — where the Lights are.

M. G. Blunt. Come, come, let's find him out; — And let him know this joyful News.

Hack. Jun. Nothing could have happen'd so luckily as this.

Welf. Yes, — if he had discover'd his Wife, as we have done her Daughter. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

The SCENE a Dark Room.

Enter Colonel Hackwell Senior.

Hack. Sen. I have gotten pretty well out of the Paper, and other Patents, and made a pretty Sum of them: — I have Shares in some that cost me nothing, but were given me to prevent my Caveats: those I'll keep a while; but for the Linnen, we have agreed when that shall rise, — and then I'll wriggle my self out of that.

Enter Nickum and Mrs. Hackwell.

Mrs. Hack. I thought we should never have found a private Room, all are so full of Lights this Night.

Nick. This is to our purpose, — my dear Madam.

Hack. Sen. Bless me! What do I hear! *Nickum* and my Lamb?

Mrs. Hack. Have not I brought my old Fool to a fine Pals? I'll never leave him now, till he settles all his Estate unsettled upon me, and afterwards upon my Daughter. — He has promis'd, — and then I'll make thy Fortune.

Hack. Sen. I am confounded, most exceedingly abash'd!

Nick.

Nick. Thou dear sweet Lady of my Soul and Body, ——— I am not worthy of thee; but methinks it is a great part of the Pleasure, to consider how fond, how silly, and how credulous these poor Cuckolds are.

Hack. Sen. Is it so, Devil Incarnate?

Mrs. Hack. Ah, ah, we are undone, utterly lost! kill him! kill him!

Hack. Sen. Rouze, Old Man, within me. Hah! I see a glimmering of a Light.

Nick. Have at your Bowels.

[Nickum runs at him; he puts him by, and lays him on and cuts him back-Sword way, and beats him about the Room.

Enter M. G. Blunt, Colonel Hack. Jun. Welford: Servants and Lights.

Hack. Jun. Heaven! my Father engag'd?

Hack. Sen. Stand by — let me alone with him. —

M. G. Blunt. What's the matter, Man? By my Troth, I think thou art as pretty a Fellow with a Sword in thy Hand, — And lay't about thee, as thou didst 50 Year ago.

Hack. Sen. The matter? That Fellow is the lewdest Son of Belial; And my Spouse the most ungracious Jezebel on the Earth. They have made me that profane, filthy and unclean Beast, call'd a Cuckold: And in this dark Room, little knowing I was here, they boasted and gloried in the Fact; And when I discovered my self, they would have kill'd me.

Hack. Jun. O horrible Villainy! Secure this Dog in some place; he shall not 'scape.

Nick. I feel my Blood trickling ——— I believe you have kill'd me.

M. G. Blunt. Come, my old Soldier, ——— Comfort thy self: Cuckoldom is no dishonour in our Country: But we shall have another discovery for you and your sweet Lady. Thy Daughter *Winifred* has confess'd she is marry'd to *Hop* the Dancing-Master — His Head was
X 3 broke;

486 *The VOLUNTEERS: Or,*

broke; and taking his Handkerchief to wipe the Blood—
he dropt the Contract, with this half broad-Piece in't.

Mrs. Hack. This is a most compleat Ruin. I will hide
my Head in some dark Hole, and never see the Light a-
gain.

[*Exit Mrs. Hack.*]

Hack. Sen. Let her go. And for the other piece of Va-
nity, she's aptly dispos'd of.

M. G. Blunt. Go, call all the Company——let's into
the great Room: and we will Rejoyce this Night, for
all this.

[*Ex. Servants first. Then Ex. all the Rest.*]

*Enter M. G. Blunt, Colonel Hackwell Sen. Hackwell Jun.
Welford, Sir Nicholas, Sir Timothy Kastril, Teresa, Eu-
gentia and Clara.*

Hack. Sen. Son and Daughter, give me your Hands; I
have been led away, by a wicked Instrument, to injure
you both; I was poison'd with Lyes: And I have disco-
ver'd her, and her wicked Falsehood: And have put her
away. Repenting me that ever I took her unto Wife;
And I desire you will forgive me.

Clar. What happy Change is this!

[*Aside.*]

Hack. Jun. Pardon me, Sir, for all that I have offended
you in. I desire now nothing but your favour, which I
so long in vain have sought.

Clar. If I regain your favours, I shall reckon this the
happiest Day of all my Life.

Hack. Sen. You have it, both of you; and I will make
some amends, and verily you shall find it.

M. G. Blunt. Look thee, my old Acquaintance, we
have another Discovery to make to you;——When you
had cast your Son and Daughter out, I undertook to serve
them:——And for your Son, I have provided this Daugh-
ter for a Wife:——And for your Daughter that Gentle-
man, *Mr. Welford*, (whose Fortune and Family you know,)
for a Husband.

Hack. Sen. I profess, I am very greatly bound unto
you, good Major-General: And I am so abundantly satisfy'd

The STOCK-JOBBER.

407

In the Wisdom of your Disposal, that I look upon it as a great and signal Dispensation unto me and mine; and for Settlement, I will do what you shall approve.

M. G. Blunt. That's well; now we come to a point.— Well, Pupil! how are you now agreed?

Ter. I have that Duty to my Father, — That I never can resist his Pleasure.

Sir Nich. I must do what Love and Honour oblige me to. Madam, you have won me from all the Ladies in the Town: — You will be envy'd, and I shall be laugh'd at — But *facta est Alen*.

Sir Tim. What a Devil am I here? I am no body: I must fight, or marry, or lye with some body; — But a Pox on't, now I think on't, I'll Beaux it no longer — But turn Whore-master.

Clar. Sir, I beseech you, let me have *Letitia* with me: She's a very good Girl.

Hack. Sen. O yes; thou wert wrong'd, — much wrong'd.

M. G. Blunt. Come on, my Pair Royal. — I'll lead you up a Country-Dance. And then to Supper: And the whole House shall ring. Come, my young Partner — Colonel — Thou shalt stay and see this, A-dod.

Hack. Sen. I will for once.

M. G. Blunt. To Morrow the Lawyers shall to Work: Articles shall be sign'd, and Bonds given: And the next Day we will have a pretty nimble Divine.

Clar. Why such haste?

Eug. Sir, consider a little.

M. G. Blunt. No more, you little, jilting, dissembling Sluts! By the Lord Harry, it shall be so: Take 'em by the Hands.

Hack. Jun. My Joy is so transporting, — that I am besides my self.

Welf. And mine is so beyond all Bounds, — I shall not endeavour to express it.

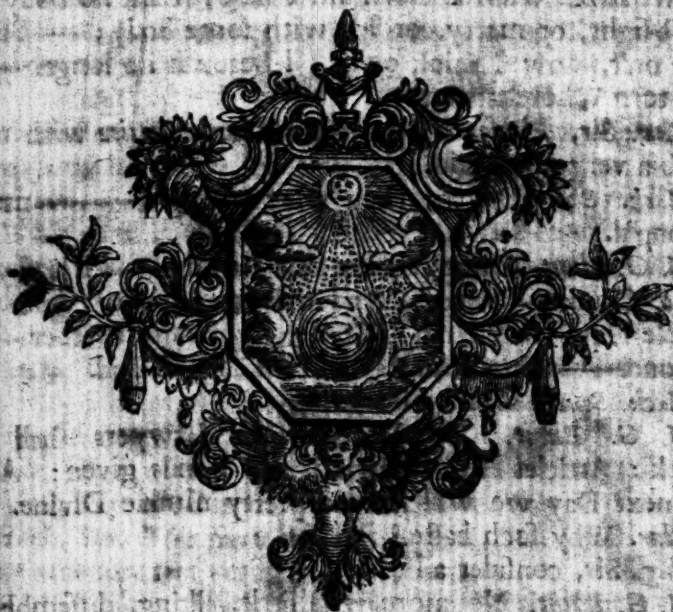
[The Fiddles strike up, and they Dance.

M. G. Blunt.

The VOLUNTEERS.

M. G. Blunt. We'll dedicate this Night to Mirth and
Joy: And may you all have Cause for't ever after:—
And now, my old Neighbour, who ever marries a se-
cond Wife, when he has a good Brood at first,
which is like to be his best Brood,

*By her abus'd and jilted, Friend, like thee,
Let him a most Notorious Cuckold be.*



EPI



EPILOGUE

Spoken by one in deep Mourning.

E Nough of Mirth; the Sportive Scene is done,
And a new doleful Theme is coming on:

These Sable Robes, at Plays so seldom worn,

Do silently express the Loss we mourn.

SHADWELL, the great Support o' th' Comick Stage,

Born to expose the Follies of the Age,

To whip prevailing Vices, and unite

Mirth with Instruction, Profit with Delight;

For large Idea's, and a flowing Pen,

First of our Times, and second but to Ben;

Whose mighty Genius and discerning Mind

Trac'd all the various Humours of Mankind,

Dressing them up with such successful Care,

That ev'ry Fop found his own Picture there,

And blush'd for Shame at the surprizing Skill,

Which made his lewd Resemblance look so ill:

SHADWELL, who all his Lines from Nature drew,

Copy'd her out, and kept her still in View;

Who never sunk in Prose, nor soar'd in Verse,

So high as Bombast, or so low as Farce;



EPILOGUE.

Who ne'er was brib'd, by Title or Estate,
To fawn and flatter with the Rich or Great,
To let a gilded Vice or Folly pass,
But always lash'd the Villain and the Ass.
Many within this crowded Pit I see,
Friends to our Author and his Memory:
To them he leaves, to cherish and maintain
The last and youngest Off-spring of his Brain;
By your just Care of this, you best will show
The kind Respect you to its Parent owe.
Crown you his last Performance with Applause,
Who love, like him, our Liberties and Laws.
Let but the honest Party do him Right,
And their loud Claps will give him Fame, in spite
Of the faint Hiss of grumbling Jacobites.

F I N I S.



